



*J. Kelly Pinxit.*

*Guil. Faubion Sculp.*

JOHANNES



OVELIUS.



*Scalig. Poet. L. s.*  
*Nullo pacto Philosophorum Praeceptis,*  
*aut Altorum aut civiliorum evadere poteris,*  
*quam ex Virgiliana Lectione.*

*F. Chen in. P. Lombart sculpit. Londini.*

# CHARLES R.



**CHARLES**, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all Our loving Subjects, of what degree, condition or quality soever, within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, Greeting. Whereas upon the humble Request of Our Trusty and Wel-beloved Servant, JOHN OGILBY, Esquire, We were Graciously pleased by Our Warrant of the 25. of May, in the seventeenth Year of Our Reign, to grant him the sole Privilege and Immunity of Printing in fair Volumes, Adorned with Sculptures, Virgil Translated, Homer's Iliads, Æsop Paraphrased, and Our Entertainment in Passing through Our City of London, and Coronation, together with Homer's Odyssees, and his fore-mentioned Æsop with his Additions and Annotations in Folio, with a Prohibition, that none should Print or Re-print the same in any Volumes, without the Consent and Approbation of him, the said John Ogilby, his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns, within the term of Fifteen Years next ensuing the Date of Our said Warrant; And whereas the said John Ogilby hath humbly besought Us to grant him farther Licence and Authority, to have the sole Privilege of Printing Homer's Works in the Original, Adorned with Sculptures, a Second Collection of Æsop's Fables Paraphrased, and Adorned with Sculptures, the Embassy of the Neatherland East-India Company to the Emperour of China with Sculptures, and an Octavo Virgil in English without Sculptures, heretofore by him Printed: We taking it into Our Princely Consideration, and for his farther Incouragement, have thought fit to grant, and We do hereby give and grant him the sole Privilege of Printing the said Books: and We do by these Presents streightly charge, prohibit and forbid all our Subjects to Print or Re-print the said Books in any Volumes, or any of them, or to Copy or Counterfeit any the Sculptures or Ingravements therein, within the term of Fifteen Years next ensuing the Date of these Presents, without the Consent and Approbation of the said John Ogilby, his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns; as they and every of them so offending will answer the contrary at their utmost Perill: whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obedience be given to this Our Royall Command. Given under Our Signet and Sign Mannall, at Our Court at White-hall, the 20. day of March, in the 19. Year of Our Reign, 1664.

By his MAJESTIE'S Command.

ARLINGTON.

1492  
668  
224

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
PUBLIUS  
VIRGILIUS  
MARO

Translated, Adorned with

SCULPTURE,  
And Illustrated with  
ANNOTATIONS,

---

By JOHN GILBT Esq; Master of His MAJESTIES  
Revells in the Kingdom of IRELAND.

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*The Second Edition.*

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Scalig. Poet. l. 3.

*Nullis profecto Philosophorum Præceptis, aut melior, aut civilior evadere potes,  
quam ex Virgiliana Lectione.*

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LONDON,

Printed by THOMAS ROYER for the  
AUTHOR. 1668.



## THE LIFE OF PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO.



Publius Virgilius Maro was the first that gave eminence to the Family of the Virgili; His Father, by the marriage of the Daughter of Magus (a Stranger) named Maia, and the Stewardship of her Father's Estate, improv'd his own to the Purchase of some Land, and a little Stock, at Andes, a little Hamlet, neer Mantua. They had three Sons, Publius the eldest, born the fifteenth of October, in the Consulship of Lucius Pompeius Magnus, and Marcus Lucinius Crassus, the 683 year from the building of Rome.

The preceeding Night his Mother dream'd she brought forth a sprig of Laurel, which being set in the Ground, immediately shot up into a Tree; The next day, being upon a Journey she was unexpectedly delivered, and a Poplar bough, which at that time they planted, grew up with such incredible speed, that it overlooked the growth of many Trees long before it in time. This afterwards was consecrated and known by the name of Virgil's Tree, to which Women with Child, encourag'd by the good fortune of his Mother, made Vows.

At Cremona he passed the first part of his life, being  
A thirteen

## THE LIFE OF VIRGIL.

thirteen years old, from the building of the City 696. at which time (the same happened to be Consuls who were at his birth) he went to Millain, where he took his first studies, thence to Naples, where he improved himself in all kind of Learning, which perhaps his Modesty might have conceal'd from the World, if not awakened by this occasion.

In that distribution of Lands which was made after the Battel at Philippi, by Augustus, to reward his Soldiers, Virgil was disseised of his Inheritance; Hereupon he went to Rome, and, to prepare his way into the Emperour's knowledge, affixed this Distich upon the Court Gate.

Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane:

Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

All Night it Rains, the Shews return next Day:

Thus Jove and Cæsar share in equal Sway.

The Author of these Verses (with which Augustus was much pleased) being sought for, Bathyllus, an inferior Poet of that time, presented himself, and intercepted the Honours and Rewards of Virgil; who in vindication of himself, to the same Distich annexed four times

Sic vos non vobis, &c.

Bathyllus unable, at the Command of Augustus, to supply these Hemistichs, Virgil thus performed it.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores:

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves,

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

Thus I the Verses made, the Praise another had:

So you not for your selves Sheep Fleeces yield,

So you not for your selves Birds Harbours build,

So you not for your selves Bees Honey yield,

So you not for your selves Steers plow the Field.

By this means he was taken notice of by the Emperour, into whose favour, through the solicitations of Pollio and Me-

cænas,

## THE LIFE OF VIRGIL.

cænas, he was so far received, that he obtain'd a Grant of the recovery of his own Estate: but unsuccessfully; for returning home to take possession, Arius, a Centurion, to whose lot it fell, was so much incensed, that, to avoid his violence, he was forced to swim a River, to which he is said to allude, Eclog. 3.

Thus necessitated to a second Journey to Rome, he was by the Emperour re-instated in his Lands; whereupon to expresse his gratitude to Pollio, he compos'd his Eclogues; at the instance of Meccenas, his Georgicks; and at the Command of Augustus, his Æneids; a Work much famed in its Infancy, as appears by this of Propertius.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii:

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Roman and Grecian Writers, all give place;

Something is born, the Iliads doth surpass.

At Rome he spent the greatest part of his time, having a competent Estate, and a House in the Esquilæ, near the Gardens of Meccenas; sometimes retiring into Campania and Sicilie. He was every year abundantly helpful to his Parents, who died not till he came to perfect Age. Affected by all other Poets of that time, Tucca, Varus, Horace, Gallus, and Propertius, to whom, as to all Scholars, his Library was always open; honour'd by the common People, who bearing his Verses recited in the Theater, all rose up and reverenc'd him (accidentally present) no less saith Tacitus, than the Emperour himself; and by Augustus so much favoured, that he is said to have admitted him to his most private Counsels, and continued this intimacy to him by many Letters. Peditanus affirms, that he was affable, a great Lover of Good and Learned Men; so far from Envy, that he rejoiced in any excellent Speech or Action of another, as

much

## THE LIFE OF VIRGIL.

*much, as if it were his own; never disprais'd any, ever prais'd those that deserved it; and was of such winning candour, that none could forbear to love him.*

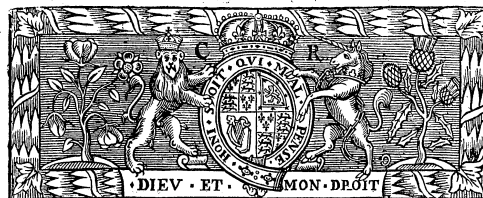
*In the year 734, from the building of the City, the 52 of his age, he left Rome, with design to go into Grecia, and Asia, there to compleat his Æneids, and spend the remainder of his daies: But meeting Augustus at Athens, on his return out of the East, he altered that resolution; and coming back, fell sick at Megara, and dyed at Brundisium, Sept. 22. His Bones (as he desired) buried at Naples by the care of Augustus, and Mecœnas, made his Heirs by Testament. His Urn supported by nine Pillars, over which this Distich was engraven.*

*Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc  
Parthenope: Cecini Pascua, Rura, Duces.*

*Swains, Tillage, Arms, I sung; Mantua gave  
Me Life, Calabria Death, Naples a Grave.*

*The Remains of this Monument are at this day crown-  
ed with a Laurel, which (as they say) grows there of  
it self, as the tribute of Nature due to his Immortal Art.*

VIRGIL'S



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
MY VERY GOOD LORD,  
**VVILLIAM**

Marquess and Earl of HERTFORD, Viscount BEAUCHAMP,  
and Lord SEYMOUR.

MY LORD,



*Am bold to present your Ho-  
nour, for discharge of my Ob-  
ligation, this second English  
Virgil, enlarged in Volume,  
and beautifid with Sculpture*

*and Annotations;*

*Wherein, as I have by the Encouragement of  
Noble and generous Personages, mentioned in their  
several Pieces, used the Skill and Industry of the  
most famous Artists, in their kinds, for the embel-  
lishing of the Work, so there will not, I sup-  
pose, be much wanting in the Margents, to  
any indifferent Reader, for Illustration of the  
Poem.*

A 2

Your

---

*Your Lordship is highly above such mean Assistances: But this is ambitious, by the Eternity of your Honourable Name, to preserve Life to the Ashes of*

(MY LORD)

the most Obligated to

your NAME,

and House,

JOHN OGILBY.

# AENEAE TROIANI NAV

Ad Virgilij sex priores Aeneide

Studio et opera, Wenceslaj Hollari Bohemi,



Septima post Troia Excidium iam vertitur Aclas  
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot in aequora Iuxa,  
Sydera emensa feruntur: dum per Mae MAGNVM  
Italiam sequimur fugientem, et voluimus undis

Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates  
Classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus,  
Bis denis Phrygium conscendi naubus aquor  
Vix septem conuulsa undis, Euroque supersunt  
Europa atque Asia pulsus. Aeneid. i.

Abrahamo Hill  
Armigero.

Tabula merito  
voluta,



# DIANI NAVIGATIO

sex priores Aeneidos.  
ra, Wenckebach, Hollari Bohemi.



R A N E I P A R S

L A B Y C V M M A R E

Cyrene

C A D P A R S

Aegypti  
Confinia

Tabula merito  
voluita

W. Hollari fecit, 1695. Londini.



Tityre tu patula recu-  
Sones from tenui mu-

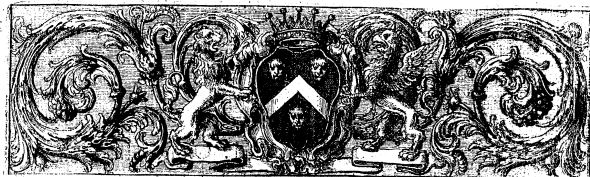
Illustrissimo Domino Do-  
mi et Com: Hartfordia:  
et Baroni  
Tabula merito



bans sub tegmine fagi,  
sam meditaris avena: Ed.

Guilhelmo Seymour Marchi:  
Vicecomiti Beauchamp:  
Seymour

votiva. E. Clavin in W. Sullivan sculp.



# VIRGIL'S 'BVCOLICKS.

The First \*E C L O G.

TITYRUS.

The \*ARGUMENT.

*Sad Meliboeus, banished, declares  
What Miseries attend on Civil Wars:  
But happy Tityrus, the safe Defence  
People enjoy under a settled Prince.*

\*TITYRUS, \*MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS.



Under a spreading \*Beech, thou Ti-  
tyrus \*set,  
On slender Reeds do'st Rural  
Notes repeat.  
We are of Lands, and sweet Fields,  
dispossest,

We flee our Country: Thou, in shade at rest,

(1) Pastorals are of several sorts & denominations, according to the diversity of the Subjects and Persons: Those consisting of shepherds were called *Pastorals*, of Goatherds *Atypala*, of Swineherds *Sabinia*, of Netherers *Bucolica*: Which last, Scaliger terms the Noblish Species of Pastorals: whose Original see in the Scholiast of Theocritus, Servius, Probos, Sabinus and Nannius.

(2) The word signifies *Sollicitus*: For the first Authors of these kind of Poems (which commonly were no other than undigested Rhapsodies) discrediting many times the rudeness of their unpolish'd compositions, us'd upon second thoughts to select from the gross heap some choice and more studied pieces, which for that reason they call'd *Eclogae*. Scalig. l. i. Poet. c. 1.

(3) Amongst those who took part with the Conspirators and Murders of Caesar, was the City of Cremona, which Augustus, becoming absolute Viceroy at the Battle of Philippi, assigned (with the Lands adjacent) to his Soldiers, as once to reward them, and punish the Inhabitants: But Cremona not being wide enough to satisfy the greedy Soldiers, Mantua, the next Town, was added to enlarge the Assignment. Virgil upon this occasion, amongst other Mantuans, ejected out of his Inheritance, went to Rome for Rewards, where, by Mecenas and others, recommended to Augustus, he obtain'd so great a share in his favour, that he was not only reinstated in his lands, but received so many Gifts and Rewards, as far exceeded them in value. This occasion, to which the World is indebted for all these Poems, is particularly the subject of this.

(4) A name assumed by Virgil to represent himself under the condition of a shepherd, either in imitation of Theocritus, or in allusion to the Pastoral pipe called *Tityrus*, or the old Teutonic name, rustic Satyrical Dances.

(5) In the Original the Word signifies a Netherer, but covertly in this place the *Mantuan*, or particularly *Cornelius Gallus*, an *Servius* and *Sabinus*.

my conjecture, the latter of whom gives this Reason, because *Gallus* was born between *Cremona* and *Mantua*. (6) *La Cerda* contends that *Fagus* properly signifies an *Oke*, or *Helm*, but we have chosen the vulgar and more warranted Interpretation. Ingeniously and aptly is our Shepherd seated under a *Maple-tree*, from which the Ancients received not only shelter, but sustentation, to intimate the Tranquillity of his Condition, the Competency of his Fortune. (7) *Theocritus* (whom our Author imitates) is the only one who is so disposed.

B

Fair

(c) Intending the City of *Rome*; *Politiones* will have it to be its Arcane or secret name, as *Flarentia* and *Antichafa* its sacred and ritual, *Rome* its common and vulgar: But without Reason, for that name being ineffable, it was not probable the Poet would transgress against the Religion of so sacred a secret: the violation whereof was severely punished in *Polivius Soranus* as *Pliny* testifies l. 2. c. 3. deriv'd it seems from *Amaris* a *Trench* or *Trough* to convey water: For when the *Argæan* Pen was overflowed by *Tyber*, after they had sacrificed to *Vernumnus*, the Water returned to its own channel again, and from thence by a queducts (the Pen being dry) was convey'd to the City, which thereupon was called *Amaryllis Nævius* from the Authority of *Fabius Vistor*.

(d) *Augustus*, the first who in his life time had Divine honours conferred upon him, not only by offerings of Wine and Incense communicable to the *Lari* and such kind of Deities, but of Beasts (as here of a Lamb) only proper to the Celestials, To which effect there is this memorable inscription at *Narbon*. The people of *Narbon* placed an Altar in the Forum, upon which yearly the ninth of the *Calends* of *October* (on which day the happiness of the Age brought him forth to be Ruler of the *World*) three *Plinian* Roman Equites, and three *Libertines* are to Offer every one their burnt Sacrifices, and are to supply both the *Countrymen* and *Townsmen* with Incense and *VVine* that day at their own charge towards the supplicating of his Divty, &c.

(e) Alluding, as *Scopas* conceives, to the publick prohibition, That none should write who had not permission given him by the *Editor*; which was granted, with a *Allegation* of the Subject, according to the Capacity, parts, and Learning of the Writer.

(f) Though in literal construction the word will not square with the original, yet since by *in-batur ager* is meant the Civil distractions that followed the Defeat of the *Britanni* and *Cassian* party, in which Equellations were frequent and violent, the Verbiage may very well by rational consequence be admitted.

(g) *Æger de corpore & anima dictum*. Serv.

(h) Under this Augural præmonition is contain'd an historical Allegorie by thunder-strucken oaks, intending *Brutus* and *Cassius* defeated by the Emperor: *Medicus* therefore implies his and his Countrymen's unhappiness in not being deterred by the sufferings of *Cæsar's* Murderers, who fell under the just revenge of *Augustus*, from adhering to their unfortunate cause.

(i) Reckon'd in *Augurie* amongst ill boding Birds, but this verse is not reckon'd for one of *Virgil's*. (k) *Pierius* reports from the testimony of *Corymbus*, that the primitive Name of *Rome* was *Cephalon*, prophetically denoting her eminency and Headship over the Conquered World: But it is more certain that at the designing the Foundation of the Capitol, fennamed from this Accident, there was found a *Moss* Head, from which the *Augurs* made the like prediction.

MELI-

## MELIBŒUS.

What to see *Rome* did so thy journey hast?

## TITYRUS.

*Freedom*, which late, yet look'd on me at last;  
She look'd at last, and came, though long it were  
After the *Razor* shav'd my Hoary Hair;  
When me first *Amaryllis* did obtain;  
And *Galatea* left: For I'll be plain  
Whilst *Galatea* held me, I despair'd  
Of *Freedom*, nor to mend my Fortune car'd.  
Though from my Sheepfold many Off'rings went,  
And I to that ungrateful City sent  
Our richest Cheese, my right hand never home  
Did with a liberal freight of money come.

## MELIBŒUS.

I mus'd why *Galatea* Gods implor'd,  
For whom she keeps her Tree with Apples stor'd.  
*Tityrus* was absent, *Tityrus*, the Pines,  
For thee the Fountains call, and tender Vines.

## TITYRUS.

What should I do? Thraldom I could not wave;  
Nor could elsewhere Gods so propitious have;  
And here I saw that gallant Youth, for whom  
Twice six dayes annually our Altars fume:  
He answering first my sute, said, Shepherds now  
Your Cartel feed, and let your Oxen plow.

(l) Intimating (as is conceived) the Goddess *Libertas*, worship'd by the *Romans* under the title of *Libertas* *republicans*, *Pallens*.

(m) Following *Tityrus*, who observes *Virgil* to sell himself under the person of an old servant lately emancipated, whence he is afterward call'd Happy old man, The epithet *Candidior* being in this sense more suitably applied than either to *Libertas*, or the *Luongo juvenilis*, as *Servius* and *Nævius*.

(n) *Mentula*, That name being applied either in relation to the fertility of the place as abounding in Milk, or because first founded by the *Galatæi*, or rather the *Phœnicians*, call'd antiently the *Cyalyne Galt*, as *Servius* upon this verse.

Quæ menses matrisque dedit  
tibi Mantua mater.

(o) Not *Amaryllis*, as in the vulgar Originals: for that *Mantua* is here understood, not *Rome*, is evident from the circumstances. See *La Cœrda*.

(p) *Augustus Cæsar* who at the time of the compulure of this *Eclog* was about the age of 25 years.

(q) Once every Month, for as *Pasfratius* notes, *Augustus* was worshipp'd together with the *Lari* or *Penates*, (according to that of *Horace*, *Carm. A. Od. 5.* — *Ælaribus tamen mysticis* nomen) who had their *Ægædæ* *Sacra mensuras*, though *Augustus* wanted not besides *Cælestial* Honours that, thanks may as well be *proinde ad passum*; others understand in this place an Epithymologic, *submitte* for *supermitte* *Taurus*, id est, *Pascu*, which *La Cœrda* conceives not so proper as the first.

B 2

MELI-

## MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man, thou hast thy Farm agen,  
And large enough, although a plashy Fen  
Motes it with Ruff, and Walls with barren Rocks,  
Where no strange Herb shall taint thy pregnant Flocks,  
Nor foul disease of neighbouring Sheep destroy.

Happy old man, thou shalt cool shades enjoy,  
Neer long frequented Springs, and sacred Floods;

(c) *Hybla* is properly a Mountain of Sicily, celebrated for excellent Honey: But the Scene of this *Eclog* lying in Italy, that Epithet is to be understood in a figurative sense, as expressing a *Genui* by the Species.

Where ' *Hybla* Bees feasted on Sallow buds,  
'Mongst Quick-fets limiting our Neighbours bound,  
Shall with soft murmurs make thy slumber sound:  
There shall the sheltered Wood-man daily chant;  
Nor thy delight, sad Stock-Doves, shalt thou want,  
Nor Elm-perch'd Turtles tuning doleful lays.

## TITYRUS.

First nimble Deer on empty Skies shall graze,  
And th' Ocean from his naked Fishes shrink,

(d) A River of the *Calis* so called from its conjunction with *Rhodanus*, or the *Rhone* (*Calisthenes lib. 13. 23. ad*) into which it falls neer *Lyons* in France, now called *La Saone*.

Or *Paribians* ' *Arar*, Germans " *Tygris* drink,  
And each surveigh of either Country take,  
E're his Idea shall this breast forsake.

## MELIBŒUS.

But some of us in *Africk's* scalding heat  
Must plant, and others in cold *Scythia* feat,

(e) A River of *Armenia*, of a most swift and violent current, whence it takes its name, which in the *Parthian* tongue signifies an Arrow; or of the Beast so called, concerning which there is this Fable; That *Bacchus* flying from the pursuit of his enraged Stepmother, coming to this river (then called *Sylis*) was forc'd (not daring to cross it) to a hazardous leap, when on a sudden a *Tyger* appears, who takes the God on his back and carries him on the other side; whence the River received a new Name, and the Beast the God's patronage.

Or else must swift " *Cretan Oaxes* find,  
And *Britany*, from all the World disjoyn'd,  
Shall ever I again my old Aboad,

(f) So we rather choose to render it, following *Politian*, *Germani*, and *La Cerda*, than *Chalky* with *Servius*. For *Milivans* in these verses aggravates the misery of himself, and his party that were forc'd to flee like dispersed Exiles, into all the parts of the then known World, *Africa*, *Europe*, and *Asia*, (the first being clearly expressed, the second imply'd by *Cretan*, the third by *Scythia*.) Nay, beyond the World: For *Britany* in those days, was to the *Romans terra incognita*. *Salmafus* will have it to be a River of *Scythia Orientalis*, called likewise *Oaxus* and *Oxus*, whose opinion is more warrantable than that of *Servius*, who places it in *Mesopotamia*, where none such was ever read of.

And R roofs of my poor Cottage rear'd with Sod,  
My little Farm (a Kingdom once to me)  
After long time, with joy admiring see?  
Shall the impious Soldier have these new-plow'd Fields?  
Barbarians reap this Corn? What discord yields,

See

See wretched People, and for whom we plow.  
Plant Pears, and set thy Vines in order now.  
Farewel my Goats, farewel, once happy Flock,  
No more you browsing on a shrubby Rock  
Shall I behold on verdant banks at rest;  
Nor shall I sing, whilst from my hand you Feast  
On Sallows and the blooming ' *Cythis*.

## TITYRUS.

But here, this night, you may repose with us  
In this green Bow'r; our Fruit now mellow is,  
Our Chestnuts soft, and we have store of Cheese:  
Now Smoke from yonder Villages ascends,  
And from these Mountains larger shade extends.

(g) A Shrub, called *Tree-trifly*, good for Cattle for the increase of their Milk, as *Aristotle* affirms, unless it be when it blooms, or flowers, at which time it is hurtful; perhaps not to Goats, though to other Beasts, at least not in Italy; otherwise *Virgil* would have forborn the Epithet. A great drawer it is of nourishment, and therefore said to kill such herbs as grow neer it, as *Salmafus* notes out of *Pliny*. With the juice of its Leaves, some write, the ancient *Pieris* used to make a kind of strong drink, and to stain and dye their Faces, to seem more terrible to their Enemies.

The



## The Second E C L O G.

ALEXIS.

## \* ARGUMENT.

Corydon moans how learned Men are bent  
To honor those of Place and High Descent:  
But often they like to Alexis prove,  
And nothing but Disdain return for Love.

\* The Subject of Pastorals (saith Scaliger) is various, but the first and eldest Amatory, as well because Love is a passion by Nature implanted in all living creatures, as because Men and Women promiscuously feeding their Flocks together were invited by their example: lastly the mischiefs of the wood, the solitude of the place, and quiet of their kind of Life, advanced it much. Virgil, according to this, a Theocrite, a rustic and unpolish'd figure Corydon (under which name he veils himself) is fall in love with Alexis.

(A) A name assumed by the Poet to express himself under the condition of a shepherd deriv'd from the third of Corydon, the Latin, the unpolish'd applied either to the shepherd or poet, that Bird being the affected game of the one, and in regard of his musical note, the not unfit symbol of the other.

(b) By Servius supposed the servant of Asinius Pollio, or Metastasio, whose true name he tells us was Alexander. See Mar. Ep. 56. l. 8.

(c) Felix, or Metastasio, or Caesar (d) Some Country Wench that us'd to make ready the shepherds dinners, (Servius) or rather some Mistress of Corydon, as may be collected from what follows at v. 46.

(e) This some understand of a kind of pan cake in use with the ancient Italicks call'd Martum, whose chief ingredients were Garlick and strong herbs. There is extant a particular Poem under that name attributed to Virgil. Scopus is of opinion, that Virgil here alludes to the custom of shepherds and Husbandmen in Italy, who used before they went to sleep in the heat of the day to eat Garlick and Betony with their meat, to secure themselves from the biting of Serpents, who are extremely offended with their smell, confirm'd by Metastasio, who says, Hæc sibi mæstæ cibis prætoribus sibi mæstæ.

(f) The natural reason of Grasshoppers singing at Noon) for, as Apuleius says, Nature hath given to some Creatures a short and temporary voice. Swallows sing at Morning, Grasshoppers at Noon, Owls in the Evening and Night. Cocks before day) Aristotle assigns to a small Fly, (are which serves them instead of Lungs, through which they take in, and let out the Air, which beating up on a thin interposing Membrane makes that shrill noise, which increases as their respiration does, and that as the heat of the day, and their desires of refrigeration.

(g) Virgil had three Paramours, a youth named Alexander, here called Alexis, given him by Pollio, the other two Cithæra, a youth and Læria a young maid, both given him by Metastasio: by Amariu there, as Servius tells us, meant Læria, by Mæstæ, Cithæra.

Had



Oor \* Corydon for fair <sup>b</sup> Alexis burns,  
His Masters joy; nor hopes for  
Loves returns.

Yet he frequented where a pleasant  
shade

Tall Beeches verdant Crowns conspiring made,  
And there in these unpolish'd Lines alone  
To Woods, in vain, and Mountains made his moan.

## CORYDON.

Ah! cruel Boy thou dost my Verses slight,  
Nor pitiest me (alas) but kill'st me quite,  
In shade our Herds now take the cooling Air,  
And Lizzards to their shrubby holds repair,  
And for the Reapers, tir'd with sultry heats,

\* <sup>a</sup> Thestylis, Betony, and \* Garlick beats:  
Whilst in the Noon-day Sun I trace thee round,  
The Shrubs with murmuring \* Grasshoppers resound.  
Had I not better \* <sup>b</sup> Amaryllis scorn,  
And sad Displeasure, patiently have born?



Formosum Pastor Corydon  
Debetas Domini, nec

Illustrissime Domina D.  
Hartfordia Tabula



don antebat Alexin  
quid speraret habebat,

Francesca Marchionessa  
merito Voluit.

Had I not better for *Menalcas* smart,  
 Though he be brown, and thou so beauteous art?  
 Sweet Youth, in Colour no such trust repose:  
<sup>b</sup> White Blossoms fall, when <sup>c</sup> Blackberries are chose.  
*Alexis* scorns to know what man I am,  
 How rich in snowy Flocks, how stor'd with Cream:  
 My thousand Lambs wander *Sicilian* grounds,  
 Summer and Winter my New Milk abounds.  
 I sing Notes equal to <sup>k</sup> *Amphion's* Lays,  
 When his Herds on <sup>l</sup> *Aracynthus* graze.  
 Nor am I so deform'd; I late beheld  
 My self in the calm Sea with winds unswell'd;  
 And wert thou Judge, I should not *Daphnis* fear,  
 If any shadow true resemblance bear.  
 Ah, that with me thou wouldst inhabit here,  
 In homely Cottages, and <sup>m</sup> shoot swift Deer;  
 Or drive the wanton Kids to Mallow-buds,  
 Where we like *Pan* shall sing in echoing Woods.  
<sup>n</sup> *Pan* with soft wax first differing Reeds conjoyn'd,  
*Pan* doth our Sheep, and our Sheep-masters mind.  
 That this Pipe wore thy Lip, thou shalt not grieve,  
 To know thus much, what would *Amyntas* give?  
 Compos'd of seven unequal Quills I have  
 A Pipe, which once to me *Dametis* gave,  
 And dying, said, This owns thee second Lord,  
 At which vain Passion fond *Amyntas* stir'd,  
 And what I ventur'd hardly for, two Goats,  
 Whose dappled Skins are starr'd with silver spots,  
 With two Ews milk I foster them for thee,  
 Which *Tebestylis* would fain have beg'd of me,  
 And shall: Since so despis'd our Gifts appear.  
 Oh, thou that art so beautiful, draw near.

(b) The *Ligustrum* which we receive to be the privet bloom, *Dicorides*, *Theophrastus*, and *Pliny* whom *Brodæus* and *Sabinus* follow, describe it to be a little Tree, with leaves like an Olive, bearing a white flower, whose boughs are said successively in *May* to grow black. *La Cerda* in his Language calls it *Athusa*, well known to the *Africans*, who dye the Tails of their Horses with the juice of its Root. Among the *Italians* it still retains its ancient name; the Ladies of *Italy* making frequent use of its blossoms, the wood for its tents fake being employ'd for their tables or chests.

(c) The *Yuccinum* is by some taken for the Fruit of the Bramble, commonly for any Berry, properly for the black Heath-berry, by others for the *Hyacinth*, not the common one, but the flower by the *Latins* called *Iris Calceps*, and *Gladiolus*, of which the *Ancients*, (as *Plutarchus* writes) made an excellent kind of purple, by tempering it with Milk, which likewise the *Chymists* use in giving a tincture to their artificial *Jacinths*. *Pliny* reports (if, as *Salmafus* conjectures, he confound not this with the common *Hyacinth*) that they us'd it in *France*, for Dying the Garments of servants, and those of the meeter fort into a kind of purple.

(k) The Son of *Jupiter*, as *Homer* will, of *Thebes*, says *Diaphanes*, who having receiv'd a lute from the Muses, as *Apollonius* and *Phercydes* tell us, from *Apollo*: as others, from *Mercury* as *Philophrastus*, was the first that taught the use thereof to others.

(l) By *Pliny* taken for a Mountain of *Acarnania*, by *Strabo* of *Bacaria*; by *Vibius*, of *Attica*; by *Servius*, of *Thebes*; by *Enstathius*, of *Acadia*; and by some likewise of *Arcadia*. In this variety of opinions, we make use of *La Cerda's* advice, and adhere to *Strabo* and *Servius*.

(m) In the Original it is *Figures Cervæ*, which some interpret *Taper-like forked Stakes*: But seeing it is more probable, that the shepherd should invite his love to the pleasures of Hunting, rather than such an unwelcome entertainment; we have chosen the other Interpretation as the more proper, in which sense the words are likewise used both by our Author, and others.

(n) That *Pan* invented the Shepherd's pipe, is generally allow'd; and therefore amongst other his Attributes, he is called *Syrinx*, or the *Piper*. This consisted of seven, sometimes of nine Reeds, join'd together like Organ pipes, or the Wings of a Bird extended; though some hold the reed in the middle to have been longest, and the rest to have decreased equally on either side; and as the Music of the Organ is made by running from one Key to another with the Hand, this was done upon the pipe with the mouth. I know not to what better to refer the *French Chandronniers*, and therefore no wonder though they often hurt and wear out the lip, as *Virgil* says, in the use of it.

(6) *La Cerda's* conjectural exposition of *Pleius Calathis* for *Lillies full blown and spread like Baskets*. *we baskets full of Lillies*, though it be very ingenious, is yet too singular to be subscribed to.

(7) Not unaptly before all other Nymphs is a *Nais* expressly introduced to Court *Alexis*; for the *Nais* are said particularly to affect handsome youths, and for that reason to have ravish'd *Hydas*, wherefore by *Seneca* in his *Hippolytus*, they are styl'd *Nais*es improprie, *formosus solita elaudere fontibus*.

(8) *Nannius* by *Iolas* will have *Agassus* to be understood, whose favorite *Alexis* was, at the same time that *Virgil* was his admirer: The name seeming to reflect on the *Julian* Name and family, whence *Agassus* was descended.

(9) The story of *Paris* his living like a Shepherd in the Forest of *Ida*, is sufficiently known: The place of whole abode and memorable judgment, as *Stephanus de Urbibus*, was from his name called *Alexandria*. *Strabo* reports that he was very learned and an excellent Poet, that he wrote a poem in praise of *Venus*, wherein he prefer'd her beauty before *Jane's* and *Minerva's*, the occasion perhaps of the other fiction.

(10) The inventress, according to the Poets, of Architecture and Building, being particularly styl'd the president, protectress, and foundress of Cities: And therefore had her Temple in the Castle of *Athens*, to which, perhaps the Poet alludes, when he saies, *Quas candidis Atræis*. Yet there be some that attribute to her this presidency and residence in tower'd Cities, in memory of her high Birth, being born of *Jupiter's* Pericranium.

(11) The Antients had not the use of Dials, nor the distinction of Hours to measure the day, but collected by the shortning or lengthning of the shadows cast from their own or some other body and measur'd by feet, how far it was from Morning to Noon, and from Noon to Sun set. The first that invented Sun-Dials were *Anaximander* and *Anaximenes*; but those were not for indication of the Hours of the day, but the *Equinoxes* and solstices, as *Salmastus* proves in his *Plinian Exercitationes*. The History Dials were not known in *Greece* until *Alexanders* time, nor in *Rome* until 450 years after its building, about which time one brought from *Sicily* serv'd the whole City; Those of the better sort keeping Boys on purpose to run to the Dial, and inform them of the hour of the day. Whence that of the Poet — *Par qui nuntius horas*. Our Author here reflects upon the ancient usage as most suitable to, and practis'd by Shepherds. (12) It is the custom in *Italy* to let their Vines grow up against Trees, as in *France* they are supported with low sticks. See *Garg.* l. 1.

For thee the Nymphs Baskets of Lillies bring,

For thee fair *Nais* robs the purple Spring,

Poppy beheads, and Daffadil confines,

With fragrant Dill the pleasant Cassia joyns,

And many more sweet Flow'rs in order sets,

With Cowslips, Marigolds, and Violets.

Of me the downy Peach shall be approv'd,

With Chestnuts, which my *Amaryllis* lov'd;

Plums I will add, this Apple shall be grac'd,

And verdant Laurels you shall be eras'd;

And you O Mirtles next, because your sweet

Yet differing smells, so best in concord meet.

Rude Swain, *Alexis* counts thy Presents poor,

Give all thou hast, *Iolas* still gives more.

Why do'st thou wretch, let Storms thy Garden spoyl?

And salvage Boars thy silver Springs defile?

Whom sty'st thou Fondling? Gods in Woods resort,

A shady Grove was *Dardan's Paris* Court.

Let *Pallas* dwell in her own stately Tow'rs,

But our delight must be in pleasant Bow'rs.

Stern Lions Wolves pursue, Wolves Goats, the Kid

On spreading *Cytifus* desires to feed;

And fair *Alexis*, *Corydon* invites;

Thus every one pursue their own delights.

Behold, the wearied Steers their Work have done,

And large shades double with the setting Sun.

Still Love burns me, what rest can Lovers find?

Ah foolish *Corydon*, what distracts thy mind?

On th' *Elm* my unprun'd Vines neglected are.

Better we did some useful thing prepare,

With gentle twigs the limber Bul-rush wind;

And if *Alexis* scorn, some other find.



*Dic mihi Damocles, cu-  
non, Verum Agonis, nu-*

Honoratissimo D<sup>ni</sup> Domino  
chelsey & Vicecomiti Maidston.



*ium pecus; an, Melibœi;  
per mihi tradidit Agon.*

Henceage Finch Comiti Win-  
Tabula merito votiva.



### The Third E C L O G.

PALEMON.

#### \* ARGUMENT.

*These Swains present how Vertue and the Arts  
Great Emulation breed in Men of Parts:  
But grave Palæmon doth their Passions calm,  
Both praising, yet to neither gives the Palm.*

\* He who writes Ecloges, saith  
Servius, must take great care that  
they be not of like Subjells, in which  
Theocritus fails, but Virgil is exact.  
The first express the Happiness and  
Misfortune of two Shepherds; The  
second a Pastoral Courtship; This  
Altercation and quarrelling, for which  
Reason it is properly Drammatick.  
In it Virgil is suppos'd to represent  
himself under the person of Damocles,  
and some one of these many Learned  
Men whose Envy he had incurred, by  
the Favour of Augustus, Pollio and  
others, under Menalcas.

MENALCAS. DAMŒTAS. PALEMON.

MENALCAS.



RE these, Damocles, Melibœus  
Sheep?

DAMŒTAS.

No: Aegon's, Aegon gave them me  
to keep.

MENALCAS.

Still hapless Flock, whilst he Neera woos,  
Jealous on me more favour she bestows;  
Twice every hour this Stranger milks the Dams,  
Robbing of strength the Ews, of milk the Lambs.

\* A Crime forbidden by the Laws  
of Pastoralism, which maketh a Shepherd  
so offending, with loss of Wages  
and Stripes.

DAMŒTAS.

Henceforth such Crimes more sparingly object.  
We know what you did, if we would detect;

C

And

<sup>b</sup> For *Hircus*, others read *Hircus*.

<sup>c</sup> By *Sacellum*, (which commonly implies a little Chapel or House consecrated to some Deity) here seems to be meant one of those Caves which they used to cut out in forms proper to the worship of their Gods, particularly of the Nymphs. See *Athenæus* l. 5. & 12.

<sup>d</sup> The *Napeæ*, who are said particularly to dwell in Caves. *Nemphææ*.

<sup>e</sup> *Quæ colitis Sylvæ Dryades, quæque antea Napeæ.*

<sup>f</sup> Denoting their Clemency, Mildness, and Facility in pardoning the prophanation of their Grotto, not out of wantonness or lightness.

<sup>g</sup> To lop or cut other mens Trees, especially Vines, was in antient times a Capital offence, and punishable as felony. By the Law of the twelve Tables, expiated by a pecuniary Multa: by others not without the loss of a hand.

<sup>h</sup> A Dog, bred of a Wolf and a Bitch; which, as *Ariflate* affirms, in *Cyrene* usually couple. *Petrarchus*, *Lucretius* & *Catullus* formant comædæ *Lyricæ*.

<sup>i</sup> Two circumstances of the Roman law, requisite for the conviction of a Thief, Ocular detection, and immediate Exclamation; for without proof of the fact, a Thief, according to the twelve Tables, could not legally be condemned. See *Albius*, *Gent.* in *Virgil.* lib.

<sup>j</sup> Perhaps implying the subject of their Poetry to have been Dramatic and Tragical, whose peculiar Reward was a Goat.

And how the He-Goats <sup>b</sup> squinted on the while,  
And <sup>c</sup> in what place, but the <sup>d</sup> easy Nymphs <sup>e</sup> did smile.

MENALCAS.

Sure 'twas when I in *Micon's* ground was took  
Pruning his Vines with a Malignant Hook.

DAMOCRTAS.

Nay rather here under the antient Oke,  
Where thou poor *Daphnis* Bow and Arrows broke,  
Which given the Boy, made thee for spight to cry:  
Sure could'st thou not do mischief, thou would'st dye.

MENALCAS.

What may not Lords, when Slaves thus boldly dare?  
Did not I see thee, Villain, lay a snare

For honest *Damon's* Goat, and when his <sup>h</sup> Dog  
Barkt out aloud, and <sup>i</sup> I cry'd stop the Rogue,  
Where runs he? *Tityrus* count o'r thy Flock;  
Thou should'st all-hid, and sculd'st behind a Rock.

DAMOCRTAS.

Vanquish'd in singing, why should he refuse  
To pay the Goat, won by my Pipe and Muse?  
That Goat, if thou must know, was mine, no less  
*Damon* vwho could not pay it, did confess.

MENALCAS.

Thou match his singing? could'st thou ever raise  
A handsome Pipe? did'st thou not haunt high-vvaies,  
Unskilful Droner? and there use to spill  
Piteous Compostures on a squeaking Quill?

DAM-

DAMOCRTAS.

What cunning either hath, now let us try;  
I'll lay this Heifer; left thou should'st deny,  
Twice she to milking comes, and at her Teats  
Suckles two Calves; then say, what are thy bets?

MENALCAS.

To venture any of this Flock, I'm loth;  
My Father, and my cruel Step-dame, both  
Count the Sheep daily, one of them the Kids:  
But what thou shalt confess thine far exceeds,  
(Since thou wilt rant) <sup>k</sup> two Beechen Cups I'll stake,  
Which the Divine <sup>l</sup> *Alcinidon* did make,  
Whereon, with a smooth turn <sup>m</sup> soft Vines he shapes,  
And with pale Ivy clothes the spreading Grapes.  
Two men betwixt, <sup>n</sup> *Conon*, and <sup>o</sup> what d'y' call  
Him with a *Staff* describ'd the Worlds great ball?  
What time's for Plough-men, what for Reapers fit;  
Both clean are kept, my lips ne'r touch'd them yet.

DAMOCRTAS.

Two Cups I have by the same Artist made,  
The handles round, with soft *Acanthus* laid;  
Where *Orpheus* 'midst the dancing woods is set;  
Both clean are kept, my lips ne'r touch'd them yet.  
Saw'st thou my Heifer, these thou would'st not weigh.

MENALCAS.

Thou shalt not scape, I'll meet without delay;  
He that comes first be judge, *Palamon*, see.  
Thou never more a Challenger shalt be.

C 2

DAM-

<sup>k</sup> Proper to Shepherds, and such kind of people; so the Author of *Ollavia*.

<sup>l</sup> *Pellora pueri secunda geris*  
*Tentis parva pueri faga.*

But ear'd ones were peculiar for Sacrifices, (Beech Cups in such Ceremonies being religiously made use of says *Phry*) whence perhaps the festoon was taken up by Country people in their Holiday Cups.

<sup>m</sup> The reason of the name may seem to be taken from *Homer*, who frequently calls the Heroes, and those of more than humane Eminency and Excellence, *Alcinides*, to which the Epithite is fully applied, according to the expression of the *Letins*, as *homo divinus in dicendo* (*Cicero de Oratore*) for an excellent Orator.

<sup>n</sup> A fashion of sculpture much in use with the Ancients, as *Probellus* in the life of *Chalcidius* attests, calling them Vine Dishey, and Ivy Cups, set forth by *Anacreon* in two explicit Odes.

<sup>o</sup> An excellent Astrologer and Geometrician, who first observ'd the Constellation of *Berenice's* hair in the time of *Ptolemy*, and left behind him seven Books of Astrology.

<sup>p</sup> His name purposely omitted to comply with the Rulicity of the Relator, but suppos'd most probably *Archimedes* that famous Sicilian Mathematician, contemporary and intimate with *Cæsar*, by whose example he compos'd a Calendar and Sphere, both here really described by the shepherd.

<sup>†</sup> We must not here forget the arrogance of a Grammarian that lived under *Tiberius*, named *Quintus Silius* *Palemon* of *Vicenza*, not afraid to say, that all learning was born, and should dye with him; and that *Virgil* in this Eclog prophetic of him, as the only Judge of all Poetry; to prove which, besides his Name, *Palemon* (which he found here) he urg'd the Word *Vicine* Neighbour, as if implying *Vicinius*, because *Mantuanus* is next *Vicenza*.

<sup>‡</sup> Perhaps because they are induced by *Homer* singing alternately with *Phoebus*, the laws of which are, that hein the second place must answer equal to, if not better than what the first proposed, wherein he that would observe *Virgil's* artful curiosity, as keeping an equality in both, may consult *la Cerda*.

<sup>†</sup> The Antients religiously began all they undertook with the Invocation of *Jupiter*, and that in those solemn words, *Jah, Jah*.

<sup>‡</sup> Following the opinion of those who affirm'd God to be the Soul of the World, diffus'd through every part thereof, a doctrine first brought into *Greece* by *Pythagoras*, and under his Name reſeſſed by *Aristotle*, but justified by *Aplianus* with this distinction, as apply'd only to the Power, not Essence of God. See *Aplianus* in l. de mundo.

<sup>†</sup> Plants both dedicated to *Phoebus*; the Tables sufficiently known.

<sup>‡</sup> An Adagial expression taken from the Customs of the Antients, and implying an invitation to love, the Apple being consecrate to *Venus*, and us'd amongst amorous presents; whence *Philſtratus* in his Picture of Love designs the *Cupid* throwing apples at one another, as the ſymbole of mutual and reciprocal affection.

<sup>†</sup> Reflecting upon the carriage and behaviour of Lovers, who fly to be ſeen, fight to be overcome, and ſeem to hate, that they may be beloved.

<sup>‡</sup> Diana the Patroness of hunting, but by some taken for the Mistress or servant of *Amantius*.

<sup>‡</sup> A present not unsuitable for a lover, these Birds being dedicated to *Venus*, perhaps from their fidelity, whence they receive their original Name.

## DAMOCLEAS.

Sing what thou haſt; nor will I uſe delay,  
None I do fear; ' Neighbour, *Palemon*, ſtay;  
Sharpen thy judgment, we no trifle bet.

## PALEMON.

Begin, ſince we on beds of graſs are ſet;  
Now fields are green, and trees bear ſilver buds,  
And gaudie Spring new Liveries the Woods.  
*Damocles* firſt, *Menalcas* next rehearſe;  
The Muſes alwayes lov'd ' alternate Verſe.

## DAMOCLEAS.

Muſe, firſt great ' *Jove* invoke, ' *Jove's* every where,  
He loves our Fields, and holds my Verſes dear.

## MENALCAS.

And *Phoebus* mine, nor ſhall he Preſents want  
Of bluſhing ' *Lillies*, and his own fair Plant.

## DAMOCLEAS.

At me light *Galatea* ' Apples throws,  
Then ' ſlies to Willows; but her ſelf firſt ſhows.

## MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* Courts me oft alone,  
Nor ' *Delia* to our Dogs is better known.

## DAMOCLEAS.

Gifts for my Love, I have, for I the field  
Obſerv'd in which her acry ' Stockdoves build.

ME-

## MENALCAS.

Ten choice and ' golden Apples, all my ſtore;  
I ſent the Boy, and ſhall to morrow more.

## DAMOCLEAS.

What, oft to me, my *Galatea* ſaid,  
You Winds let part be to the Gods convey'd.

## MENALCAS.

What ſhall I by thy Love *Amyntas* get;  
Whiſt thou hunt'ſt Boars, if I but keep the Net?

## DAMOCLEAS.

*Phyllis*, *Iola* ſend, my ' Birth-day's now;  
And when I ' Sacrifice for fruit, come thou.

## MENALCAS.

Her I lov'd beſt, Tears from her parting fell,  
And ſaid, farewell, *Iola* round farewell.

## DAMOCLEAS.

Stern Wolves, our Sheep; winds, trees; rank corn, rough  
Me, *Amarylus* ruins, if ſhe low'rs.

(I how'rs;

## MENALCAS.

Dew feeds the Corn, ye an'd Kids ſweet thrubs approve,  
Goats gentle Sallows, I *Amyntas* love.

## DAMOCLEAS.

' *Pollio*, though ſhe be Ruſtick, loves our Muſe;  
A Calf, you Siſters, for your Reader chuſe.

<sup>†</sup> By ſome taken for Citrons, by others for Quinces, but may very well be taken for any ſort of ſair apples, which as we have before noted, were uſual preſents among Lovers. Memorable is that of *Theodorus* the Emperor preſented to *Eudokia*, and by her given to *Paulinus*, for which the loſt her Huſbands affection, and *Paulinus* not long after his life. *Zonar*.

<sup>†</sup> The Antients uſ'd to celebrate their Birthdays with all freedom and jovialty, at which time it was uſual for friends to ſend preſents to one another, and therefore the ſhepherd deſires his Miſtris might be ſent him, as the moſt grateful that could be made him.

<sup>‡</sup> As the other Feſtival was ſolemnized with much licentiouſneſs, this with much purity; by the antients called *Ambrusale ſacrum*, and ſeems to have been the Autumnal Emberday of the Ethnicks, the Ceremonies whereof were theſe. When the Corn and Fruits were ripe, they thrice ſurrounded the fields with the Victim (whence the Sacrifice receiv'd its Name) which was commonly a Calf, Lamb, or pregnant Sow, the people following and ſlouring. Amongſt whom one Crown'd with an Oken Wreath danc'd a ſolemn Meaſure, and ſung the praifes of *Ceres* in verſe, then after the Libation of milk, wine and Honey, &c they reap'd the Corn, or gathered the Fruits, offered the Sacrifice to *Ceres*, *Sere. Macrobi. Alex. ab Altar. ſocial. div. l. 3.* Whether it be *ſacere vidualum*, or *vitalis*, is much controverted by Grammatians, *Varro* and *Columella* are cited in defence of the latter; but to approve the firſt, we are perſuaded by the Greek phraſe, from which doubtleſs the latter is deriv'd. *Heſychius* explains *εὐχιστῶν* (read *εὐχιστῶν*) *δῶρον*, ſome have obſerv'd the Hebrew *Gashab* in the ſame ſenſe.

<sup>†</sup> One of *Virgil's* chiefſt friends, and Ingratators with *Augustus*, an excellent Poet, ſo acknowledged by *Seneca*, and commended by *Horace*.

ME-

## MENALCAS.

*Pollio* writes well, for him a Bull command,  
That butts with Horns, and spurns with Feet the sand.

## DAMŒTAS.

<sup>e</sup> Intimating his Triumph and <sup>e</sup> Such joys as thine, who loves thee *Pollio*, share :  
Consulship.  
<sup>f</sup> An expression proverbially  
us'd in friendly Comparisons ; allu-  
ding to the felicity and plenty of the  
golden age, in which Hony is said to  
have distill'd from Oaks.

<sup>g</sup> Two ridiculous Poets, enemies  
both to *Virgil* and *Horace*, the  
latter of which seems to be com-  
mended by *Marshall*, if (an interpre-  
ters conjecture) his Name be not put  
there to signify any Poet.

## MENALCAS.

Who hate not <sup>h</sup> *Bavins*, may love *Mevins* Notes,  
The same may Foxes joyn, and milk he-goates.

## DAMŒTAS.

Fly, who cull Flow'rs, and Earth-born Strawberries ;  
Ambush'd in grafs, a deadly Serpent lyes.

## MENALCAS.

Drive not your Sheep too far, nor Banks draw nigh ;  
But now the <sup>h</sup> Ram himself his Fleece did dry.

<sup>h</sup> Meaning himself : See the  
Argument of the ninth Eclog.

## DAMŒTAS.

Thy fed Kids *Tityrus* from the River bring,  
And when 'tis time, I'll wash them in the Spring.

## MENALCAS.

Lead home the Ewes, left heat their Milk restrain,  
And you, as lately, press the teat in vain.

## DAMŒTAS.

How lean my Bull in this rich Pasture shews ?  
'Tis Love the Herd, and Herdsman overthrows.

MEN.

## MENALCAS.

Sure Love is not the cause their bones appear ;  
Some <sup>k</sup> Eys bewitch'd my tender Lambs, I fear.

## DAMŒTAS.

Say, and be great *Apollo*, in what shore  
The <sup>l</sup> Heavens extend three Fathoms, and no more ?

## MENALCAS.

Say, in what Land <sup>m</sup> the Names of Princes sign  
The springing Flow'rs, and *Phyllis* shall be thine.

## PALÆMON.

'Tis not in us this difference to compose ;  
You both deserve the Calf ; and each who knows  
Sweet Love, or of the bitter shall have proof : (nough,  
Svrvains shut your Springs, the Meads have drunk e-

<sup>k</sup> The reason of the fascination  
*Hilidrae* gives. This Air (saith he)  
diffused about us, through our Eyes,  
Nostrils, and other passages, penetra-  
ting the depth, and bringing thither  
along with it, felt those outward qua-  
lities, such as it was when it entered ; it  
infuseth that habit which it re-  
ceived ; so that when any one moved  
with envy beholds things that are  
beautiful, he fills the ambient Air  
with a malignant Quality, and darc-  
eth his own spirit full of bitterness  
upon those that are next him ; The  
spirit being of a subtle nature goes  
quite thorough : Thus is Envy ex-  
press'd many ways, properly called fa-  
sination.

<sup>l</sup> This by *Servius* and others, is  
interpreted of a Well in *Sparta*, wholly  
illuminated at Noon in the summer  
solstice, by some, of the Grave and  
Monument of one *Calvus*, of no  
larger extent ; much better by *Petrus*  
*Cyconius* (whom *La Cerda* follows)  
of a Pit in *Rome* called *Mundus*, of  
which thus *Plutarch* in *Romulo*. When  
*Romulus* built the City of *Rome*, first  
for certain chosen men out of *Ecclesia*,  
to compose *Law*, and settle *Religion* ;  
And a pit being digg'd in the ground  
near the Comitium and the first fruits  
of all their possessions cast therein,  
they at last each of them threw in a  
small piece of their native Earth. This  
Pit they called *Mundus*, which name is  
likewise attributed to the Heaven, in  
whose Center they built the City. Thus  
he. Whence we may see the reason  
why our Author dissembled the  
Name under that of *Calvus* ; This Pit was open but three dayes in the year, viz. the day before and after the Vulcaniall Festivals,  
the third of the Nones of *October*, and the sixth of the Ides of *November*, which dayes are imply'd by fathoms, Enigmatically ta-  
king the common Measure of Manufacture for the Measure of Time, which is the day.

<sup>m</sup> Most interpreters expound this of the Hyacinth, which according to the Fable, sprung from the blood of *Ajax*, and is said  
to bear the two first letters of his name in the bottom of its leaves, but so trivial and known a thing could not pass for a Riddle,  
And for such *Virgil*, by his confession, intended these places to vex the common Grammatians. Ingeniously is it by *La Cerda*  
appl'd to the Coyon of *Augustus*, on the one side whereof was the Image of *Augustus*, with this Inscription, *Cesar Augustus*. On the Re-  
verse, were flowers engraven, with this other Inscription, *L. A. Q. VILIVS FLORVS. III. VIR.*

The





*Daphnis ego in silvis,  
Formosi pecoris custos.*

*hinc usq. ad Sydera netus.  
formosior ipse, Eclog. 5.*



Honoratissimo Dñ. Domino,  
Tabula merito

Henrico Baroni Beuchampe  
Votum.

Who shall from <sup>4</sup> Ir'n extract a Golden Age,  
And to <sup>5</sup> thy *Phæbus* all the World engage.  
Thou Child being Consul, *Pollio* shall that year  
Be most renovv'd, then <sup>6</sup> glorious daies appear.  
If any prints of Antient Crimes remain,  
Thou shalt efface them in thy happy Reign;  
And, from perpetual fear, all Nations free.  
He, a God, shall <sup>7</sup> Gods mixt vvith Heroes see,  
And they see him, Ruling both Sea and Land  
Subjected by his Mighty Father's hand.  
But unto thee, sweet Boy, Earth shall afford  
First Fruits, and Presents of her ovvn accord,  
From spreading Ivy blushing berries shoot,  
With soft *Acanthus*, and th' <sup>8</sup> *Ægyptian* root.  
The pregnant Goats shall home full Udders bear,  
Nor shall tame Cattel, cruel Lions fear.  
Thy <sup>9</sup> Cradle flovv'rs shall sprout for thy delight,  
The Serpents dye, and treacherous Aconite,  
And every vvhere *Assyrian* Roses grovv.  
As soon as thou the <sup>10</sup> Heroes Acts shalt knowv,  
And great Atchievements of thy Parents learn,  
And vvhat true Vertue is, thy self discern;  
Then by degrees lands flourishing vvith Corn  
Shall golden grovv, and the unpruned Thorn  
Shall dangling Grapes vvith purple clusters fill,  
And purest Honey from hard Oke distill.  
Some prints of Antient Fraud vvill yet be found,  
Which bids to Sea, and Tovvns vvith vvalls surround.  
And Virgin Champain in long furrows tear.  
A second <sup>11</sup> *Typhis* in nev *Argo* bear  
Choice Heroes, and another War employ,  
Mighty <sup>12</sup> *Achilles*, sent again to *Troy*.  
When ripening years make thee a gallant Man,  
Sea-men shall leave the boysterous Ocean;

D

Not

<sup>4</sup> The division of the Ages into Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron, is owing to the *Sibyl's* invention, who fancied a Return of those several Ages, after the end of their respective periods.

<sup>5</sup> Reflecting, as some Interpreters conceive, upon *Augustus Caesar*, who was reputed the Son of *Apollo*, and his Statue erected with all the Ornaments and Emblems of that God.

<sup>6</sup> By *Servius* interpreted of the Month *July* and *August*, dedicated to the Memory of the two first Emperours; by *Tarusius* appl'd to the great year foretold by the *Sibyls*; by *La Cerda* understood of the ensuing greatness and prosperity of *Augustus* his reign, the most probable opinion.

<sup>7</sup> By this Periphrasis the Poet intends the renovation of the Golden times, as *Ovid* expresseth them;

—*Patens cum Terra deorum Es-  
set, & humanis Numina misa locis.*

and is, with what follows, to be applied to *Salustianus*, not *Augustus*.

<sup>8</sup> *Calceas* is the *Ægyptian* Rue, yet *Dyscorides* takes it not for the whole plant, but the root only, according to our version; but the reason why *Virgil* here makes mention of this Plant, *Servius* conjectures to be in honour of *Augustus*, for till after his Conquest of *Ægypt*, it was not known to the *Romans*.

<sup>9</sup> *Dianthus*, *Nemius*, and *Cermeas*, conceive *Virgil* in this place to allude to his own Cradle-Honours, signal by that memorable Omen of a poplar branch, which planted on his Birth day, grew up suddenly to equal the tallest Pines, and being Consecrated to *Virgil*, by the Vows of Childbearing Women, became very eminent.

<sup>10</sup> In these two verses are contained (saith *Servius*) a designation of *Salustianus* his Studies; by *Hero's* praises, understanding Poetry, by his *Fathers* deeds, History by the Knowledge of Vertue, Moral Philosophy.

<sup>11</sup> Proverbially meant, and so here appl'd to any famous Navigator, its Memorial of *Typhis* the Pilot of *Argo*, the first Ship according to the Poets that sailed the Seas; but *Diderot* *Strabo* will have it to be the first only in magnitude, for that Navigation was in use before the Argonautick Expedition is manifest, though but in small vessels or rafts.

<sup>12</sup> Here taken for any Valiant man so *Servius*. The Poet (saith he) uses particulars instead of generals, for by *Typhis* he means any Pilot, by *Argo*, any ship, by *Troy*, any Town, and by *Achilles*, any Valiant person.

Nor Merchants shall transport exchanged Ware,  
But all Commodities grow every where;  
Nor Earth shall Harrows feel, nor Vine the Hook,  
And hardy Plow-men shall their Steers unyoke;  
Nor Wooll deceive with artificial dye,  
But, in the Meadows, Rams in scarlet ly,  
Or else their silver Fleeces turn'd to gold,  
And Princely \* purple simple Lambs infold;

\* Alluding to the *Thouless* superstition, which portended to the Prince of the Country, wherein a Sheep of that coloured fleece was found increase of prosperity, power, and honour; and therefore not unsaply apply'd by our Poet, either to *Pollux Augustus*. An observation not to be slighted, if we may credit of an Ox, *Maximus* from the horns, *Antinous*, *Cete*, and *Soterus* from a Lamb, *Aurelian* from his swaddling Clothes of that colour. Collected the happy Omens of their future greatness.

\* A famous Musician, Instructor of *Orpheus* and *Hercules*, the reputed Son of *Apollus*; yet *Pausanias* (in *Bœotia*) reports *Amphimachus* to have been his Father: His Mother some make *Terpsichore*, others *Direnia*.

\* Yet some account *Polymnia*, others *Thamyris* for his Mother; nor less uncertainty in his Father. *Apollonius* makes him the Son of *Oenegeus*, *Musæchmus* of *Apollus*, others of *Charis*.

\* A happy Omen, (though by *Servius* mistaken for unfortunate) as *Phlegon* instances in the birth of *Zoroaster*; for we apply not the smiles in this place to the Parent, with *Bembus*, *Politian*, and others, but to the Child, as *Nannius*, *Germanus*, and in *Cræda*, and *Joan*. By the God therefore is here meant the first, (president of the Table;) by the Goddeffe the second, (superintendent of the bed.) *Servius* his Application of this to *Vulcan* is justly exploded.

The Fates conspiring with eternal doom,  
Said to their Spindles, Let such Ages come.  
Go Heavenly Race, great Progeny of *Jove*,  
The time draws neer thy Honour to improve.  
See, how the Pole shakes with the pond'rous Globe  
Of Earth and Sea, and Heav'ns all-spangled Robe:  
How all things at th' approaching Age rejoyce.  
Oh that my Life would last so long, and voice,  
That to the Sky I might thy honour raise!  
Not *Tibracian Orpheus* then should win the Baies,  
Nor \* *Linus*, though their Parents present were;  
This *Phæbus* got, \* *Calliope* that did bear.  
Should *Pan* with me strive, by *Arcadia's* doom,  
Although a God, *Pan* should be overcome.  
Begin, sweet Babe, vvith ' smiles thy Mother knovv,  
Who ten long months did vvith thy burthen go;  
Svweet Babe begin, vvhole smiles ne'r Parents blest,  
No \* Goddesse grants him bed, no God a Feast.

\* The ancient *Romans* (saies *Seneca* *Epist.* 2. l. 20.) assign'd to every man his *Génius* and *Jovus*. By the God therefore is here meant the first, (president of the Table;) by the Goddeffe the second, (superintendent of the bed.) *Servius* his Application of this to *Vulcan* is justly exploded.

The



## The Fifth ECLOG.

DAPHNIS.

## \* THE ARGUMENT.

Since Kings as Common Fathers cherish all,  
Subjects like Children should lament their fall:  
But Learned Men, of Grief should have more sense,  
When violent Death seizeth a gracious Prince.

\* The preceding Eclog celebrated the Birth of *Saloninus*, thus, continuing the variety, deplores the death of *Daphnis*, whom some directly understand a Sicilian Shepherd of that name, by his Mother (of whom he was begot by *Mercury*) as *senatus* burns, expelled, and found by *Sh. herodotus* amongst *Lewreli*, from which they gave him that name; of *Pan* he learnt *Adultery*, and a Nymph falling in love with him, engaged him by solemn Oath, not to enjoy any other; but by the wandering of his herd, took by chance to the Palace, the King's Daughter surprised with his Beauty, cut a him to break that Vow, which the Nymph discovering, deprived him of sight. Hereupon by *Mercury* his Father, whom he called to assist him, he was taken up into Heaven, and a Fountain immediately sprung out of the place, which bears his Name, and is yearly honored with sacrifices by the Sicilians. To which *Diodorus* adds, that he first found out *Baccolick* *Verfe* in Sicily. Others interpret *Daphnis* here, *Julius Caesar*, to whom many expressions are proper; some *Quintulus Varro*, slain in Germany, with the list of those who fly, but under that name is meant *Flavius Maro*, Brother to *Virgil*, to which itself is this allusion.

## MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.



Ay wenot \* *Mopsus*, happily thus met  
Under these shady Elms 'mong Hazels set,  
Try both our skills? I'll sing, and  
thou shalt play.

MOPSUS.

*Menalcas* thou art eldest, lead the way;  
Where wanton Breezes dancing shadows make;  
This Grot, or that Cave yonder let us take,  
Which a wild Vine with spreading boughs infolds.

*Triphis fata tui dam sis in Daphnide* *Flaci*,  
*Dille Maro*, fratrem dum immer-  
talibus agnas.

\* The Names of *Mopsus*, *Menalcas*, and *Amphias*, are here taken without any further Allusion, then as to persona of a Rustick condition and sit lora Pastoral.

D 2

ME-

## MENALCAS.

Only *Amyntas* dares thee in our Wolds.

## MOPsus.

What if that Swain to out-sing *Phæbus* aims?

## MENALCAS.

Dear *Mopsus*, if th' hast ought of *Phyllis* flames,  
Of *Alcon's* praise, or *Codrus* brawl, begin;  
And *Tityrus* shall thy feeding Kids keep in.

## MOPsus.

I'll try that Song 'on the green Beech I writ,  
And with alternate replications set;  
Then bid *Amyntas*, if he dares, contend.

## MENALCAS.

As silver Olives Sallow shrubs transcend,  
As scarlet Roses, wither'd Spike debase,  
So much *Amyntas* must to thee give place.

## MOPsus.

No more of that, dear Swain; the Cave is neer.  
At *Daphnis* woful Funeral, many a tear  
The Nymphs did shed, witness you woods and streams,  
When the sad Mother rais'd the mangled limbs  
Of her dead Son, distracted, she did all  
The Gods and conscious Stars then Cruel call.  
That day no Swain drove to the cooling Flood  
His Herds, nor would they touch the sweetest food.  
Thy Death, O *Daphnis*, *Lybian* Lions mourn'd,  
And Woods and Mountains echoing Groves return'd;  
*Armenian*

<sup>b</sup> She was Daughter of *Icyrgus* and *Crochymus* Queen of *Trache*, who fell in love with *Demophoon*, Son of *Phisus*, driven upon that Coast in his Return from *Troy* by a Tempest, and when he went to *Athen*, and fail'd to return according to promise, impatient of his absence, hang'd her self.

<sup>c</sup> That excellent Cretan Archer who seeing a serpent wound about the body of his Child as he lay asleep, levelled at the Serpent with so sure an aim, that he kill'd him without hurting his Son. This Child was *Phalerus*, who after proved so famous a Commander in the *Græcian* Wars.

<sup>d</sup> One of the *Athenian* Kings *pro patria non timidas mori*, who in a War against the *Lacedæmonians*, (sics *Servius*); the *Poet* (*Justin*) the *Thracians* (*Plutarch*) when the Oracle had pronounced Victory to the *Athenians* upon no other terms, but death of their King, calling off his Imperial Robe, rush'd into the midst of his enemies, and by his own death purchas'd his Country's safety. See the story in *Valer. Maxim. l. 5. c. 6.*  
<sup>e</sup> *Ubi enim debuit magis rusticis scribere (sics Servius)* The custom used among Lovers of engraving the Names of those whom they affected with some Epithite of praise upon the barks of Trees. See in the Scholiast of *Aristophanes*.

<sup>f</sup> Alluding perhaps to what is recorded of the horses of *Julius Cæsar*, which by him, after his passage over *Robur* Consecrated and turn'd out at liberty, obstinately refus'd their food, and often wept for the absence of their Master. *Sueton.*

*Armenian* Tygers *Daphnis* Chariot drew;  
'Twas *Daphnis*, *Bacchus* Dances did renew,  
And *Javlin* did with dangling Ivy twine.  
As Vines illustrate Woods, as Grapes the Vine,  
As Bulls the bellowing Herd, as gallant Corn  
The golden Plains, so Thou dost thine adorn.  
As soon as thou to cruel Fate didst yield,  
*Pales* and blest *Apollo* left the Field.

Where oft we sow'd fair Corn, those glorious lands  
Pernicious Darnel, and wild Oats commands;  
For Violets and Daffadillies, here  
Thistles and Thorns in cruel Arms appear.  
Swains come away, and <sup>k</sup> strew the Earth with flowers,  
Plant o' your sacred Fountains shady bowers,  
*Daphnis* commanded; then erect his Herf,  
And fix upon the Monument this verse;  
*I Daphnis known in Woods, and to the Skie,*  
*Kept a fair Flock, but yet more Fair was I.*

## MENALCAS.

O Divine Poet, me thy Verses please  
More than soft slumber laid in quiet ease.  
Thou hast now match'd thy Master's Pipe and voice;  
Blest Swain, that thou his second art, rejoice.  
Those Verses which I have, what e'er they be,  
I'll interchangably return to thee,  
And raise thy *Daphnis* to the highest sphere;  
*Daphnis* lov'd us, *Daphnis* to Heav'n we'll bear.

## MOPsus.

What worthier song canst thou to us reherse?  
The gallant Swain becomes a noble Verse,  
And *Stimicbon* to me did lately praise  
The sweet Composure of thy happy laies.

<sup>g</sup> *Servius* interprets this of *Julius Cæsar* his bringing the Ceremony of *Bacchus* into Rome, which yet according to *Livy* seem to have a much more ancient introduction. *Liv. l. 40.*

<sup>h</sup> The shepherds Goddess, suppos'd the same with *Vesta* or *Cybele*; *Varro* makes her a Goddess, to whom the sacrifices called *Palilia* were offered the eleventh of the Calends of *May*. See *Ovid. id. 6. Fast.*

<sup>i</sup> This Weed hath the peculiar quality of infecting the Eye with dimness, whence it is proverbially used for one that is dim-sighted 'to say he feeds on Darnel; perhaps the reason of the Epithite. See *Erasm. Chil. 2. Cont. l. Adag. 20.*

<sup>k</sup> By the way here may be observed the proper Invention of a Heroe, who were believ'd to inhabit Woods and Fountains.

<sup>l</sup> A Monument, or *Tumulus*, was properly a heap of earth without any other Memorial; to which was added in time an Inscription, containing the lamentation and praises of the dead, whose Laws *Plato* prescribes in *g. de legib.*

## MENALCAS.

*Daphnis* admir'd beholding *Jove's* bright Arch,  
And Stars and Clouds beneath his feet to march;  
Strange joys at this both Groves and Fields possess,  
Great *Pan*, the Nymphs, and humble Swains were blest.  
Wolves laid no wait for Lambs, no Nets did seize  
The nimble Deer, Peace did good *Daphnis* please;  
The unshorn Mountains rough with horrid Quars  
Glad voices send to the rejoicing Stars,  
And humble shrubs now in a cheerful Ode,

<sup>m</sup> The Poet alludes to the custom of the Antients, who to every God erected two Altars, confirmed by the testimony of *Ælian*, who in his *Various History* reports that *Asclepias* being Deified, had two Altars erected to him, one intitled of the Mind, the other of Truth; And *Pausanias* in *Arcad* describing the Temple of *Jupiter Lycaus*, saies, there were two Altars, two Tables, and on them two Eagles; Those that affirm it usual in honor of the *Muses* to erect two Altars, bring nothing in prejudice of this, since it was customary to both, as well *Muses*, as Deities. Nor is *Servius* his distinction between *Ara* and *Altare*, appropriating one to Infernal, the other to Celestial Deities, worth the hearkning to, the word, being promiscuously taken, as is proved by *La Cerda*.

<sup>n</sup> The places usual to sacrifice to the *Lares*, (according to their several seasons) for they suppos'd the souls of such as were deified, to be *Lares*, to whom they offered Wine, Milk, Oyl, and the fruit of their Corn. The reason for the last, *La Cerda* conjectures to arise from their imitation of the *Jews*, who offered the first fruits of their Corn, in honour of their living Kings, which the Heathens likewise transferred to that of their dead Sovereigns.

<sup>o</sup> *Arctus* (according to *Strabo*) is a place in the Island *Chios*, rough and hilly, where the best Greek Wine grows; which at this day we call *Malmsey*. <sup>p</sup> That dancing was used at Feasts is clearly evident out of *Athenæus* l. 1. *Macrobius* Sat. 2. l. and others; As likewise at the Monuments, and commemorative Festivals of the dead; Hence *Silius* of whom *Geraldu* and *Grellus*. Nor less frequent in divine solemnities, the reason given by *Servius*, because the Antients would have all the members of the body, as it were, sensible of Religion; Singing, they counted and expression of the Mind, Dancing, of the Body. <sup>q</sup> Reflecting upon the Custom among the *Romans*, (derived from the *Sicilians*) of yearly sacrificing to the Nymphs in their House, at which time they used to dance before their statues half tipped; see *Athenæus* l. 6. *Turbanus* will have this solemnity to be properly performed in the fields, Nymphs being rustick Deities, and there fitted worse; Yet in this place it seems to be opposed to the *Antient* *Sacrum* (understood here by lustration of the fields) and shipped; of which opinion are *Germanus*, *Vilfortius*, and *La Cerda*. <sup>r</sup> That Grasshoppers were therefore rather solemnized within dores; of which opinion are *Germanus*, *Vilfortius*, and *La Cerda*. <sup>s</sup> That Grasshoppers are nourished only with dew, *Aristotle* and *Pliny* affirm. Nor need this seem strange, when *Strabo* reports that there were a people in *India* without Mouths, that lived only upon smell. A spare diet! yet the Father of the physicians *Hippocrates*, allows of it, where he saies; *We are nourished by meat, joined by Wine, joined by Smell*. See *Athenæus* *Gustulæ*. *Lib. Virgil*.

M O P -

## M O P S U S.

Now for such Verse, what Present shall I find?  
Not murmurs of th' approaching Southern Wind,  
Nor shores more please me, which the Waves assail,  
Nor Rivers gliding through a stony Vale.

## MENALCAS.

This slender Pipe we give, our Loves returns.  
This, Corydon for fair *Alexis* burns,  
To this I sung, *These* *Melibœus* Sheep,

## M O P S U S.

Take thou this Hook, which I (though begg'd) did keep,  
From dear *Antigenes*, who well deserv'd)  
With equal knots in Brafs, *Menalcas*, carv'd.

<sup>f</sup> Some beautiful Shepherd; or a Medicin of that name, whom *Virgil* is said to have affected.

The



The Sixth E C L O G.  
S I L E N U S.

\* ARGUMENT.

\* Our Author having together with Quintilius Varus, studied under Silenus, an Epicurean Philosopher, in this Eclog, discourses of the original of things, according to the (said) that still, infusing many fabulous transformations and other pieces of Ethnick Theology, all in the person of Silenus (under which he veils his Tutor) particularly intended in praise of his fellow Scholar Varus; Hence it is commonly intitled Silenus, by some the Metamorphosis, Divinity, Varus.

a Virgil first transferred the Greek pastoral of Theocritus a Syracusan, to the Romans in their own tongue.

b Domitian and Servius, whom that he made an attempt in verse upon the Roman story first, but was deterred from it by the baseness of the names.

c Proverbially said of such as diminish, either taken as Erasmus have it, from the old custom of those who when they cited any men to the Court, to bear witness for them, nipp'd them by the ear, or because the ear is suppos'd to be the lowest seat of the memory. Pliny 11. 45.

d Delectum carmen, Macrobii expounds *tenue*, & *subtile*, *minius*, *melle* & *suave*; Servius saith, it is metaphorically taken from Wool.

e That Quintilius Varus was of the Epicurean Sect, we have already alleg'd upon the testimony of Servius; That he was by Augustus made Commander in Chief of the German Army, and with three Legions cut off by the circumvention of Arminius, asserted by Velleius Paternulus and Tacitus, upon whose death Horace thus, (comforting our Poet.)

Ergo Quintilius perpetuus scepit  
Dives? cui pudor & iustitia scepit  
In orotia fides, undaq; veritas  
Quam solantum invenit parem.

f Two young Satyrs, by whom Virgil is believ'd to mean himself and Varus. g That the elder Satyrs are so call'd, is not unknown from *Paufanias*; Silenus was conceived to be the fosterer and educator of *Bacchus*, very ill countenanc'd, flat nos'd, whose representation in Boxes and Statues, denotes the philosopher (eminent for outward deformity, and inward beauty) extremely reclus'd.

h He is indeed commonly described drunk by the Poets. Ovid.  
Ebruius ecce senex pando delapsus, affilio  
Clamantem Satyrs surge agi, surge Pater, & Concurrunt Satyri, turgotique ora parentis  
Rident, porcessu claudicant ille genu.

The reason given by the Mythologists is, because he is instructor of the rest, replenish'd with Learning. i To wear a Wreath or Garland was one mark of drunkenness, the falling of it off a greater. See *Lu Cero*

Those Sects which promise sensual delights,  
Soonest infect, and gain most Profelytes;  
But oft those Tenets which are held Divine,  
Rise from full Bellies, and heads charg'd with Wine.



Ur Mufe first stoop'd to 'Sicilian strain,  
Nor did to dwell in murmuring Woods  
disdain;  
When 'War and Kings I sung, then  
Phœbus, thus,

Nipping my Ear, advis'd; Hold Tityrus,  
Shepherds should feed their Flocks, and tune 'soft laies,  
Now I (for many it delights thy praise,  
And bloody Wars, great 'Varus to rehearse)  
On slender Reeds shall tune an humble Verse.  
Nor uncommanded sing I; struck with Love  
If any read the shrubs, and every Grove  
Shall sing thee Varus! what can more engage  
Phœbus, than thy Name on the Title-page?  
Say Mufe how 'Chromis, and Mnasyllus, found  
In's Cave & Silenus sleeping on the ground,  
With last night's Bacchus swell'd (his usual guise)  
Far from his head, his fall'n-off Garland lies;



Prima Syracusio dignata  
Nostra. nec erubuit

Honratissima Dñi Domina  
Tabula merito



est ludere versu  
Silvas habitare Thalia.

Mariz Beauchamp  
Votiva.

By a worm handle hung his heavy <sup>k</sup> Can.  
 Him, (for with promis'd Verses, the old man  
 Had often mock'd their hopes) they seize, and 'bind  
 With his own Wreaths; to them, yet fearful, joynd  
 "Ægle the fair; who as he first did rowle,  
 Painted with blushing <sup>m</sup> Mulberries his brows.  
 He smiling at their Plot, And why thus bound?  
 Loose, 'tis enough that thus I could be <sup>n</sup> found;  
 Take Verses which I promis'd, they are done,  
 Her I'll please otherwise; who straight begun:  
 Then mightst thou see wild Beasts, and fauns advance  
 In sportful measure, and tall Forrests dance;  
 Nor so in *Phæbus* joy <sup>p</sup> Parnassian spires,  
 "I *Jmare*, nor *Rhodope*, *Orpheus* so admires:  
 He sung how from the spacious *Vacuum* came  
 The <sup>r</sup> seeds of Earth, of Water, <sup>s</sup> Air, and Flame;  
 How first these Principles did all beget,  
 And the great joynts of 'th' infant World were knit;  
 Earth then condensing, did the Sea exclude,  
 And by degrees distinctive forms indu'd;  
 The Sun is next their wonder, by whose power,  
 Vapours ascend a Cloud, and fall a shower;  
 After the shady Groves began to spread,  
 And on strange Hills a few Beasts wandring fed;  
 Next <sup>t</sup> *Saturn's* Reign, the <sup>u</sup> stones by *Pyrrha* flung,  
 Caucasian fowl, <sup>v</sup> *Prometheus* theft he sung.

Infant, the young World. *Philo* the Jew, *If the world were made, it was at some time or other but a Child, &c.* and elsewhere *vis xicous*, the young World, They who expound tender here otherwise, viz. of roundity and smoothness, mistake the Poet though not the word.  
<sup>n</sup> See *Ecl. 4.* <sup>x</sup> The World being destroyed by the general Deluge, *Dencalion* and his Wife *Pyrrha*, the only persons that had escaped it, consulted the Oracle for some means to renew the Species of Mankind; they were by it advised to cut over their shoulders the bones of their Grandmother, which interpreting stones, they obeyed, and the stones were transformed into Men.  
<sup>y</sup> *Prometheus* made men of flame and earth, in imitation of *Jupiter*, and by the help of *Atena* getting up to Heaven, stole Fire from thence, to inspire his new Work withall, whereat *Jupiter* displeased chained him to the Mountain *Caucasus*, and sent an Eagle, or as some, a Vulture, which tir'd upon his Liver every day, as often renewing: The Mythology is various, receive this as least obvious from the Scholiast of *Æschylus*, *By Fire is under stood Knowledge, as being most active; by Prometheus the foreknowledge of things which God gave to Man, that he might not be solicitous of what might happen; this prescience he observed not, but began to be misfrustral, and full of unnecessary doubts, for which reason he was said to steal fire from Heaven, when forsaking that wisdom which was implanted in him, he searched out things that concerned him not:* Thus the Scholiast expressly reflecting upon the knowledge of Good and Evil; he is said to have been the Son of *Jupiter*; commonly interpreted *Japhet*; but according to *Suidas*, he flourished in the time of the Judges, and first instituted Grammatical Literature.

<sup>k</sup> *Cantharus*, a Can, was proper to *Silvanus*, as *Scyphus*, a Cup, to *Hercules*. *Val. Max.* 3. 6.

<sup>l</sup> It was the property of the *Silvæ* never to sing, but upon such constraint, as hath been observed from *Maximus Tyrius* and *Ovid*, the same is reported of *Proteus* bound by *Aristæus*; *Fannus* and *Picus* bound by *Nemæ*, by *La Cerdæ* proved as natural to all the *Semides*.

<sup>m</sup> A Nymph is here added (say the Interpreters) that nothing might be wanting to express the luxury of the Epicurian Sect: But these equally injure *Epicurus* and *Virgil*, who as here, so in his *Ciris* more particularly professeth himself his follower; See what *Gassendus* hath said to justify the first. *lib. 7. cap. 5.*

<sup>n</sup> *La Cerdæ* understands this literally, and proves that *Color rubens* was proper to the Gods; with which tincture the Nymph here fought to please *Silvanus*, to invite him to ling;

<sup>o</sup> Because (say some Interpreters) the *Semides* as Fauns, Nymphs, Satyrs, &c. were never seen, but when they themselves would, or (as *Servius*) *fufficit quod talis visus sum ut etiam ligari visum.*

<sup>p</sup> *Parnassus*, a Mountain of *Phocis*, so called (according to *Hellicanus*) from *Parnæus* a Hero that dwelt there; as others will, from *Parnassus* the Son of *Neptune*; formerly *Lar-nassus* from *Lar-næ* the Son of *Dencalion* says *Andron*; others, from the Ark of *Deucalion*, so called, which re- lated there. See the Scholiast of *Apollon*, l. 2. & *Stephan.*

<sup>q</sup> Mountains in *Thrace* acquainted with the Music of *Orpheus*, of whom *Ovid*. *Metam. lib. 10. & 11.*

<sup>r</sup> *Germanus* and *La Cerdæ* note that *Virgil* reflects not upon the Universal Seminary (*maximilux*) of *Anaxagoras*, but upon the Atomes of *Epicurus*, which distinction is very unnecessary, for to him that considers the nature of those *atomæ* similar parts, as described by *Anaxagoras* (*in Platarch de placit. Phil.*) there will appear no little affinity betwixt the Assertions.

<sup>s</sup> *Anima*, i. e. *atr. divinus*. <sup>t</sup> These Philologists who believed the World was not eternal but made, called it, as here, the

<sup>a</sup> A fair Youth beloved of *Hercules*, by whom carried along in the Expedition of the *Argonauts*; As they were upon their voyage, *Hercules* sent him for water to a spring named *Calistomai*, on the *Ionian Coast*, the Nymphs whereof falling in love with him, pluck'd him in; at whose abience *Hercules* was extremely afflicted, and *Poliphemus* being sent to look him, went up and down calling upon his name: The Leach of *Hercules* is admirably described in an express *Idyllum* by *Theocritus*; As soon as it was known, that the Nymphs had ravish'd him, they instituted sacred rites in honour of him, wherein the frequent invocation of his name was much used, and is here alluded unto. Proverbially likewise used of those who call for any thing they cannot have. *Synon*.

<sup>a</sup> Wife to *Minus King of Crete*, who fell in love with a wild Bull. The story see in *Ovid*.

<sup>b</sup> Three Daughters of *Pretus*, who comparing with *Juno* for beauty, (or as others say, being her Priests, taking off gold from her garments, and making use of it themselves) were by her stricken with such a madness, that thinking themselves Cows, they run up and down the fields lowing, and fearing the yoke, they were reduc'd to their first sense by *Melampus*.

<sup>c</sup> *Atalanta* deterred from Marriage by the Oracle, indents with her suitors, that he only should have her who had power to out-run her, if he fail'd, to be rewarded with death. This *Hippomenes* performs by deceit, throwing in her way three golden Apples, which the stooping to take up, lost the race: These Apples, according to *Virgil* here, were gathered out of the Orchard of the *Hesperides*, but *Ovid* saith, *Hippomenes* brought them out of *Cyprus*; the Fable he tells at large in his tenth book.

<sup>d</sup> The three Sisters of *Phaeton*, immoderately bewailing the death of their Brother, were converted into trees, which though our Author here call Alders, *Ovid* saith were Poplars, *lib. 2*.

<sup>e</sup> *Cornelius Gallus*, an excellent poet, whom *Virgil* passionately affected, as appears by this Eclog. and the fourth Book of his *Georgicks*, the latter part whereof he writ in his praise, until afterwards upon the command of *Augustus* he changed it into the tale of *Arifaeus*; see more of this *Gallus*, Eclog. 10.

<sup>f</sup> The Greek Poet, contemporary with *Homer* and *Lycurgus*.

And <sup>a</sup> *Hylas* next, where Sailors neer the Spring  
Call *Hylas*, *Hylas*, till the Shores did ring.  
And blest <sup>a</sup> *Pasiphae*, if no Herds sh' had seen,  
Nor with a white Bulls love delighted been.  
What folly hapless Virgin made thee yield?

Though <sup>b</sup> *Pretid's* lawns were with feign'd lowings fill'd,  
Yet none of those such strange desires provoke,  
Although their necks had trembled at the yoke,  
And oft in their smooth brows felt knotty buds.  
Thou hapless Virgin wand'rest through the Woods,

Whilt he on flow'r's his snowy side hath laid,  
Chewing the Cud, shelter'd in pleasant shade,  
Or Courts some other in the ample Drove:

Shut Nymphs, *Dissean* Nymphs, shut up your Grove,  
Left any tracts as he shall wandering pass

By chance we find, or took with verdant gras,  
Or following Cattel, other Heifers call,

And they intice him to *Gortina's* stall.  
The Virgins who <sup>c</sup> *Hesperian* fruit admir'd,

And <sup>d</sup> *Phaeton's* Sisters, with green Mossie attir'd,  
Turn'd into stately Alder, next he sings,

Then <sup>e</sup> *Gallus* progress to *Permessian* springs;  
How him a Muse th' *Aonian* Mountain shews,

Where *Phæbus* Quire honouring the man, arose;  
What *Linus* then, in Heavenly numbers said,

Veiling his tresses with a flourie shade,  
These Pipes which once the Muses by decree

Gave to old <sup>f</sup> *Hesiod*, they confer on thee;  
Who could, when he to these was pleas'd to sing,

Down stately Ash from lofty Mountains bring;  
With these shall be describ'd *Apollô's* Grove,  
Left *Phæbus* more some other place approve.

Why should I mention <sup>a</sup> *Scyllas* snowie waft,  
With barking Monsters round about embrac'd,  
Vexing Dulichian Ships? huge billows there  
With cruel Sea-Dogs woful Sailors tear.  
Next <sup>b</sup> *Terens* transformation he declar'd,  
And bloody feast by *Philomel* prepar'd,  
How swiftly to the desarts she withdrew,  
And o'r her Palace how th' unhappy flew.  
All this which *Phæbus* long before declar'd,  
And blest *Eurotas* with attention heard,  
Bidding his Laurels learn, *Silenus* sung;  
Against the Stars, the echoing Valleys rung;  
Till Night bid house their Flocks, their numbers tell,  
And from unwilling Skies the Evening fell.

<sup>a</sup> *Scylla* was daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who had on his head a purple hair, wherein consisted his own and his Kingdoms safety, this she (persuaded by the love, or as *Æschylus* saith by the gifts of *Minus* King of *Crete* who belieged him) plucks from the head of her sleeping Father, and delivers with it the Kingdom into the Enemies hands; The Father according to the common tradition, transform'd into a Hobby, the daughter into a Lark: But our Author here follows an opinion less received, that she underwent the same punishment with the other *Scylla*, turn'd into a Sea-monster inviron'd with wolves and dogs, destroying all that approach'd her. Nor is it to be objected to him, that in his *Georgics* he owns the other Metamorphosis, viz. into a Lark, more than to *Ovid*, who tells the same story in his fourteenth book, and in his *amores*; thus with *Virgil*.

*Permis Scylla patri caecos furata cecis  
Pipes  
Pate præmis rabidus infundibulq;  
Cecis.*

<sup>b</sup> The story in *Ovid* is thus; *Terens* enraged, draws his Sword upon them; they in the pursuit were turn'd into Birds, *Philomela* into a Nightingale, and *Progne* into a swallow. But our Author here takes the names quite contrary, as if *Philomela* were his Wife who prepared the feast: Nor is it rare amongst the Poets, especially the Greek, to use their names promiscuously: *Ovid* himself in his Consolation to *Livia* com-  
pleth with this of *Virgil*.



## The Seventh Eclog.

MELIBŒUS.

## \* The ARGUMENT.

*Great Emulation is in Countrey Sports,  
As in proud Cities, and Phantastick Courts:  
Sound Judgments there, oft Prejudice betrays,  
Here, simple Swains know where to plant the Bays.*

CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBŒUS.

<sup>a</sup> Nannius G. Miffell. observes, that Virgil here, as in the second Eclog. by Corydon understands how felt by Thyrsis some of his Emulations, or rather as La Cerda's Thauris, the former being too far beneath the Compassion, by Daphnis, some think Caesar is meant.



<sup>b</sup> Notes to their Countrey, for the Scene is Mantua. La Cerda disputes much, whether it be meant in respect to their youth, or skill in Music, and concludes for the first, Arcadia being remarkable for bringing forth strong men; but confesses that it is likewise abounded with Poets to which sense this is more easily applied.

<sup>c</sup> Of all Corvinus his Interpretations, the best is, that the provident Shepherd made this preparation against Winter, for the time wherein it was done, by the following circumstances, appears to have been Spring.

<sup>d</sup> Those Interpreters that are displeased with this metaphor, are best overthrown by the many examples wherewith it is confirmed. See La Cerda.

*S Daphnis fate under a murmuring  
Oke,  
Thyrsis and Corydon drove on the  
Flock:  
Sheep Thyrsis, Corydon milch Goats  
did bring,*

*Arcadians both, in youth both flourishing,  
Both match'd to sing, to answer both prepar'd.  
Whilst I ' from cold did tender Myrtles guard,  
Here straid the Goat, the ' Husband of the Flock;  
Daphnis I sp'd, and he me seeing, spoke,  
Come hither Melibœus (for thy Kids  
And Goat is safe) if business not forbids,*

*Repose a while in this delightful shade,  
Where Cattel come to water through the Mead,  
Where*



*Ilac memini, et victum  
ex illo Corydon. Corydon*

Honoratissimo Dñi Domino  
Comiti Alays.



*frustra contendere Thyrsin  
est tempore nobis. Cetera*

Richardo Molineux Vice  
Tabula merito votiva.

Where *Mincius* verdant banks with reeds are crown'd,  
And swarming Bees from 'sacred Okes refound.  
What should I do? *Alcippe* did not come,  
Nor *Phyllis* could I find, that might at home  
Shut up my new year'd Lambs, and on this day  
*Thyrsis* and *Corydon* their Match did play;  
I, for their sport, laid all my business by;  
They tri'd it out in Verse alternately,  
Alternate numbers are the Muses pride;  
Thus *Corydon*, and *Thyrsis* thus reply'd.

CORYDON.

Libethrian Nymphs that are our sole delight,  
Grant me such Verse, as did my *Codrus* write,  
Who *Phœbus* match'd: If such cannot be mine,  
<sup>b</sup> This Pipe shall hang upon that sacred Pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadians crown your hopeful Poet first,  
With 'Ivy, then let spiteful *Codrus* burst;  
Or if <sup>k</sup> he'll praise too much, let 'Baccar arm  
My Brows, lest an ill Tongue your Poet harm.

CORYDON.

<sup>m</sup> This rough Boars head young *Mycon* doth impart  
' (*Delia*) to thee, and branch'd horns of th' old Hart.

<sup>k</sup> Excessive praise was supposed to call down the envy of the Gods; Of this there are many instances among the Poets as *Nirbo*, *Andromache*, &c. This praise, though from an enemy, only out of a malicious intent, was equally punishable by the Gods upon those parties (though in themselves innocent) whose worth was brought by any in competition with theirs, which manner of witchcraft (purposely bringing ill upon any) by commendations, was called *Falsitium*, *This unhappy event of excessive commendations: and glory*, as *Terentian* defines it; And the Authors of it, *great or ill Tongues*, that in respect of the means, this of the event. So that this was not a detestful commendation, as *Servius* and *La Cerda* interpret it, nor obsequious, as *Tamman*; but malicious, and therefore *ultra placitum*, understand here to mean *Detrum*. <sup>l</sup> A sweet herb fit for Garlands, whose root hath a smell like *Cinnamon*, and therefore used of old in unguents, supposed prevalent against salivation. <sup>m</sup> The custom of the Hunters was to cut off the head, foot, or some other part of the wild Beast which they had taken, and to nail it upon some Tree in honour of *Diana*, This is observed by *Enschæus*, and the Scholiast of *Aristoph.* in *Plut.* to which our Poet alludes, *lib. 5.*

—Si qua ipse meis venatibus auxi  
Suspendive toils aut sacra ad fastigia fixi.

The same *Ammianus Marcellinus* attests of such men as were sacrificed to *Diana* by the *Thracians*, viz. that they nail'd their heads upon the Walls of the Temple, *velut fortium perpetua monumenta facinororum.* <sup>n</sup> *Diana*, Goddess of Hunting, so named from the Island *Delos*, where born.

<sup>e</sup> So likewise thought by the *Grecians*; The reason of this Epithet is either derived from the protection which *Jove* particularly afforded it, or from the Nymphs which are supposed to dwell in Trees, and especially in this.

<sup>f</sup> *Servius* conceives these to be names of the sweet-hearts of the two young men that contended in singing.

<sup>g</sup> *Likeithos* (saith *Servius*) is a Fountain where the Muses are worshipped, who are here called Nymphs, as signifying the same, and not without reason, as concurring to *Varro*, since the motion of water maketh Mules, as we see in Water-Organs; The same *Varro* affirms; the Mules to be but three, one begotten by the motion of water, a second the sound made by percussion of Air, the third consisting merely of Voice; thus *Servius*: But *La Cerda* distinguisheth betwixt the Nymphs and the Muses of *Likeithos*, upon the authorities of *Strabo* and *Pausanias*.

<sup>h</sup> Alluding to the old Ceremony; they who gave over any art, hung up the Instruments thereof as consecrated to the Gods. *Tibullus*,

*Pendebatq; vagi pastoris in arbore  
vatum  
Garra. Silvæstri fîstula sacra  
Deo.*

He that would see instances of this kind in other professions, may consult *La Cerda*.

<sup>i</sup> Ivy is proper for Garlands of Poets, *Servius* saith, in respect of the affinity betwixt Poetick rage; and *Bacchus* God of madness; *Alcianus* gives these other reasons:

*Handquænam arentem hedera est ar-  
buscula, Læso  
Que puer Bacchus dona dedisse se-  
ruit.*

*Errabunda, præcox, anatis sul: a Co-  
rydonis.*

*Exterior viridis, cætera palles her-  
bet.*

*Hinc aptæ water cingunt sua tempora  
fertis.*

*Pallissent stûbis, laus distincta  
viget.*

<sup>o</sup> The habit of a Huntsman, and in that respect proper to Diana.

Thy Statue shall be in fine Marble plac'd,  
If this thou grant, with purple \* Buskins grac'd.

## THYRSIS.

<sup>p</sup> The Rustick and inferior sort of Deities (of which number was Priapus) had no Sacrifices, nor Wine-offerings, but Milk, Cake, and Fruits, according to that of Varro, *Semonibus Lactis sit, non Vitis*. See Lippinus *Antiqu. Lect.* c. 18.

*Priapus*, yearly Cakes and Cream expect,  
For thou our humble Gardens dost protect.  
We for a time, thee but in Marble mould:  
But, if our Flocks increase, thou shalt be Gold.

## CORYDON.

<sup>q</sup> *Hybla* is a Town of Sicily, at present called *Avola quasi Apola* and *Apola* from the Bees; famous for Honey, being exceedingly replenished with Thyme.

<sup>r</sup> Of Ivy there are two sorts, one white, mentioned here, the other black, of which *Georg.* 2. this called by *Phay* Masculine, that Feminine, and therefore here aptly compared to a Nymph.

<sup>f</sup> *Eriobran* observes, that the Poets as oft as they light upon this name Indulge much in description of the person to whom they apply it; He allegorizes *Homer* and *Hesiod*. *La Cerda* adds *Thucydides*, *Ovid*, and others.

<sup>e</sup> An herb growing in *Sardinia*, which destroyeth the jaws of him that eats it, sometimes to death, and draweth the face into a kind of laughing posture; whence it is used proverbially, *The Sardinick laugh*.

<sup>x</sup> From the Latin word *Ruscus*, (saith *La Cerda*) is derived *Brusco*, by which name it is known to the *Spaniards*, *Germans*, and *French*: It is properly a wild Myrtle, as *Dioscorides* describes it. 4. 147.

<sup>x</sup> A Weed which grows in the main Sea, used in Dying, very beneficial to the Fishes, for both respects much esteemed, but being cast upon the shore by a tempest (in which sense here mentioned) wholly unprofitable. *Horace*.

— *Cras foliis nemus  
Multis, & alta litus tenuis  
Demissa tempestas ab Euro  
Sternit.*

<sup>y</sup> They who interpret *herba molior* some, to be *molior ad seminum parandum*, forget that the expression is borrowed from *Theocritus*, *Idyll.* 15.

Than <sup>q</sup> Thyme more sweet, than <sup>r</sup> Ivy fresh, more white  
Than Swans is <sup>s</sup> *Galatea* my delight;  
When thy fed Cattel to their stalls repair,  
Come, if thou hast of *Corydon* a care.

## THYRSIS.

Harsh may I seem to thee as <sup>t</sup> *Sardan* grass,  
Rougher than <sup>u</sup> Holm, than cast up <sup>x</sup> *Owfe* more base,  
If this day shews not longer than whole years;  
Go, if y' have any shame, go home fed Steers.

## CORYDON.

You mossie Springs, and Grass more <sup>y</sup> soft than sleep,  
And verdant boughs which you with shadows keep,  
In Summer save my Flocks; great heat comes now,  
And pregnant grapes swell on the glad some bough.

## THYRSIS.

We alwayes keep good Fires of blazing Pine,  
With daily Smoke our Chimney-pieces shine;  
The cold of *Boreas* here, we fear no more,  
Than Wolves our Cattel, or fierce streams the shore.

C O R

## CORYDON.

Here Juniper, and <sup>a</sup> rough-skin Chefnuts be,  
And tempting Apples under every tree:  
All things now smile; but if *Alexis* fly  
Our Mountains, thou shalt see the Rivers dry.

## THYRSIS.

Our scorched grass, the airs distemper kills,  
And *Bacchus* Viny shades denies the hills;  
<sup>b</sup> When *Phyllis* comes, all shall wax green again,  
And <sup>c</sup> *Jove* descend in joyful showers of Rain.

## CORYDON.

<sup>d</sup> *Hercules* Poplar, *Bacchus* Vines doth praise;  
Fair <sup>e</sup> *Venus* Myrtle, and bright <sup>f</sup> *Phæbus* Baies,  
*Phyllis* loves Hazels; if she them allow,  
Myrtle and Lawrel must to Hazels bow.

## THYRSIS.

Tall Ash in Woods, Pines are in Orchards fair,  
Poplar neer Streams, Firs lofty Mountains bear;  
Fair *Lycida*, if oft thou visit me;  
The stately Ash and Pine shall stoop to thee.

## MELIBŒUS.

These I Record, and *Thyrsis* vanquish'd thus,  
From that time *Corydon*, *Corydon* for us.

<sup>a</sup> These seem to be opposite to the soft Chefnuts mentioned in the first Eclog, and therefore (saith *La Cerda*) not to be understood with *Servius*, as taken out of their brittle husks, but with *Hieronymus*, of those that are cover'd all over with a rough down, a different kind from the other.

<sup>b</sup> By *Phyllis* here, *Venus* conceived is meant. *Amyntus* *Cæsar*, returning, asst some absence from *Rome*.

<sup>c</sup> The Antients believ'd *Jupiter* to descend in showers of Rain, thence surmisd by the *Græcians* *καταδρυς*, by the Latins *Elicius*, as *Turnebus* notes.

<sup>d</sup> The white Poplar is that which is supposed properly sacred to *Hercules*, who is reported to have made a Crown of this kind which he found upon the banks of *Acheron*, thence by *Homer* called *Acheron*, but of both, thus *Alicia*.

*Hercules crines bicolor quod populus*

*crinis*  
*Trapa* alternat nuxque disjuncta  
*vires*.

<sup>e</sup> The Myrtle is sacred to *Venus*, as well for being a Maritime Plant, loving wetts, whereof that Goddess was born, as for that being in its full vigour, it is believed to have the virtue to procure affection.

<sup>f</sup> The story of *Apollo* and *Daphne* is enough known: The reason why this tree is believed sacred to him, is in regard of the nature of the Plant which is hot and dry.

The



The Eighth E C L O G.  
PHARMACETURIA.

\* The ARGUMENT.

Nothing can ease the pangs of cruel love,  
Though a base Subject do the Fancie move;  
And when they feel the power of Cupid's Dart,  
They will not stick to use the blackest Art.

\* There are two parts of this Eclog. In the first, Damon (in love with Nisus) complains of his Mistress's disdain in preferring Mophs before him; In the latter (which is wholly taken out of an Essay of Theocritus of the same Name) Alphesiboeus sings of a Sorcerer's endeavouring by Charms to work Damon to a Compliance with her desires, which at last she effects. This Eclog seems to have been written when Augustus made War in Italy, and at his command.

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.



a To parallel this expression with some true stories, *Ælianus* reports of one *Pythecaris*, that with the sound of his lute he repressed the fury of many Wolves ready to assault him. The same is affirmed of Bears in the Gothish story, that being ready to rush upon the shepherds, they are withheld by the Musick of their pipes, which they use as a Customary defence against them.

b *Augustus*, as is formerly hinted in the Argument.

c See *Ælianus*.  
d *Illyria* is now called *Sclavonia*, taking its first Name from *Illyrius* the Son of *Falphenus* and *Calatæ*. Our Author is here supposed to intend the *Dalmatic Expedition*, which yet was not till after *Antony's* defeat, and so cannot in point of time be here admitted, and the *Pannonick* and *German Wars* he performed by his Lieutenants, going himself no further than *Ravenna*, *Milan*, or *Aquilia*, as *Suetonius* in his life c. 26. of which nothing in this place can be understood. See *Ramus* in *præf.* *Virgil*.

e The Greek Tragedian, for the sweetness of his verse firm'd *Ælianus*, the Bee, as his Scholiast attests.

Alphesiboe, and Damon's Muse repeat,  
At which the wondring Steers forgot to eat,  
Their Learned strife wild Lynxes did amaze,

Whilst in his chanel the swift River staves;  
Alphesiboe, and Damon's Muse repeat.

Whether thou pass *Timæus* rockie feat,  
Or cutt'st *Illyrick* waves, Oh! shall the day  
Come, when thy victories I may display?  
It shall; when I'll to all the World rehearse  
Thy deeds worth only *Sophoclean* Verse.  
What sprung from thee, in thee shall end; then take  
Those numbers I by thee commanded make,  
Nor this our humble Ivy disallow  
Mongst conquering Lawrels to impale thy Brow.

Scarce



Pastorum Mylam Damon  
Immemor herbarum quos

Honoratissima Dni Domina  
Tibula merito



nis et Alphesibae  
est mirata iuventa

Franciscz Viceci Molineux  
Voluit,

Eclog. 8.

Scarce were the Heav'ns unmask'd from gloomy night,  
When pearly dew, the Cattels chief delight,  
Silver'd the tender grafs, *Damon* as soon,  
'Gainst a smooth Olive leaning, thus began.

D A M O N.

Usher bright <sup>f</sup> *Lucifer* the glorious day,  
Whilst I lament how *Nisa* <sup>g</sup> did betray,  
For a base fellow, me her truest love;  
And at my last hour to the Gods above,  
Who never help, I dying do complain.  
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian strain.

Pines still crown <sup>h</sup> *Mænalus*, and murmuring Groves,  
Who alwaies hears distressed Shepherds loves;  
And *Pan* whom first shrill Reeds did entertain.  
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian strain.

And now foul *Mopsus* must fair *Nisa* Wed;  
Despair not Lovers, you may all be sped:  
So may wing'd <sup>i</sup> Griffons be with Horses joyn'd,  
And fierce Dogs water with the fearful Hind.  
<sup>k</sup> Cut Torches *Mopsus*, thou must now be Wed;  
'Strow Nuts; for thy sake <sup>m</sup> *Hesper* leaves his Bed.  
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian strain.

Oh bravely match'd! whilst thou dost all disdain,  
Slighting my Pipes and Flock, nor, proud, canst brook  
My unshorn beard, and melancholly look;  
Thou thinkst the Gods hear none when they complain.  
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian strain.

When in my Mothers Orchard thee I spi'd  
Gathering <sup>n</sup> with her ripe Fruit (I was your guide;)

that they should renounce all Childish sports, and vanities of youth, or, as *La Cérda* adds, out of a Ceremonious folk; Nuts being used inter *missilia amatoria*. <sup>m</sup> So *La Cérda* excellently interprets this place, <sup>n</sup> So *Theophr.* (14. 11.) whom ours here imitates.

<sup>f</sup> The Planet *Venus*,  
*modo lotie nuda*  
*Hesperus, pulcherrimum tenderis*  
*Lucifer idem.* Senec. *Hippolyt.*

<sup>g</sup> Nothing more frequent than for Lovers to accuse one another of perjury. (See *Medea's* Epistle to *Jason*, and that of *Phyllis* to *Demophon*.) But this seems to be transferred from his *Cypris*.

<sup>h</sup> A Mountain in *Arcadia*, which seems to have borrowed its name from a City there so call'd from *Mænalus* the founder. *Stephan.* *de Urb.* *Mænalian* is used in the same sense as *Pastoral*, the *Arcadian* bearing the Prize of old, for such kind of Music and Poetry.

<sup>i</sup> Griffons are said to have the Bodies of Lions, the faces and wings of Eagles, concerning which read *Ælianus* 1. 9. c. 26. and *Livy* his fabulous stories, 1. 10. c. 49 where he reports, that they keep golden Mines in *Syria*, and have often conflicts with the *Arimasians*, who come to dig for Ore.

<sup>k</sup> It was the solemn custom of the Ancients to have Torches carried before the Bride, made of Fir or white thorn, cut like ears of Corn, and Taper'd toward the top, the reason why they used Torches was, because the time permitted for Nuptial solemnities was the Night only, and the reasons for that *Plutarch's* rites were, either because the Bridegroom might happily have some resentments of Modesty in his first approaches to his Bride, as to a stranger, or of reverence, as to his Wife, or for the better concealment of any corporal deformities, or in reproach of illegitimate *Venus*, which they accounted such, when they came not with due modesty to the lawful sheets.

<sup>l</sup> Alluding to the Roman custom, which was for the Bridegroom at his Wedding-night to throw nuts among the Boys to scramble for, either for good Omens sake, because (as *Varro* says) Nuts being under the immediate protection of *Jupiter*, the Bride might be like *Juno*; or to put her in mind that as the Nut is defended with a double husk or coat, so the Child in the Womb; or, *Ne compressa virginis clamor audiat*, or, by way of admonition to the married Couple, out of a Ceremonious folk; Nuts being used inter *missilia amatoria*. <sup>n</sup> So *Theophr.* (14. 11.) whom ours here imitates.







The Ninth Eclog.  
LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

\* The ARGUMENT.

Best Princes Peace affect, and more delight  
Their Subjects to preserve, than their own right;  
But those who follow War, no power can aw;  
Swords make Oppression just, and Madneſs Law.

\* When in the distribution of the Country beyond Padua (mentioned in the 8th Eclog) by the order of the Triumvirs, Virgil amongst the rest was turned out, he went to Rome, where he was ſo much favoured, as to be reinstated in his own Land: But Arius the Centurion, to whose lot it had fallen, was so much displeased with his return, that he had almost killed him; the story goes that he threw him into a River, to which he is supposed to allude Eclog. 3.

— Come not too nigh,  
For now the Ram himself his  
Fleece did dry,

Virgil for reſt of these infancies,  
reſturs once more to Rome, leaving  
order with his ſervant to comply with  
Arius till his return; the ſervant is  
here repreſented by Mæris.

a Brilſonius (form. lib. 5.) proves  
Virgil to allude to the ſolemn form of  
vindication, according to which, he  
thus challenged his ſervant, laid his  
hands upon him, ſaying, *Hic meus eſt,*  
*This man is mine.*

b The common ceremony upon  
any occaſion of deſigns, offerings, &c.  
was to ſay *Dii bene vortat*; And on  
the contrary, *ne mala vortat tibi*, as  
here. *Servius* affirms the Poets ex-  
ception to be derived from *Ajax* and  
*Hector*, who exchanged gifts mutual-  
ly, which proved fatal to each other,  
according to the Greek Epigram;

*Ἰάκωγ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ ἔτεθ', &c.*

*Hector ut Ajax dedit enſem, illi ut  
dedit Ajax*

*Zovem, utrique necem manus u-  
trumque dedit.*

This Scholiaſt of *Sophocles* upon *A-  
jax* his Complaint to this effect,  
*ὁ Σπῖν Ἀδὰμ δῖος*, ſaith, that the  
leſt gift of a friend ought to be ac-  
cepted, the greateſt of an enemy to  
be reſuſed, as dangerous; in which  
ſenſe *Servius* underſtands *Mæris*, as  
wiſhing his preſent may prove ſuch.

LYCIDAS.

Oeris where goſt thou? to Town  
the neereſt way?

MÆRIS.

Shepherd we live to hear a ſtranger  
ſay, (own,

Whom we ne'r dream'd ſhould call "our Lands his  
Now all theſe fields are mine, old Swains be gone.

Oppreſt and ſad, (ſince Chance ſwaies all things) we

Bear him theſe Kids, may they be unlucky be.

LYCIDAS.

I heard indeed, that where the Mountains bend,  
And by degrees, down to the brooks deſcend,

Where the old rotten Beech hath ſtood ſo long,

All this was ſav'd by your *Menalcas* Song.

MÆRIS.



*Eclog. in. Lombard. ſculpt. 1761.*

*Desine plura puer: et quod  
Carmina cum melius.*

*nunc inſtat, agamus  
cum venerit ipſe, canamus.* Eclog. 9

Honoratiſſimo Dñi Domino  
37 Tabula merita



Arturo Capell Bâroni de Hadom  
votus,

## M O E R I S.

'Thou heard'st, and so 'twas fam'd; but our verse proves  
'Gainst cruel arms, like the ' *Chaonian Doves*,  
When th' Eagle comes; if from the hollow Tree  
Th' ' unluckie Crow had not premonish'd me  
To cut off new Debates, nor more to strive,  
I, nor *Menalcas*, now had been alive.

## L Y C I D A S.

Could any barbarous Monster use such spight?  
With thee *Menalcas* farewell all delight. (flow'rs,  
Who'll sing to Nymphs, who'll strew the Earth with  
Or shelter silver Springs in shade bow'rs?  
Or write such Verse as late I snatch'd from thee,  
When thou our *Amaryllis* went'st to see?  
Till I return, my Goats dear *Tityrus* feed,  
The way is short, and Water if they need,  
But as you drive them, take especial care  
Of the He-Goat, for he will strike, beware.

## C O R Y D O N.

He sung to *Varus* this imperfect strain;  
*Varus* thy name, if Mantua ours remain,  
(Mantua to sad Cremona, ab! too near)  
High mounted Swans to Heav'n shall singing bear.

## L Y C I D A S.

So may thy Swarms the<sup>b</sup> Cyncean Yew-tree shun,  
And sweet grafs make thy Cows swoln Udders run;

*Janjam resiliunt turribus aspera*

*Pellies, & albus mator in Altem.*

See Pier. Hierogl. l. 23, c. 2. & 8.

<sup>b</sup> *Corfica* (saith *Pliny* 3. 6.) is by the Grecians called *Cynus*. Some say from a King of that name, *Tarentus*; and *Germanns* observe that *Diodorus* and others take notice of the Box trees of *Corfica*, which corrupt and embitter the Honey of that place, but of the Yew-trees nothing. Yet *Virgil* in his *Georg.* adviseth to remove Hives far from them, And that the Honey of *Corfica* was of very ill accompe *Ovid* attests, 1. *Amor.*  
*Melle sub infami Corfica mist apie.*  
Which *La Cerdá* believes the reason why the Romans exacted only tributary Wax of them, not Honey. *Liv. lib. 40.*

<sup>c</sup> It appears by this, that *Virgil*, who here calls himself *Menalcas* had not absolutely recovered his Land, when he writ this, but had so far ingratiated himself with *Augustus* by his verses, that there was great likelihood of it, which favour of the Emperor towards him, was spread by fame, but obstructed for a time by the *African* expedition. *Serv.*

<sup>d</sup> *Servius* ingeniously (perhaps not so naturally) refers the meaning to Augury, as if he should say, Verse gives place to Arms, lesser auguries of Doves give place to the greater of Eagles, *Chaonia* is a part of *Epirus*, here taken for *Epirus* it self in respect that the whole Country was full of oraculous Doves.

<sup>e</sup> *Sinistra Cornix*; for though Omens on the left hand were accounted happy, on the other unfortunate, this was chiefly so under stood of such as were delivered in Thunder, not of Birds, whose Auguries were most commonly fortunate on the right side or rather indeed uncertain; as *La Cerdá* observes.

<sup>f</sup> The Emperors used to command the Countreys which they meant to distribute (*Metas*) to be divided into small equal parts, that the division amongst their Soldiers might be the more exact; And if the Countrey which they had laid out for that purpose were not large enough, they added to it the neighbouring places: Hence is the Poets complaint: For the Countrey belonging to *Corydon* not being of extent enough to satisfy the Soldiers, innocent *Mastina* was joyned with it. See *Ecol. 1. Nannius* observes this custom to have been used by *Romulus*, who made the like distribution amongst his Soldiers.

<sup>g</sup> It was not only a fiction of the Poets that Swans could sing, but affirmed by the gravest of Philosophers *Plato*, And some Naturalists have undertaken to give the reason of it, which they will have to proceed from the length, flexure and narrowness of the guttural pipe, by which means the voice is strained forth more shrill and sweet, but this opinion of old was derided by *Lucianus* as fabulous, censured for no less by *Pliny*, condemned by *Scaliger*, not without reason by a late judicious Author of our own, ranked in the Classis of vulgar Errors, but by Swans in this place is meant Poets, of whom that Fowl is the Symbol, Wherefore *Plato* in his Republick affirms *Orpheus* after his death to be changed into a Swan, and such a transmutation *Horace* sanctified of himself, when he said,

What

What e'r thou hast, begin ; the Muses me  
A Poet made, and I have Poetrie ;  
To me our Swains the stile of Poet give ,  
But them I me not so foolish to believe.  
I please not yet, <sup>i</sup> *Varus* nor *Cinna's* Ear,  
But like a <sup>k</sup> Goose 'mongst warbling Swans appear.

## MÆRIS.

I'm thinking on't, and to my self rehearse,  
Could I remember no ignoble Verse.  
Fair Nymph, my *Galatea*, ah ! draw neer,  
What sport's in Waves ? the 'purple Spring is here ,  
Here verdant banks are deck'd with various flow'rs,  
Here Poplar branches twin'd in shady bow'rs  
With tender Vines, perfect the cooling shade :  
Come, let the boistrous Floods the Shore invade.

## LYCIDAS.

What was't I heard thee sing the last fair Night ?  
I have the Tune, could I the Words recite.

## MÆRIS.

*Daphnis* why studi'st thou the antient Spheres ?  
Now <sup>m</sup> *Dionæan* *Cæsar's* Star appears ;  
The Star which fields, with Fruit and Gladness fills,  
Purple ripe Grapes upon the Sunnie hills.  
*Daphnis* graff pears, which after-times may eat ;  
Age all things wafts, and spends our lively heat.  
I but a Boy, could singing set the Sun ;

Now all those Notes are lost, and my voice gon ;  
A Wolf saw *Mæris* first. *Menalcas* yet  
Can all those Sonnets perfectly repeat.

<sup>i</sup> Two eminent Poets, the one called *Varus*, whom *Horace* commends for Epic Poësie, the other wrote a Poem called *Smyrna*, an elaborate piece, and long time in polishing, as *Catullus* testifies.

<sup>k</sup> Not without allusion (say the Interpreters) to a foolish Poet named *Asius*, an Emulator of *Virgil*, as *Bevius* and *Martius* were ; *Servius* affirms, that he writ the Acts of *Anthony*, and therefore the more malign'd by our Author, who was so great an Admirer of *Augustus*. *Propertius* mentions him, *lib. 2. El. ult.* with comparison to *Virgil*, whom he calls the Swan.

<sup>l</sup> Reading *Ver purpureum*, not *perpetuum*, the Spring by Poets is adorned with that Colour, thence called *purpureum*.

<sup>m</sup> *Julius Cæsar*, so called, because descended from *Venus*, who, as some say, was the daughter of *Dione*, as others, so called her self, not improperly, if the word be derived from *Iduna* pleasure. Which as *Plato* (in *Phædrus*) says, is the truest Name of *Venus*; of this Star see what is spoken in the eighth of the *Æneid*.

<sup>n</sup> A Proverb occasioned by the nature of the Wolf. The Naturalists (saith *Servius*) affirm that he whom the Wolf sees first, immediately loseth his voice. Of which, with *Brodeus*. I should sooner affirm no reason to be given, than yield to that of *La Cerda*, viz. that it proceeds from the fear of him that sees the Wolf : For it is commonly said of those whom the Wolf sees, before they see him. So likewise *Theocritus*, from whom *Virgil* hath it.

## MÆRIS.

## MÆRIS.

Thou by delays our longing dost increase :  
Through all the Plains is spread a silent Peace,  
The Air is still, and we are half-way there,  
And old *Bianor's* Tomb do's now appear.  
Here where they strip the verdant boughs let's bide,  
Here let us sing, here lay our Kids aside ;  
Betimes we'll *Mantua* reach ; and if you fear,  
'Th' Evening should gather Rain, e'r we come there,  
Singing let's go, the way shall better please ;  
That we may sing, thee of thy load I'll ease.

## LYCIDAS.

Shepherd, no more ; let's do what next remains,  
And to *Menalcas* we'll sing better strains.

<sup>o</sup> *Bianor*, otherwise *Oeneus*, built *Mantua*, and named it after his Mother, *Virgil* here toucheth the Custom of the Antients, who erected Monuments and Sepulchres in their high-ways, and that for the benefit of Travellers ; by which they might know how much of their journey they had gone, or were to go. *Virgil* herein imitating *Theocritus* in his *seventh Idyllium*.

<sup>p</sup> See *Arifit. Meteor. 2. 5.* where he gives a reason why Waters more abound in Winter, than in Summer, and by night, than in the day time.

G

The



## The Tenth E C L O G.

GALLUS.

## \* THE ARGUMENT.

\* Cornelius Gallus was an excellent Poet, and the first Praefect of Egypt, who having exhausted the City of Rhodes by intercession of many things, at his return was accus'd of abusing his Charge, and depopulating the Country (or as others say, of having a hand in the Conspiracy against Julius Caesar with whom he was very intimate.) Hereupon fearing the interposed Nobility of the Country to whom the Emperor had committed the examination of the business, he fell upon his own Sword. This Gallus fell in love with Cytheris a Courtisan, the freewoman of Volturnus, but she despising him, followed Anthony into France, whom Cicero reproacheth for his love to her, this affliction for such it was to Gallus Virgil undertakes to comfort in this Eclog, calling her under the name of Lycoris. He invokes as his Muse, Arethusa the Sicilian Nymph, in relation (as more than once already) to Theocritus.



The wise and valiant Men oft feel the flames  
Of cruel Love, and follow wanton Dames :  
Yet scornful Ladies still this curse pursues,  
To flight the better, and the worse chuse.

His my last work O *Arethusa* aid,  
Some Verses for our *Gallus* must be  
paid ;  
Such as the coy *Lycoris* may de-  
light ;

And who for *Gallus* will refuse to write ?  
So *Doris* mix not her salt waves with thine,  
When thou *Sicilian* floods dost undermine :  
Of whose unhappy Love our Theam must be,  
Whilst our Goats browe upon yon tender tree ;  
Nor to the deaf do we our numbers sing,  
Since Woods in answering us with echoes ring.  
Say *Naiades* where were you, in what Grove,  
Or Lawn, when *Gallus* fell by ill-match'd love ?

*b* *Doris* was Mother of the Nymphs, Daughter of *Oceanus*, Wife of *Nereus*, heretaken for the sea it self ; The fable of the Loves of *Alpheus* and *Arethusa*, see at large in *Ovid*, the natural occasion of it is thus : *Alpheus*, a River rising in *Arcadia*, passeth through the *Ionian* Sea, and joins with *Arethusa*, a River in *Sicily*, with so little interruption, that (so use the words of *Achilles Tatius*) she offers, leaves, and flowers, that are thrown in *Alpheus*, at celebration of the *Olympick* games, be conveyed to his Mistress *Arethusa*, as pledges of his affection. Here he reflects upon *Misch. Layll*.

8. Thus rendered by Mr. Stanley.

At *Pila*, cross the Sea *Alpheus* straits,  
And with his Olive-fertile stream conveys  
To *Arethusa*, Leaves, Sacred Aples, Flow'rs,  
Which be adding into hers, his Current pow'rs.

Under the Sea flows his unmingled Tide,  
Nor knows the Sea what waves beneath him glide.  
Thou Love, that little Tyrant, can direct  
Rivers to swim to those whom they afflict.

Parnassus



Extremum hunc *Arethusa*  
Paucis meo Gallo: sed



michi concede laborem,  
quæ legat ipsa *Lycoris*.

Eclog. 10

Honora tissimæ Dnæ Domine  
Tabula merito

Elizabethæ Capell  
Votiva.

*Parnassus* spires, nor *Pindus* have delay'd,  
 Nor by *Aonian* <sup>d</sup> *Aganippe* staid.  
 Pine-bearing *Menalus*, shrubs, and Lawrel wept  
 For him, whilst on a lonely Rock he slept,  
 And cold *Lycean* Cliffs as much did mourn,  
 And bleating Flocks; which we to feed not scorn,  
 Since fair *Adonis* kept Sheep neer the Stream;  
 Nor thou best Poet be asham'd of them.  
 The Shepherd, and the slothful Herdsmen hast,  
 And fat *Menalcas* hies from Winter mast:  
 All ask, whence sprung this Love? *Apollo* came;  
 And said, what madness *Gallus* doth inflame?  
 Thy dear *Lycoris* wanders through cold Snows,  
 And in rough waies after another goes.  
*Sylvanus* comes adorn'd with *Rural* boughs,  
 Lillies and Fennel dangling on his brows.  
*Pan* comes, *Arcadia's* God, whom once we spid  
 With *Synople*, and blushing berries di'd.  
 Betwixt extremes is there no mean? He saies,  
 Love hath regard to no such things as these.  
 Not love with tears, nor grass with streams, nor Bees  
 With Thyme are fatisf'd, nor Goats with Trees.  
 Then \* said, <sup>f</sup> *Arcadians*, you shall these things still  
 Sing on your Downs, you only have the Skill;  
 O! then my bones shall take their quiet rest,  
 When by your Pipes my love shall be exprest.  
 I would with you, a Shepherds life were mine,  
 To follow Sheep, or prune the tender Vine.  
 Could I, or *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* move,  
 Or any other to accept my Love,  
 (What though <sup>g</sup> *Amyntas* much of beauty lack,  
 Sweet Violets and Bilberries are black,)

<sup>c</sup> A Mountain of *Thessaly* neer *Thrace*.

<sup>d</sup> A Fountain neer the hill *Helleas* in *Bessie*, which is named also *Adonis*.

<sup>e</sup> The rural Gods (saith *Lilius Giraldus* 15. *Symb.*) are said to carry *Ferrule*, whence surnamed *Narthecophori*, *Ferrisferi*; and were crowned with Lillies, *Rocks*, &c. *Ferrula* is by Interpreters expounded a Cave; sacred to *Bacchus* and *Silvanus*.

\* *Gallus* is here introduced thus speaking.

<sup>f</sup> That the *Arcadians* were esteemed the most practised in Musick, we have it from the testimony of *Polybius*, who reports them to have been brought up in the constant Exercise thereof from their youth, nor was the ignorance of any thing so odious as that of Musick. This was not out of any affected effeminacy or delicacy, but in regard they were a rough People, inur'd to toil and labour, living under a rigid Climate, they held it requisite to foreen their harsh natures, with this pleasing Allay: And therefore as he said, *Musick* might be delightful to others, but to them it was necessary.

<sup>g</sup> He alludes saith *La Cerda*, to the property of Lovers, who cannot see the blemishes of those they affect, on the contrary believe them Graces, that which he loves, more beautious than it is, he beholds it in the Image his Soul hath form'd of it; so much fairer, as more separate from matter, the principle of deformity; besides, the Soul is more indulgent in her affection to this Species, considering it is her own Child produced in her Imagination.

The reason *Mirandula* gives thus in his Platonick discourse upon Love; Frequently, if not always, saith he, the Lover believes that which he loves, more beautious than it is, he beholds it in the Image his Soul hath form'd of it; so much fairer, as more separate from matter, the principle of deformity; besides, the Soul is more indulgent in her affection to this Species, considering it is her own Child produced in her Imagination.

We should enjoy our selves in shady Bow'rs,  
*Amyntas* sing, my *Phyllis* gather flow'rs.  
*Lycoris*, here sweet Meads, cool Fountains be,  
 Here Groves where I could spend my Age with thee.  
 But me fond Love engag'd, 'mongst fierce alarms,  
 Of cruel foes, invironed with Arms:  
 Thou far from home, I'll scarce believe it though,  
 The frozen Rhine, and cruel Alpine Snow  
 Sect without me; let no cold touch thy heart,  
 Nor sharp Ice make thy tender feet to smart.  
 Verses I made in a <sup>b</sup> Chalcidick strain,  
 I'll play on Pipes of a *Sicilian* Swain.

<sup>b</sup> *Servius* attests, that *Gallus* translated into Latin, the Verses of *Euphorion* the Chalcidean; the Greek, *Vilhorius* 33. 13. believes neglected, and lost by reason of their obscurity; for such the Authour is reported by *Cicero*.

Where I in Woods resolve my loss to grieve,  
 And in the Dens of Salvage Beasts to live;  
 There I on tender barks will carve my Love,  
 And as they grow, so shall my hopes improve.  
 Mean-time I lofty *Menalus* shall view,  
 Or among Nymphs the cruel Boar pursue;  
 Nor will I be in sharpest Frost withstood  
 With Dogs traverse the <sup>i</sup> Parthenian Wood:  
 'Mongst rustling Groves, and Rocks me-thinks I go  
 Pleas'd to shoot Arrows from a *Parthian* Bow:  
 As if this were a Medicine for our Love;  
 Or by our harms *Cupid* would milder prove.

<sup>i</sup> *Parthenius* is a Mountain of *Arcadia*, so named from the company of Virgins that used to resort thither, attending upon *Diana*.

<sup>k</sup> Nymphs of Trees, so named, as being born *αἰατὰς ὕμης*, at once with the Trees themselves, of old, as *Scaliger* observes, called *Quercu-lanae*.

Wood-Nymphs displease, Verses are in disgrace,  
 And now again refreshing Groves give place.  
 Nor can our troubles work in him a change;  
 Should we drink *Hebrus*, in mid-Winter range  
 Through *Scythian* Snow, where cruel Winters be;  
 Nor when parch'd Grapes hang dying on the Tree,  
 Should we our Flocks to *Cancer's* heat remove.  
 Love Conquers all, let us submit to Love.

Let

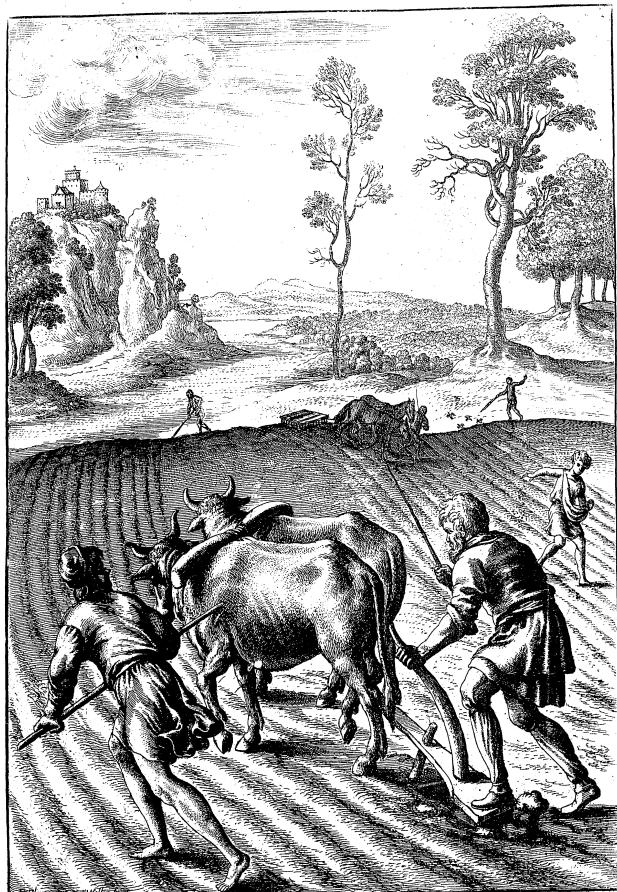
Let this suffice your Poet to have said,  
 Whilst he a Basket of fine Rushes made.  
 Muses you shall great things for *Gallus* do,  
 Whose love to me as much doth hourly grow  
 As the green Alder shooteth in the Spring.  
 Let us now rise; shades oft hurt those who sing:  
 Juniper shades are to our Fruit a foe.  
 The Evening comes, go home my fed Kids, go.

The



*Dicendum et quæ sint  
quæ sine nec potestere seri duris agrestibus arma;  
nec surgere messes*

Honoratissima Dni Domini  
46 Carnarvan. Tabula na Elizabetha Comitissa  
merito voluit.



Vere novo, gelidus canis  
Liquitur, et Zephyrus  
Depresso incipiat iam  
ingemere, et sulco attritus

Honoratissimo Dni Domini  
marvan Vicecomiti Aescot



cum montibus humor  
putris se gleba resoluit,  
tunc mihi Taurus aratro  
splendescere vomer.

Carolo Dormir Comiti Car-  
et Baroni Dormir de Wins



# VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

\* THE ARGUMENT.

What times are best to sow, what natures are  
Of differing Grounds, what Industry and care.  
What burts the Corn, the Plowman's several Rules:  
Who musters up innumerable Tools.  
Who first the World with th' art of Tillage blest,  
Summer and Winter, Swains must take no rest.  
Plowmen must learn the Stars; which frost and snow  
Fair and foul weather, Rain and Winds forebode.  
Clashing of Nobles, Tumults, and of late  
Popular fury, and great Cæsar's Fate.

\* These Books of Husbandry (for so the Title imports) Virgil wrought in imitation of Nicander Colophonus, Hesiod, Aratus; borrowing likewise from Attilius, Theophrastus, and Mago the African, assisted by Cato, Varro, Cicero in his Octavia, &c. and others of his own Nation, who before him had written of the same Subject, as may easily appear to the conferring Reader.

The order and Division of his whole Work, he hath comprehended in the four first verses of this Book, which, as Servius notes, he took from Varro, who thus writes, All Grounds are distinguished into four kinds, i. e. Arable, for grain and Corn, Satis for Plants and Trees, Pasture, for grazing and Herbage; Florid, for Gardening and Bees: Whence the Poet may be truly collected, why Virgil divided this Poem into not more nor less, than four Books. This first which treats of the principal part of Husbandry, Plowing, and Sowing, is made up of six several parts; The first, the Rules of Plowing; the second, the Rules of Sowing; the third, the Invention of Fruits and Grain; the fourth, the Tools and Instruments of Husbandry; the fifth, the several signs and seasons; the last, the signs and prognosticks.

Hat makes rich grounds, in what  
Celestial Signs  
'Tis good to plow, and marrie  
Elms with Vines;  
What best fits Cattel, what with  
Sheep agrees,



And several Arts improving frugal Bees,  
I sing Mæcenas, You ' the Worlds bright Eies,  
Which guide the sliding seasons through the skies;

Bacchus

not only by the Heathens, but the Jews themselves, to the latter of whom they sacrifice (as Ps. p. 5-13) calling her the Queen of Heaven, the Men in Womens, the Women in Mens apparel, because reputed (as Venus) both Male and Female & therefore of old by the Romans, called Luna as well as Luna; by this few, Bacchus which signifies Drunkenness, the first they worshipped under the Names of Moloch which signifies King and Baal, which signifies Lord (Macrob. l. 3. c. 5.) Here we may observe with how much better decorum Virgil makes his Invocation, than Hesiod, who up on the like occasion invokes only the Muses, whereas Virgil makes his Address to the Deities appropriate to the subject he is to treat on.



<sup>d</sup> The poet begins his Instructions for Tillage from the time most proper for it, the Spring, a season not agreeable to the practice of the Ancients, as may be collected from the Authorities of *Hesiod* and *Xenophon*, the latter of whom, in his *Oeconomicus* gives the reason why Winter and Summer are not so proper for that Work, in the first the Earth being too moist and miry, in the second too dry and brittle, the ground broken up at this time of the year, the ancient Latins called *Verisacum quasi vere actum*. Yet was not this Rule so generally observed, but that in some parts they began to plow about the end of Autumn, or beginning of Winter, toward the setting of the *Phœbus*, this diversity proceeding from the difference of the Climate and nature of the soyl, whereof *Pliny* tells us, that in warmer Regions it is better to break the Earth, especially if it be sad and heavy in Winter, in cold Climates in the Vernal Equinox.

<sup>e</sup> In most Countries antiently they plowed with Oxen, as now with Horses; in many places with Mules, which *Homer* (*Il. 20.*) seems to prefer before others.

<sup>f</sup> That is, which hath been four times plowed, first in Winter, then in Spring, next the Summer, lastly in Winter again; this *Pliny* confirms; *Virgil* (lines he) is conceived to enjoy a sowing after the fourth plowing, when he said, that was the best ground which had twice felt the Sun, and twice the Cold.

Which is to be understood of the Spring or Summer Sun, and two Winters Cold; This reduplicate plowing the Latins expect by four distinct seasons, *Profrigidis*, *Effrigis*, *Offrigis*, *lurari*; And this was done for the better breaking and mellowing the Earth, *Servius* his Interpretation of the day's heat and night's cold repeated, by which he undertakes the Vernal and Autumnal *Aratro*, is inconsistent with the meaning of our Author, and disapproved by *Salmastius*, in his *Plinian Exereitationes*, p. 726; *Germanus* and *La Cerda* likewise adhering to *Pliny*'s more authentic exposition. The word *Serget* in the Original is not to be understood of the Grain or Seed committed to the Earth; but of the Earth plowed and prepared for the Seed. Hence that of *Ancius*, *fruges in sergetum daret*.

<sup>g</sup> A requisite Caution for an Irreligious Husbandman's to begin his Work, to consider the Winds, temper of the Heavens, manner of Tillage, and nature of the Soyl, which *Xenophon*, *Pliny*, *Columella*, and others, seriously inculcate. <sup>h</sup> The common *Servius* expounds this of Saffron only, not amiss; *Servius* *Danilius* tells us, some understand in this place *Pyramus* *Tmolus* *Indus*, which had a soft on Flavour. To this adheres *Brusardus* and *Germanus*; yet *La Cerda* persuades the Reader to incline to the first.

<sup>i</sup> *Servius* makes it a Mountain in *Cilicia*, the Saffron of which Country was reputed of greatest Excellence, and so commended by *Pliny*; who seems yet to make *Tmolus* a Mountain of *Lidia*, not far from *Sardis*, where likewise *Pyramus* feeds it in his Description of *Asia*, (*Tab. 1.*) <sup>k</sup> This hath ever been esteemed the peculiar Merchandize of that Country, whence the *Indians* received so great a Reputation, that for that reason by *S. Chrysostom* they are stiled the *Happiest*, and best of *Men*; with them so frequent, that they made Poets for their Houses, and Stalls for their Cattel thereof, as *Pliny* and *Polybius* testify. *Hermippus* in *Attica* Celebrates the Ivory of *Lidia*, which yet is not comparable to that of *India*, the Elephants of this Country being much larger than those of *Africa*; as *Pliny* observes, whereof our Author affixes the pre-eminence to *India*. <sup>l</sup> *Sabæa* is a Region of *Arabia*, *Thopia*, and the Metropolis likewise of *Arabia* the *Happy*, fertile in Gums, Mirr, Cinnamon, Balloom, Palms, and plenty of all things, of which *Strabo*, l. 16. <sup>m</sup> A People of *Syria*, who are said to be the first Inventors of Iron and Iron-work, thence called *Syriophormes*. Yet *Siraho* attributes the Invention thereof to the *Idean Dactylis*; *Paulanios* to one *Glaucon* of *Chios*, who agrees therein with *Hærodatus*; others to the *Cyclops*. The Epithite *La Cerda* conceives to be given from the necessity of their employment, as being still hammering at the Anvil, and toying at the Forge of Mines, hence — *Nudus Atrobria Pyramon*, in the *Æneid* l. 8. <sup>n</sup> The Bevers of *Pontus* are accounted the best. This beast when hunted close, and in danger to be taken, is said to bite off his Testicles, as knowing them by natural instinct the cause of his pursuit, though this upon experiment is denied by *Strabo* in *Pontus*, since by *Fallus* first, *Brutus*, *Georgicus*, *Mathias*, and others, condemned for a signment, as indeed it is, and first owing to *Æschylus*. <sup>o</sup> *Epire* was famous for good Horses, thence called *Epire*, now *Albania*.

<sup>p</sup> Why Mares rather than Horses the reason *Turnebus* apprehends to be either from *Virgil*'s imitation of the Greeks, who often use the word *ισσος* in the very lame signification, or because Mares were frequently lent to the Olympick Games, or (which is the conjecture of *La Cerda*) in regard Mares are for the most part fleetier than Horses, and so fitter for the Race, which he observes from *Homer*, who calls the Mares of *Phœriades*, *madænas apides*; *Swiftness of Foot*, as *Birds of Flying*. <sup>q</sup> From this and the precedent Verses of the divers natural qualifications of several Regions, *Sueta* takes occasion thus to Moralize, *The Land* (saith he) is divided into Regions, and those diversified, to the end there might be a mutual Commerce between Men, for the supply of those things which one place may want of another, the chief Good hath its place too, but it grows not where Ivory or Steel is to be found, if you ask where its seat is, 'tis in the Mount, which only is the pure and holy, can be no Reproach for the Deity. *Epist.* 87.

When first the Spring the frost-bound hills unbinds,  
And harder Gleab relents with Vernal Winds,

Then let my 'Steers begin to grone at Plough,  
And my worn Coulter bright in Furrows grow.

The greedy Villager likes best that Mold  
Which twice hath felt the Sun, and twice the Cold;

That Man's great Harvests doth his Garners burst.

But e'r thou break the unknown Fallow, & first  
Observe the Winds, and Heav'n's still-varying face,

Old Custom, with the nature of the place;

What every Soyl will bear, and what refuse.

This Corn, that Vines more kindly doth produce;

Here Plants best thrive, and there rank herbage grows;

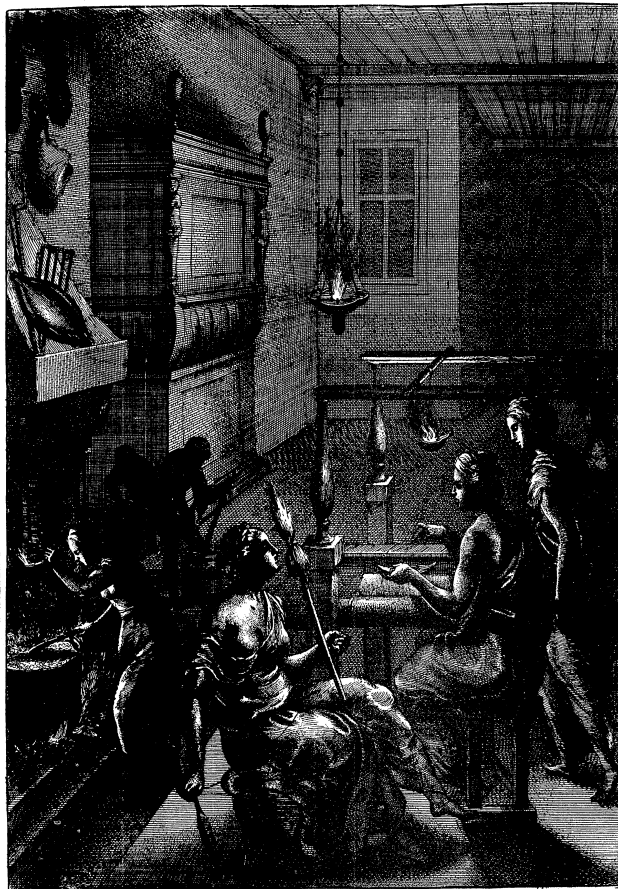
Saffron's Odours 'Tmolus still on us, bestows;

India sends Ivory, 'Sabæa Gums:

From the 'nak'd *Chalybs*, Steel; from 'Pontus comes

The Bever-stone; from 'Epire Mares for Race;

For Nature hath impos'd on every place



Et quidem seros Hi  
Perbigulat, ferroque  
Interea longum cantu  
50) Arguto Coniux per

Honoratissimo Dni Domini  
ruto Baroni Seymour de Frow



berni ad luminis ignes  
facor inspicat acuto  
solata laborem  
curat pectine telas;  
Francisco Seymour Equiti  
bridge, tabula merito voluit.

Eternal Laws, since first ' Deucalion hurl'd  
Stones, to re-people the unpeopled World ;  
Whence Men, a / hard Race, sprung. Therefore go on,  
And thy rich Soyl, with the first ' cheering Sun,  
Let thy strong Oxen Plow, that heat may crust  
The mellow Gleab, and bake to Summers duft.  
If poor thy Soyl before \* *Arcturus* rise,  
To break a shallow furrow will suffice ;  
There, left the Corn should harm from Weeds receive,  
Here, left small moisture barren Acres leave.  
Let thy Land rest alternately \* untill'd,  
And to worn grounds annual cessation yield ;  
' Or there in season thou shalt Barley sow,  
Where pleasant Pulse with dangling Cods did grow,  
Where brittle stalks of \* bitter Lupins stood,  
Or slender Vetches in a \* murmuring wood.  
Thy field, <sup>b</sup> Line, Oats, and sleepey Poppy, burns ;  
' But easie is the labour made by turns ;  
Nor with <sup>d</sup> rich Dung spare hungry grounds to feed,  
And <sup>e</sup> unclean Ashes on poor Champains spread.  
So your <sup>f</sup> chang'd Seed delights the pregnant Plains,  
And Ground left fallow, grants no little gains.

r The Fable of *Democritus* his Re-  
 paration of Mankind by the casting  
 of Stones is sufficiently known, and  
 already explicated. The Learned sup-  
 pose this Fable of the Deluge copy'd  
 from the Original of *Scipio*, which  
 seems to be confirm'd by what *Plu-  
 tarch* writes of the Dove (in his Book  
 de *Industria animalium*) agreeing  
 with that of *Noah* in *Genesis*.  
 f This seems to be borrowed from  
 that of *Lucretius*, l. 5.

*En genus humanum multo fuit illud  
in arvis  
Durius, ut decuit, tellus quod dura cre-  
assit.*

The reason of the Fable thus explained by *Eusebius*; At which time Men lived in Woods and Caves; they many times expos'd their Children in barren Trees, and Rocks, not being able to provide for their Subsistence, whence came the vulgar opinion, that the Children so expos'd, were born of Stocks and Stones.

Herein Virgil seems to differ from Theophrastus, who prescribes the plowing of wet, close, heavy, and fat ground, in Summer; loose, dry, light and lean, in Winter.

in barren grounds, *Colmella* advises to plow toward the end of *August*, that the Sun may not have too great a power to draw out the juice and strength of the Earth; confenting with our Poet, who will have it to be done about the rising of *Arcturus*, which is according to *Colmella*, the Nones of *September*, as *Pliny* will, eleven daies before the Autumnal *Æquinox*; but the Reader is here to understand the Civil rising of *Arcturus*, not the Helical or Chronical.

x Of the resting of ground, *Yezephon in Oeconomic*, suitable to the expression of our Poet, who seems yet to have borrowed his from *Pindarus*.

[illegible]

H 2

To



\* Streams to his Corn in flowing Rivers turns?  
 And when scorch'd fields with dying herbage burns,  
 Behold ! \* conducteth from some rising ground  
 Water, whose Current makes a murmuring sound  
 'Mongst polish'd Pebbles, and refreshment yields,  
 From bubbling Rivolets, to thirsty fields?  
 Or those, who left \* rank Ears the stalk o'r-lade,  
 Luxurious Corn eat in the tender blade,  
 When first it hides the Earth? and from their land  
 Who setled plashes drain'd with drinking Sand?  
 Especially when frequent showers of Rain  
 Make swelling floods not their own Banks contain,  
 And with a slimy mud drowns all beneath,  
 Whence hollow Ditches putrid vapours breath.  
 But yet for all Mens Toyl, and Oxens pains,  
 Skilful in Tillage, the *Strymonian* \* Cranes,  
 With plundering Geese, and bitter Succory harms,  
 And noysome shade destrudive are to Farms.  
 Nor would Heav'n's King make Tillage easie, who  
 Did first with toylsome art the Earth subdue,  
 And Mortalls did to many Cares inure,  
 Nor in his Reign would heavy sloth indure.  
 Before \* *Jove's* time, no Tiller vext the Grounds,  
 Inclos'd his own, nor limits others bounds;  
 'All common was, and of her own accord  
 The Earth full plenty freely did afford.  
 He to foul Serpents deadly Poyson gave,  
 Commanded Wolves to Prey, and Seas to rave.

farmer to understand what Plants receive either nourishment or detriment from shade. Some Plants thrive more in the shade than in the Sun, as Strawberries, and Bayes: And the shades of some Trees are more hurtful than others, as that of Walnut trees, Pines, Firs, and Juniper, by *Pliny* accounted deadly, to which our Author thus alludes in the last Eclog.

*Sargamus, solus esse gravis Cantabus umbra:  
 Juniperi gravis umbra, necesse est frugibus umbra.*

\* In this following Digression our Author seems to have laid down a Description of the state of Man before and after his fall, the last insuring that curie in *Gen. chap. 3*. A light of which primitive truth, *Bacon* conceives to have been the ground or occasion of our Poets introducing this allegorical fiction. / Of these times thus *Pliny*: Saturn is said to have been a man of so much justice, as he forced none to serve him, and he nothing as private to himself, but all things were in common and undivided, as if one *Universal Patrimony* to all. In Memorial of which, in the *Saturnalian* festivals the servants used to feast in common with their Masters, all right and distinction laid aside. And for this reason was the common treasure kept in the Temple of *Saturn*, in sign of that ancient and Primitive Community.

\* Irrigation of grounds is an excellent improvement, both for Corn and grass; this is done in two manners, the one by letting in and shutting out Waters at reasonable times; and this serves only for Meadows which are a long some River. The other way is to bring Water from some hanging ground, where there are springs, unto the lower grounds, carrying it in long furrows drawing it traverse to spread the Water. It is the richer, if those hanging grounds be fruitful, because it witheth off some of the fatness of the Earth. And generally where there are great overflows in Fens, or the like, the drawing of them in the Winter, maketh the summer following more fruitful: The cause may be, for that it keepeth the ground warm and nourisheth it, as in the Summer it cools and refresheth it. See the Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, p. 126.

\* *Scaliger, Vistorius, Orsianus*, and others, think *Virgil* in this place to have imitated *Homer* (*Il. 21. 11*) the Prize by *Vistorius* given to *Homer*, by *Scaliger* to *Virgil*.

\* Rankness is reckoned among the Diseases of Corn; the remedy whereof is twofold, either mowing it down after it is come up, or putting sheep into it to crop it short; the last our Author here intimates. *Pliny* reports, that about *Polybia*, they'd twice to mow it, and then to turn in their sheep.

\* *Virgil* here adviseth the Industrious Husbandmen to beware of four great Enemies to Corn; Geese, Cranes, Succory and shade; the first are very destrudive to all young sprouts and buds, for whatever is tender they crop, their Dung likewise kills and rains young corn and grass. Secondly, concerning Cranes, there is nothing as to this particular more observable than of other Fowl, which generally are kept from all young Plants, *Pliny* (*1. 18. c. 12*) tells us of an Herb, the name of which is unknown, which being buried in four corners of the field, is of vertue to drive away Stares, Sparrows, and such kind of Birds. Thirdly, succory or Endive, is for two reasons hurtfull to the Corn, as *Turner* notes, first by the spreading of its roots, which drain the juice of the Earth, and defraud the corn; next, as being a great inviter of Geese, who extremely affect this Herb. Fourthly, shade in general is destrudive to corn; and *Pliny* reckons it the chief knowledge of a farmer to know more in the shade than

\* These were made of one: see hollowed, which in the *Judiet*, they call a *Cana*; these the *Gauls* used upon the River of *Rheon* in afflicting the transport of *Hanball's* Army in his Enterprise of *Ita'y*, who according to *Livy*, l. i. were the first Inventors thereof; but *Pollux* gives the Invention of these *Canae* to the *Germans* inhabiting about the River of *Danubius*, which kind of Vessels *Isidore* calls *Tarabes*.

\* Applicable to this place is that of *Macrobius* Som. Scip. That there is a Star of Mars, of Jupiter, and Saturn, is not the Constitution of Nature, but humane persuasion; which gave each Number and Names unto the Stars. Whence *Seneca* in his Natural Quæst. l. 35. It is not yet 1500. years since Greece gave the Names and numbers of the Stars.

\* The first that invented the use of Nets and Toyls, (according to *Oppian*) was *Hippolytus*, the Son of *Telesphorus*.

\* The manner of Hunting among the Antients, was to surround the Woods with a Fence, to intercept all passage for flight. Concerning which see *Xenophon*, *Oppian*, *Græciæ*, & *Nemesianus*. The Reader may take a view of it, in the woodcut of *Apollonius* (Mistaken). \* The Dogs being put in to hunt the Beasts from their Covert, mischievous presently of their impetuous disposition, they surround all the place, and block up the Passages.

\* The Invention of this, *Pliny* ascribes to *Dædalus*, *Ovid* to *Pereas*, his Sisters Son; *Seneca* and *Diogenes* *Siculus*, to *Talus*.

\* Our Poet seems to have taken this from *Theocritus*, who before him hath wittily intimated thus much in the beginning of his *Fibers*.

*V'Varro* (*Deopichamus*) is *Arctus* only *Varro*.

\* This Invention by Poets generally is ascribed to *Ceres*, as is the production of all Grain, except the Bean; if we credit *Panofestus*, but the reason of this attributed honour is, because the first brought Corn from other places into Greece. The first found the sowed was a field near *Euboea*, called *Rheon*, whence she derives one of her Attributes.

\* A City of *Epirus*, near which was a Grove abounding with *Mali*, and in that a Temple of *Jupiter*, and an Oracle of *Oke*. *Ennius*, upon these words (*Il. x.*) is *etiam* *Idæum* *Idæum*, makes it a Region in the North of *Thessalia*, sacred to *Jupiter*; where from an *Oke* he gave *O.*

\* By the Latins called *Idæum*, or as *Blandus*, *Nebula*, by the French, *Nidula*. *Scaliger* on *Theophrastus* thus defines it; *Sunt*, or *Idæum*, is a certain purgation, when the Dew or Rain that is lodg'd in the Ears of Corn, is not shaken off, but by the adhesion of heat.

\* *Idæum*, is a certain purgation, when the Dew or Rain that is lodg'd in the Ears of Corn, is not shaken off, but by the adhesion of heat.

Rob'd leaves of Hony, fire conceal'd, and Wine,  
Which ran before in Rivers, did confine;  
That various Arts by study might be wrought  
Up to their height, and Corn in Furrows sough;  
And Mortals shou'd from veins of Flint strike Fire.

Then Rivers first did Alder Boats admire;  
Then Sailors \* Nam'd, and number'd every Star,  
And knew what all the Constellations were;  
\* Then snares for Beasts, and lime for Birds was found,  
And how \* Dogs should the mighty Woods surround;

This strikes broad Rivers with his casting Net;  
That, Fishing Lines draws from the Ocean, wet.  
Then Steel and grating Saws were first receiv'd,  
Before, soft Wedges easie Timber cleav'd.

\* Then Arts began; fierce toyl through all things breaks,  
And urgent Want strange Projects undertakes.  
\* First *Ceres* Mortals taught to Plow the Ground,

When Akorns scarce in sacred Groves were found,  
And \* *Dodon* mast deni'd; then Swains did toyl  
Left \* smutting Mildews golden Ears should soyl,  
And the base Thistle over all aspire:  
The Corn decays, whole Groves of armed Brier,  
And Burrs arise, and o'r a glorious land,

Pernicious Darnel, and wild Oats command.  
Unels with Rakes thou daily breakst the grounds,  
And Birds affright'ft with terrifying sounds,  
Cut'ft spreading weeds which shade thy golden grain,  
And supplications mak'ft with vows, for Rain,

Thou shalt in vain see others great increase,  
When shaken Oke thy hunger must appease,

\* The Fable, which were supposed to be two Women, so called, because they came from far: by two golden Pidgeons, says the Fable, which were supposed to be two Women, so called, because they came from far: by the Latins called *Idæum*, or as *Blandus*, *Nebula*, by the French, *Nidula*. *Scaliger* on *Theophrastus* thus defines it; *Sunt*, or *Idæum*, is a certain purgation, when the Dew or Rain that is lodg'd in the Ears of Corn, is not shaken off, but by the adhesion of heat.

The hardy \* Plowmans Tools we next must know,  
Which wanting, we can neither Reap nor Sow.  
A heavy Plow of crooked Oke, a share,  
And the flow-wheel'd \* Elufine Mothers Care;  
Sledges, and Flails, Rakes ponderous enough;  
Fine Oser Baskets, Countrey household-stuff,  
Hurdles, and last, *Iacchus* \* mystick Van;  
All which, if th' art a careful Husbandman,  
Remember to provide, if the Divine  
Glory of Tillage thou intendest thine.

Next in the Woods with mighty labour bow  
An Elm, and form it to a crooked Plough.  
To this a Teem beneath of eight foot cut,  
To the \* bow'd back \* two ears, and Dentials put;  
Of lofty Beech your Plough-tail, but the yoke,  
Let that be from the gentle Teil-tree took,  
Which from behind shall the deep turnings guide,  
And Oke with hanging in the Chimney tride.

Here many antient Rules I could declare,  
Unless thou scornst to mind so mean a care.  
With a great Rowler first thy Barn-floor lay,  
Smooth'd with the Hand, confirm'd with binding clay,  
Left grafs spring up, or it should dusty grow,  
Then many mischiefs chance; for oft below  
The little Moufe her store hath, and abode,  
And the \* blind Mole her bed; there lurks the Toad;  
For many Creatures in the Earth are born;  
Thence Weefels plunder mighty hoards of Corn,

\* Of the several Instruments for Tillage and Husbandry, the picture will afford a clearer demonstration to the Reader, than a verbal note.

\* *Ceres*, so called from *Eleusis* a City of *Attica*, where, she was chiefly worshipp'd; the City took its name from *Eleusium*, the son of *Mercury*, *Isis* *Saidas*, who receiv'd *Ceres* going in search of her lost daughter, and kindly entertained her in his house, for which the temple him Tillage, and he in requital instituted the *Eleusian* Rites in her memory.

\* The reason of the Epithite is taken from the frequent use of that instrument in the Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, whence he is sometimes called *Dionysius*, *Vassier*, for as with the fun husbandmen purge and winnow the Corn, so with that *Bacchus* was believed to purify the minds of Men.

\* *Duplex aratum*, *La Corda* intergeat *aratum* *in duplex* (as *duplex* in the third Book of these *Georgicks*) following *Ternarius*, as he *Servius*.

\* That all Ploughs were not ear'd, may be collected from these words of *Pollux* (*l. i. ut. 43.*) *Ploughi* (*arata*) *arata* *arata*, or if the *Regium* be plain, ear'd, that is the *Regium* may be ear'd, as though the use of *Plough* in a *gher* *farrow*, where we see the single Ploughs oppos'd to those with *Ears*.

\* That which is here called a Barn floor, was among the Antients, only an open *Area* or threshing place, the form and making of which *Cato* thus prescribes (*l. i. de re rustica*, 126.) *Let the earth be a little digg'd, then spread with over with Loes of Oyl to mellow it, when it is well broken and soak'd, even and level is with a Roller or Beater. Being mow'd and plain'd, it will neither be moisten'd with Ants, nor when it rains be mirie. Varro* advises it to be placed upon a high ground, as much above the wind as can be, round and rising in the middle, that when it rains, it may quickly run off again.

\* It is question'd whether the Mole have either Eyes or sight. *Pliny* denies both, and grants only a likeness of the first. *Arise* seems to allow of both, and with him *Simplicius*, but as defective, the Reason they give is this, that where ever there are the Instruments of Sense, there are likewise the Offices of Sense, and if Eyes then sight, because Nature does nothing but to some end; Yet though they have Eyes, as is by most confest, yet Nature seeing how little use there would be of them, hath covered them over with a thin veil or Membrane, through which yet, according to *Scaliger*, *Exere*, 144. they take in so sensible a perception of light, as immediately to avoid it, which is that which Nature hath taught them for their preservation, who being made to live underground, have neither need of Light or Air, nor of a more perfect sight than such as may help them to avoid both, as pernicious.

And



<sup>e</sup> Right end left in several parts of Heaven, is to be understood in a divers Notion: if we respect the course of the Sun and Stars the right is the East, the left the West: But the Heaven considered in its self, admits of no such distinctions; and therefore as *Arnobius* says, they are to be applied not to the form of the Heavens, but to our Position.

<sup>f</sup> He marks out the oblique motion of the Sun through the Zodiac.

<sup>g</sup> As much as the Arctick Pole is elevated, so much the Antarctick is depressed, this ignorant Antiquity assigned only for Ghosts and Hell.

<sup>h</sup> The lesser with his Head and neck, the bigger with his Tail. So *Hyginus*.

<sup>i</sup> According to the opinion of the Epicureans, as *Tarachus* notes, who thought the Sun was dissolved every Night, and recompos'd the next morning; And therefore when the Sun left the upper Hemisphere, the nether Hemisphere could not, but be dark, else our Aurbour could not be cleared from the suspension of ignorance. But upon this *Epiphanius* he stands free, and to this most probably *Virgil* alludes; who loves to sprinkle his Writings with philosophical readings.

<sup>k</sup> This time *Pliny* notes; *The Spring, says he, opens the Sea to Sailors, in whose beginning Favonius breath softens and mollifies the VVinters rigour, the Sun then obtaining the 25. part of Aquarius, Intimated by the Lyrick.*

*Solvitur Aeris hiems grata vias ter-  
ra & Favoni,  
Trahuntq; siccae machinae carinas.*

This according to *Vegetius* falls about the 6th of the *Ides of March*, which he not unaptly calls, the Birthday of navigation.

<sup>l</sup> Not understanding, as some do, Ships of War, but Merchantize, rigged and trimmed with all their tackling for Sea, so *La Cerda* upon the Authority of *Titius*; *Classis armata non bellicis apparatusibus instructa, sed ornata omnibus armamentis, quibus egent ut consistere in aquis possint.*

<sup>m</sup> Others yet understand it of hollowed Boats or *Canoes*.

The two Extremes to this on 'each hand lies  
Muffled with storms, fetter'd with cruel Ice.  
Twixt Cold and Heat, two more there are, th'aboards  
Assign'd poor Mortals by th' immortal Gods,  
Athwart these two in 'th' oblique Zodiac shines  
Whirling still round the twelve Celestial Signs.  
As we the Pole to *Scythian* Mountains raise;  
So 'tis deprest in *Libya's* Southern Bayes;  
This alwaies gilds our Hemisphere, but Hell  
Sees that, and Spirits which in Darkness dwell.  
Here round about the mighty Serpent glides,  
And like a River the two Bears divides  
With vast infoldings; ' Bears that never yet  
Durst in the Ocean bath their silver feet.  
There, as they say, is either ' lasting Night,  
Or gloomy shades, for ever hind'ring Light;  
Or else from us to them *Aurora* speeds,  
Bringing the Day, and when with panting Steeds  
The Dawn first breaths on us, there Night retires,  
And blushing kindles late Nocturnal fires:  
Hence from no doubtful signs we seasons know,  
When best to Reap, and at what time to Sow,  
Or when to trust the treacherous ' Sea again,  
And ' well-rig'd Ships adventure to the Main,  
Or in vast Forests fell well-season'd Pines.  
Nor vainly mark setting and rising Signs,  
Which in four Quarters equal Years divide.  
If a cold show'r makes Swains within abide,  
Much may be done, which when the weather's fair  
Might take up time; To whet the blunted share,  
To make " a Boat, to brand the Sheep, and Mete  
What Measures make the Mountains of thy Wheat.  
These sharpen Forks and Stakes, the tender Vine  
Others infold with bonds of Amerine,

And



*Inl rursum enodis trunci  
funditur in solidum  
Planta innituntur; nec  
Exit ad calum ramis  
Viraturque novas frondes,*



Honoratissimo D<sup>ni</sup> Domino  
Ordinis Balnei, Comiti Car-

*Tibala merito votiva, or*

*refcuntur; et alie  
cumeus via; deinde feraces  
longum tempus, et ingens  
felicitas arbor,  
et non sua poma,*

Richardo Vaughan Equiti  
berie, et Baroni Vaughan.

And some with \* Rubean twigs near Baskets bind;  
Now dry their Corn at fire, and now they grind.  
Some works on Holy-dayes are to be done;

\* Cleanse or cast Rivers, no Religion,  
Or Law forbids; nor yet to \* hedge in Corn,  
And snares to lay for Birds, to burn the Thorn,  
To wash the bleating Flocks in curing Floods.  
The driver of the slow *Ass* often loads  
His back with Oyl, or Fruit, or else doth fetch  
From a Town Hand-mill, or a mals of Pitch.

The Moon grants several dayes should be employ'd,  
\* Lucky for several Works; the \* fifth avoid;  
Hell, and the \* Furies then were born, and Earth  
Gave mighty \* *Typhon*, and the Gyants birth;  
Which Covenanting Brethren thrice assai'd  
To pull down Heaven, *Pelion* on *Ossa* layd,  
On *Ossa* green *Olympus* would have thrown: (down  
Thrice *Jove* with Thunder threw those Mountains  
\* The seventeenth day is good to plant the Vine,  
That day to break thy sturdy Steers design,  
Then thy fine Web begin; \* the ninth relieves  
Those make *Escapes*, but dangerous for Thieves.

*f* Hesiod. Avoid the fifth, 'tis sad and dismal found,  
In that the Furies walk their dreadful round,  
To punish Perjury.

\* By these are understood all the Giants that warred against the Gods; the Table sufficiently known. The Scene of this War is feigned to be in *Tybesia*, and is bordering *Thrace*, (where are the mentioned Mountains of *Pelion*, *Ossa*, and *Olympus*) for the inhumanity of those people, and their Contempt of the Gods; and to be overwhelmed by them, for their flaming and sulphurous Exhalations. Whereupon the natural sense is given to this Fable, how the Giants are those Winds that struggle in the Caverns of the Earth, which not finding a way, enforce it, vomiting fire, and casting up stones against Heaven, or *Jupiter*. \* Some understand by *septima post decimam* the fourteenth day, i. e. *septima duplicata post decimam*. Others think two dayes to be here commended, the seventh and tenth; the priority yet given to the last. But *Maulius Afronon*. 4. takes *septima post decimam*, for the seventeenth, in imitation of our Author.

*Prima rapit, nec ter quinq; clementior usus  
Septima post decimam lallum, & vicefima portus;*

And therefore we have rendred it accordingly, though *Servius* approve of the fourteenth (which day was held the most proper for planting of Vines) *Catius Rhodig.* and *La Cerda*, of the two several dayes, disallowing the seventeenth, because the Moon being then too far decreas'd, affords no fit time for planting. \* What is said of this and the other dayes, is collected meely from observation, which noted this day most commonly lucky to such as make escapes either from an Enemy, unjust Imprisonment, or the like; on the contrary, ill for thieves, which yet *Propertius* seems to contradict, when he says,

*Luna ministras iter, demonstrant Astra latrare.*

As if the Moon were their guide, the Stars their detectors. The observation of those other dayes which *Hesiod* pursues, *Virgil* here omits: as of the fifth, fourth, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, twentieth, thirtieth.

<sup>7</sup> Virgil seems here to follow the ancient opinion of those who divided the year only into Summer and Winter, excluding the Spring and Autumn, which may easily be collected from the Works here assigned to the Winter, which are properly performed in the Autumnal season.

<sup>8</sup> In opposition to which is that mock-verse of some Grammarians:  
*Nodus ara, fere nodus, habebis frigora, ferebon.*

But our Author hath transcrib'd this Precept from Hesiod's *quarta canticum quibus de Basilis*, practised by the Romans, as is evident by the Example of *Q. Julius Dillator*, whom the Embassadors that were sent to him, found plowing beyond Tiber, naked.

<sup>9</sup> According to the Custom of the Ancients, who setting forth, or returning homeward, crowned their ship with Garlands. So Calaber speaking of the Greeks that returned from Troy, says:

*ἄλκιυ δ' ἄλκιον ἄλκιον  
ἄλκιον δ' ἄλκιον ἄλκιον ἄλκιον*

They crown'd their Ships, their Heads, and Spears, &c.

<sup>10</sup> The Balaars were a People inhabiting a small Island near Epine, so called from their skill in flinging. And *the fable*, the description of the fling he in *Stewenius* upon *Vergilius*, l. c. 16. As to the Invention of it, *Pliny* ascribes it to the *Phoenicians*, *Vergilius* to the *Balaars*, following *Lucius Florus* and others, of their use *Diodorus Siculus*, l. 6. & *Vergilius* in *Isopra*.

<sup>11</sup> Of these Seasons, and their described effects, thus *Lucretius*, l. 6. alligning the Causes.

*Autumnusque magis stellis fulgentibus alis*

*Consuetor calis domus undique totaque tellus;*

*Et quum tempore se veris florentia pandunt.*

*Frigit enim desunt ignis, ventisq; calore*

*Difficili, neque sunt tam densa corpora videri.*

*Inter utrumq; igitur quum calis tempora constant,*

*Tum varia celsa concurrunt fulminea omnia.*

*Nam fretus ipse anni permisset frigoris et aestum:*

*Quorum utrumque opus est fabricanda ad salubria moles.*

*Ut discordia sit verum, magnaque turmultus*

*Ignibus et ventis furibundis fluctet æther.*

*Prima caloris enim pars, et postrema rigoris.*

*Tempus id est verum; quare pugnare necesse est.*

*Dissimilis inter se res, turbareque miscet.*

*Et calor extremus primo cum frigore miscet.*

*Velutur, Autumni quod fertur nominis ætemus.*

*Hic quoque consistunt hiemes æstatisque æther.*

*Propterea sunt hæc Bella Anni nominata.*

Many Works better in cold night are done,  
Or when the pearly Morning brings the Sun.  
Night, to mow stubble, and dry Meadows, choofe;  
Night not neglects to pay refreshing Dews.  
And some at late, and Winter fires being fet,  
Will pointed Stakes with a sharp whittle whet;  
Whilst his dear Wife her web weaves fine and strong,  
Shortning long labour with a pleasant Song;  
Or with lent fire decocts sweet Muft, and skims  
With leaves the liquor from the boyling brims.  
But best at Noon to cut the stately W heat,  
And the dry Sheaves thrash better in the heat.  
Plow and sow naked; in cold Winter, Swains  
Receive th' enjoyment of their former pains;  
The Genial time invites them to prepare  
For mutual Feasts, at which they drown all Care:  
Like loaden Vessels anchor'd in the Downs,  
Whose lofty Sterns the joyful Sailor crowns.  
But then they may get Mast, and Olives grind,  
And Bay-berries, with blood-stain'd Mirtle find;  
Course Hares, lay Nets for Dear, for Cranes a spring,  
Or swinging round the <sup>b</sup> Balearian Sling,  
Wound from the Hempen Cord the flying Deer,  
When Snow lies deep, and Ice the Rivers bear.  
What shall I of <sup>c</sup> Autumnal seasons say,  
When heat decreaseth with decreasing Day?  
Of which the Plowman must take special heed;  
Or in the Spring, when suddain Tempests breed,  
When ripe ears ruffel on the waving Plain,  
Or when green stalks but swell with milkie grain?  
Oft have I seen when fields of golden Corn  
Were fit to reap, and ready to be born,  
The warring squadrons of the Winds contend,  
And from the roots the wealthy Harveft rend;

Then

Then boysterous Tempests with a Whirlwind bear  
Light straw, and stubble, through the Cloudy Air.  
Oft from the Sky descends a dreadful show'r,  
And multer'd Clouds from Sea recruit their pow'r  
With hideous storms; the troubled skies refound,  
And Corn the toyl of Men and Cattel, drown'd;  
Then murmur'g Brooks up humble Rivers raise,  
And o'r-grown Seas rage in tempestuous Baies.  
Amidst the horrid darkness, Thundring Jove  
Dispenseth dreadful Lightning from above,  
Which shakes the Earth; Beasts fly, his fiery Darts  
Deject with trembling fear the proudest hearts,  
Whilst he at <sup>d</sup> Atbos aims his blazing fires,  
Or <sup>e</sup> Rhodope, or high <sup>f</sup> Ceramnian spires;  
Then Storms grow lowder, Clouds all Heaven furround;  
Now Woods, now shores, with hideous gusts refound.  
This to prevent, with monthly Stars advise;  
Observe how the <sup>g</sup> cold Star of Saturn plies,  
Or what Sphere <sup>h</sup> wandring Mercury invites.  
But first the Gods adore, and annual Rites,  
Working in joyful fields, great Ceres bring,  
When stormy Winter ends in pleasant Spring.  
Then Lambs wax fat, then cheering Wine grows old,  
Then sleep is sweet, then Mountains shades infold.  
Let Ceres all the youthful Swains adore,  
And her with Honey, Milk, and Wine implore;  
Let the blest <sup>i</sup> Offering thrice new Corn furround,  
Thy Roof with Guests, and joyful Friends refound,  
Calling on Ceres; nor the meanest Clown,  
Unless his temples <sup>j</sup> Oken Garlands crown,

<sup>a</sup> Castore (says he) among the French, to carry the Images of Devils, covered with white veils, in a wretched madness, round about their fields.

<sup>l</sup> In memorial of the hard Fare their Forefathers had, before Ceres afforded them better nourishment.

To

<sup>d</sup> A mighty Mountain of Thrace, stretching into the Sea in form of a Peninsula; this Xerxes divided from the Continent, to which it was join'd by a Neck of Land 12 Stades in breadth by the labour of men, making his Fleet to sail through the Strait. A work more to shew his Power, than of use or profit. (*Herod. l. 7.*) at this day by the Italians it is called *Monte Santo*, by the Turks, *Manfisi*, and *Sinidag* (*Leuclav*).

<sup>e</sup> A Mountain of Thrace, of which in the 6th Eclog.

<sup>f</sup> Mountains of Epire, so called from their being often Thunder-struck.

<sup>g</sup> As having a motion terro'g advice, and different from the other planets, for he comes twice to one Sign, which none of the rest do. This motion of Saturn, *Pliny* calls *Stelle transitum*, others, *transversationes*, & *varietates*. This Star is cold, and therefore hurtful, and its effects divers, according to the Sign he is in. In *Capricorn* he is said to cause much Rain, in *Scorpio*, *Hail*, in a third Thunder, in a fourth Winds.

<sup>h</sup> As being sometimes to the South sometimes to the North, sometimes before the Sun, sometimes behind it; nor less inconsistent in his Influence, which is varied according to the quality of the star he is in conjunction withal; and therefore not unwisely he is feigned to be the *Nemesis* of the Gods, as participating of the power, and imparting the influence of the other over-ruled stars.

<sup>i</sup> Taken as most conceive from that of Hesiod.

*Ἐρως δ' ἄν ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπων ἀγνῆ, &c.*

*Te Jove terrestrial, and chaste Ceres*

*prof. &c.*

The last chiefly here intended; her Festival described by its proper adjuncts; Night Banquets, Milk, Honey, Wine, and the Victim.

<sup>k</sup> The *Amberbold Saturnus*, of which already in the fifth Eclog. This only added, that this Ethnick Custom remained in France until St. Martin's time, as *La Cerda* instances out of *Sulpitius Severus*, c. 9. It was

To Ceres rudely Dance, and Verbes sing,  
 Shall Sickle to the golden Harveſt bring.  
 And that we may by certain tokens find  
 When Heat and Rain will be, when ſtormy Wind,  
 The Moon great *Jove* appointed to foreſhew,  
 And in what Sign *Auſter* <sup>m</sup> begins to blow ;  
 Which oft the ſkilful Husbandman perceives,

And nearer to their Stalls his Cattel leaves.  
 Before a ſtorm, either <sup>m</sup> the Ocean ſwells,  
 Or mighty ſounds are heard in lofty Hills ;  
 Shores far off thunder beaten with the Floods,  
 And murmurs riſe in the diſturbed Woods.

Then Billows ſcarce will taleſt Ships forbear,  
 When ſwift wing'd <sup>m</sup> Cormorants cut yielding Air  
 From Sea to Land, and fill with cries the Bay ;  
 Or when on ſhore the wanton Sea-Fowl play,  
 Deſerting Lakes, and long frequented Floods,  
 And the Hern mounts above aſpiring Clouds.  
 Oft alſo thou, before a ſtorm ariſe,  
 Shalt ſee bright Stars <sup>m</sup> ſhoot headlong through the ſkies  
 Leaving behind them a long train of Light,  
 Gilding a traſt through ſable ſhades of Night.  
 Chaff thou ſhalt oft behold, and falling Leaves,  
 Or plumes that wanton on the bounding Waves.  
 But when it Thunders from the Northern round,  
 And Courts of Eaſt, and Weſtern Winds reſound,  
 Then all the Meadows ſwim with flowing Dikes,  
 And dropping Soils the drouping Sailor ſtrikes.  
 No ſhow'r the Simpleſt yet could e'r offend.  
 Low flies the ſoaring Crane, If that aſcend,

<sup>m</sup> We follow herein *La Ceres*, who takes *Cadere* in this place for *incumbere ad excitandas tempeſtates*; as we uſe the exclamation of *ſalling to work*, and the like, eſſe I know not how the Word taken in the common ſignification can ſtand in coherence with what follows.

<sup>m</sup> The ſwelling and reſounding of the Sea againſt the ſhore, and the noiſe of Winds in Woods, without apparent wind, ſhew wind to follow; for ſuch winds breathing chiefly out of the Earth, are not at the firſt perceived, except they be ſent by Water or Wood. *Lord Bar. Nat. Hiſt.*

<sup>m</sup> As to Prognosicks of Weather from living Creatures, it is to be noted, that Creatures that live in the open Air (*ſub Dio*) muſt needs have a quicker impreſſion from the Air, than Men that live within dores; and eſpecially Birds who live in the Air, ſwift and cleereſt, and are apteſt by their voice to tell tales of what they find; and likewiſe by the motion of their flight to expreſs the ſame. Thus water-Fowls when they flock and fly from the Sea to the ſhore, foreſhew wind. The cauſe may be their delight in quiet, and therefore perceiving the waters to be troubled, they avoid them to ſeek their reſt elſewhere; or the pleaſure they take in the moiſtneſs and denſity of the Air. So the Herons loſy flight ſhew wind; of which the cauſe may be, for that the Heron being a water-fowl, taketh pleaſure in the Air that is condenſed, and beſides, being but heavy of wing, needeth the help of the groſſer Air. And yet it is true alſo, that all Birds find an eaſe in the depth of the Air, as Swimmers do in deep Waters. *Lord Bar. Nat. Hiſt.* p. 175.

<sup>m</sup> Theſe *Pliny* deſcribes to be ſome ſuperfluous liquid ſubſtance inſuſtained falling from ſome Star, as Oyl from a Lamp that is over-tull; wherein he ſpeaks the opinion of thoſe that held Stars to be nourish'd by moiſture. *Ariſtotele* makes the material cauſe of theſe Meteors, a dry and hot exhalation, the Efficient, the Stars attracting; theſe are ſaid to have a long blaze of light behind them in their fall, which is cauſed by the Aerial cold repelling them; in regard of their extreme Celeſtialty, ſo that the ſight cannot diſcern their tranſition.

*Sens. natur. quæſt. l. 1.* <sup>m</sup> The Air hath ſubtle preceptions of Wind riſing before Men find it. So any light thing that moveth when we find no wind, ſheweth Wind at hand; as when feathers, or down, or thistles, fly up and down in the Air; the Cauſe is, for that no wind at the firſt, till it hath ſtrook and driven the Air, is apparent to the ſenſe. <sup>m</sup> In regard the indications are ſo viſible and plain, that the unwillful may avoid them; for to take *Imprudensibus* (as ſome) for *valde perniciſus*, is more (as *La Cœſar* ſays) than ever any of the Latines did. <sup>m</sup> So *Ariſtotele* (*l. 9. c. 10. Hiſtor. Animal.*) *ſi rhy ſpy Clouds, and a Tempſt, ſi rhy ſpy to Earth, and ſi ſiſt.*



*Sed neque quam multa spes  
 Est numeris: neque enim in:  
 Quem qui scire vult, Lior:  
 Quæcquæ, quam multa Ze:  
 Autavi navigis, velen:  
 Noſce quod Lomy veni:*



*cio, nec nomina qua sunt  
 mero comprehendere refert:  
 ei velit appareris idem  
 phyro turbentur arena:  
 tior incidit Eurus,  
 aut ad litore natus.*

Honoratiss. Do. Domino Thomæ Pope Comiti Downe.

Tabula prælo gestans

'Steers viewing Heav'n, of Rain will judgment make,  
 And at wide Noftrils the perception take;  
 Or chatt'ring \* Swallows chriftal Lakes furround,  
 And \* Frogs in mud their old complaints refund.  
 Then carefull' Ants forcing a narrow way,  
 To more retired Seats, their Eggs convey;  
 The great \* Bow drinks, and \* Crows forsaking meat,  
 Drawn up in flocks, on founding wings retreat.  
 All sorts of various Sea-fowl, which in ranks  
 Haunt <sup>b</sup> *Asian* lakes, or crown *Cayster's* banks,  
 With sprinkled water then their wings belave,  
 And now their heads they level with the wave,  
 Or under-water thou mayst see them dive,  
 And in their sportfull washing vainly strive.  
 • The wicked Crow aloud, Foul Weather threats,  
 And all alone on dry sands proudly jeats.  
 Nor at Nocturnal Wheels the Maidens be  
 Of storms unskilful, when they Spinsters see  
 The rich Oyl sparckle in the shining Lamp,  
 And wasted Cotton make the light grow damp.  
 Nor less from storms mayst thou Fair seasons learn,  
 And long before by certain signs discern;  
 For then no Star an Obtuse beam displaies,  
 Nor is the Moon enstrang'd from *Phæbus* Raies;  
 Nor through the sky, Clouds, like white fleeces, run,  
 • Nor dear to *Tibets*, *Halcyons* in the Sun

together. <sup>b</sup> Here properly taken for a Lake in the *Caystrian* Plain, between the two Hills, *Tmolus* and *Mellissus*, and not to be applied to that part of the World so called. The Lake and Plain seem to have been so named, either from *Asia*, a City of *Lidia*, seated upon the Hill *Tmolus*, or from one *Asia*, the Son of *Corys* sometime King of *Lidia*, who likewise (according to *Herodotus*, l. 4.) gave that denomination not only to *Lidia*, but to the whole Continent of *Asia*. To this plain and Lake, *Homer* in his Iliads relates, is our Author here, and in the seventh of his *Æneid*, which also the Primate of *Armagh* takes occasion to mention, and distinguish, in his Geographical description touching *Asia*, Chap. 2. <sup>c</sup> Alluding, as *La Cerda* conjectures, to the unnatural disposition of the Crow, which often defers her Young and Nest, which some attribute to their forgetfulness; yet *Aristotle* affirms, they forcibly expel their young ones as soon as they are ready to fly, and drive them out of their Confiners. This unnaturalness of theirs, the Scriptures seem to touch at in Job c. 38. <sup>d</sup> In imitation of *Theophrastus*, *Halcyon*, which is the New Nereides

<sup>e</sup> *Αἰετὸς γὰρ οὐκ ἔστι Νηλεΐδης καὶ Πηλεΐδης*  
*Ὀψιδὸν ἰσθλαστὴν*

These according to *Ovid*, were once *Corys* and *Halcyon*, King and Queen of *Trachis*, whose Death and Transformation are poetically described in the 11th of his *Metamorph.* by *Hesiodus* and *Tertius* reported to have been the seven Daughters of *Alcyon*, a Giant converted into those Birds. The female of these, *Paulanias* says, is called *Damar*, the Male *Cerynus*; they build in Winter, and are hatching, according to *Demagoras*, seven daies; according to *Philochorus*, nine; as *Simonides* will, eleven; as others, fourteen, seven before, and seven after Winter is begun. See *Arist.* §. de *Hist. Animal.* *Plutarch.* de *Præd. Animal.* & *Plin.*

<sup>f</sup> So *Aratus* and *Cicero* de *divinatione*; but this, and many of the following Verses are wholly taken from *Farrus*, as *Servius* notes, *Pliny* to this Prognostick of their snuffing the Air, adds another of their licking themselves against the hair.

<sup>g</sup> Many land birds delight in moist Air and bathing, among which the Swallow, and therefore the fable that they give by their motion or voice against Rain, are but expressions of the comfort they seem to receive in the relenting of the Air.

<sup>h</sup> Alluding to the Fable of their Conversion, of which *Ovid* in the sixth of his *Metamorphosis*; that there is a wonderful Natural perception in Frogs of the change of weather, *Cicero* and *Plutarch* affirm, the latter of whom makes the clearness of their Croak, the surest and most certain signal of rain.

<sup>i</sup> Of this Prognostick thus *Plutarch* in l. de *Solertia Animalium*. Some say the Ants carry not their Eggs, but their food; for fearing that their store which is laid up in close Heards, should corrupt and stain, of which they have sensible Indications, they carry it abroad.

<sup>j</sup> It was the erroneous belief of the Antients, that the Rain-bow did drink up water and vapours at either end; concerning which *Varronius* l. 9. c. 4. *Agne vapores à fontibus ad nubes per Arcus excitari.* The reason of the Prognostick *Calvus Rhodiginus* gives. The Rainbow is composed of the watry portions of a Cloud, which speck and fall downwards, reflecting the opposite beams of the Sun, appearing until the Cloud be dissolved into Rain, after which it immediately vanishes. Hence the vulgar phrase, that it will certainly rain, as soon as they discern the Rainbow. Hitherto may pertinently be applied that jest of *Plautus* in *Curculio*, concerning an old Woman taking off her Caps.

*Eccæ autem bibit Arcus, pluit credo hęc hęc hęc.*

*See, Iris drink! drink! 'twill rain to day.*

<sup>k</sup> Of this *Aratus* and *Plutarch* in *Precept. Salub.* *Pliny* observes, that if any continue to shake themselves, and set out their full throats, it is a sign of wind; if they break off and swallow their Nores, of wind and rain.

*See, Iris drink! drink! 'twill rain to day.*

<sup>l</sup> Of this *Aratus* and *Plutarch* in *Precept. Salub.* *Pliny* observes, that if any continue to shake themselves, and set out their full throats, it is a sign of wind; if they break off and swallow their Nores, of wind and rain.

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*See, Iris drink! drink! 'twill rain to day.*

Open their spreading wings; nor scatter'd Straw

<sup>a</sup> The Love of *Scylla* and *Nisus*, her betraying of her Father, her deflection, and both their transformations, are recorded by *Ovid*, l. 8. *Met.* The general opinion is, that *Nisus* was turn'd into a Hobby, *Scylla* into a Lark, but both (as *Scaliger* the Father, *Exercit.* 233. and the Son in his Notes upon *Virgil's Ciris* observe) mistaken; For *Nisus*, as is evident from the Poem, was turn'd into that Fowl which in Latin is called *Halcyon*; by us commonly the Falcon and preys upon Sea fowl, as the Name imports; and therefore most unlikely that the Lark should be his game; Nor does the Lark suit with the description of the *Ciris*, as *Scaliger* shews, rather with the Bird called in Latin *Egitta*. Of the *Ciris* there are two kinds, the one with a fair tuft on the head, the other hath only a little rising of the feathers on the crown, that the former is meant by *Virgil* is evident from his *Ciris* clearly differing it from the common Lark; and that *Nisus* his fabulous conversion was not into a Hobby, but a Falcon, as is clear by this of *Plautus*.

*In nunc, venare leporem, nunc Ciris tentas.*

From whence may be collected the unlikelihood, for that the Hawk that should catch Hares, to be flown at Larks; and from thence the difference of either.

<sup>f</sup> *Virgil* here concludes against the superstitious opinion of the Ethnicks, who attributed a Divine knowledge to Birds. The reason of that conceit *Statius* attempts to render in these Verses. l. 3. *Thib.*

*— Mirum vident, sed olim  
Hic honor altibus, supra seu Con-  
divo Auspex  
Sic delicti, effusum Chloas in nova semi-  
na textum.  
Sed quia mutata, vestras, ab origine  
verbi  
Corporibus subire natæ; seu pariter  
Avis,  
Amotumq; nefas, & rarus insistere  
terris  
Vera docent, tibi summi Sætor terro-  
que æquano  
Scire licet.*

So *Plato* in *Timæus* affirms that the Souls of too curiously speculative and subtle Men, and such as by their own Wit thought they could far unto, and search out the highest Mysteries, transmigrated into Birds. But *Virgil* lays down the common and Natural Reasons, being as we have already noted, the Condensing or relaxing of the Air, with which they are either tided or delighted.

<sup>g</sup> Of the Signs and Prognosticks of Weather from the Appearances of the Sun and Moon, We leave the Reader to be satisfied from common Experience, and the ordinary Ephemerides; and the rather, because these kind of rules are so contradictory, as they Effects uncertain.

In filthy mouths foul Swine delight to draw.  
But Clouds imbrace the Vales, and on the Plain  
Themselves repose; nor th' Owl foretelling Rain,  
From the high Roof, observing *Phæbus* set,  
Will idly then nocturnal Notes repeat.

*Nisus* appears high in ætherial Air,  
Tormenting *Scylla* for his Purple Hair;  
Where e'r she cuts with fanning wings the Skies,  
After, her Persecutor, *Nisus* flies;

Where ever *Nisus* the swift Clouds divides,  
*Scylla* from thence with all her forces glides.  
Three or four times then with extended Throats  
Lowd croking Ravens double watery Notes,

And oft, I know not by what reason, sport  
Amongst the Leaves, that shade their lofty Court;  
And the Storm past, delighted are to see  
Their own lov'd buildings, and dear Progenie.

Nor think I Heav'n on them such knowledge states,  
Nor that their Prudence is above the Fates;  
But when a Tempest, and the fleeing Rack  
Have chang'd their course, and the moist air grows black

With Southern Winds, which thicken in the Skies  
Thin vapours, and the grosser rarifies;  
Their thoughts are chang'd, the motions of their Mind  
Inconstant are, like Clouds before the Wind:

From hence Birds chaunt forth such melodious notes,  
The Beasts are glad, and Crows stretch joyful throats.  
If the swift *Sun*, whose Horses never swerve,  
And Moons in following Order thou observe,

Th' ensuing Day shall never thee deceive,  
Nor Nights fair promises of hope bereave.

When

When first the Moon recruited flame adorns,  
If a gross air obscure her Blunted horns,  
Great show'rs for Sea, and Husband-men prepare;  
But if her face a Virgin blush declare,  
It shall be Wind; with Wind she blusheth still.  
If the Fourth day her Orb with silver fill,  
(For that by long Experience hath been tri'd)  
Nor with blunt horns through chrystal heav'n shall glide,  
That Day, and all that follow, you shall find,  
To the Months end, free both from Rain and Wind;  
Then Saylor's sav'd, <sup>b</sup> their Vows at landing pay  
To *Glacus*, <sup>k</sup> *Melecer*, and <sup>l</sup> *Panopea*.

Alſo the Rising Sun true tokens shews;  
And when in *Thetys* lap he takes repose:  
For the most certain on the Sun attend,  
Both in the Morn, and when the Stars ascend.

When Rising he with many spots grows pale,  
Drown'd in a Cloud, and half his Orb doth veil,  
Then Storms expect; Winds muster from the Main,  
The common Foe to Cattel, Fruit, and Grain.  
Or when amongst thick Clouds at break of day  
Many refracted beams themselves display;  
Or when forsaking *Tithons* golden Bed,  
Much paleness hath *Aurora's* cheek o'rspread,

Ah then! but ill the boughs their Grapes defend,  
Such show'rs of Hail on ratling Roofs descend.  
This Observation by no means forget,  
When, Heav'n forsaking, *Sol* is neer his Set,  
Then oft mixt Colours in his face we find;  
The Duskie threatens Rain, the Fiery Wind;  
But if the Spots Red flashes shall unfold,  
All vex'd with Rain, and Wind, thou shalt behold;  
That night shall none persuade me to the Sea,  
Nor yet advise that I my Anchor weigh.

K

But

<sup>b</sup> He reflects here upon that ancient Custom of Mariners, who vow'd if they returned safe, to sacrifice to the *Dis* *Navalis*, upon the shore, of which our Author in the third and fifth of his *Æneid*.

<sup>c</sup> Once a Fisherman of *Antichon*, a Town in *Bœotia*, afterwards by the eating of a strange Herb, converted into a Marine creature, and admitted by the Sea Gods into their Society. The story he tells thus himself, in *Ovid* 13th of his *Met.*

— In *hosp*  
*Anch'us* I took, and gave it to my wife;  
No sooner swallow'd, but my Entrails  
Spoke;  
When forthwith I another Nature  
took,  
Nor could refrain, but said, O Earth,  
my last  
Farewell receive! in Seas my self I  
cast.  
The Sea-Gods then vouchsafing my  
Request  
Lest their sacred Fellowship, intrust  
Bolt, Tethys and Oceanus, that  
thy  
Would take, what e'er Mortal was;  
away.  
Mr. Sandys.

<sup>k</sup> The Son of *Ino*, who with his Mother forced into the Sea from a Rock, by his infuriated Father *Achæus*, was converted into a Sea-God, called by the Greeks *Palaemon*, by the Latins *Fortunus*, as his Mother likewise was transform'd into a Watery Deity, called by the Greeks *Leucothea*, by the Latins *Matuta*.

<sup>l</sup> The Daughter of *Deris*, and one of the Sea-Nymphs.

*m* Therefore by *Cæsar's* still *Phœ-*  
*bi* *fax* *tristis* *nuntia* *belli*; Examples  
in History are obvious.

*n* Virgil here takes occasion in ho-  
nour of *Augustus*, to mention his  
relentment of the sad death of *Julus*  
*Cæsar*; and declares the signs, that  
both forewarn, and followed his Mur-  
der: as the strange Eclips of the  
Sun, which though some may under-  
stand as precedent, was yet (as is clear  
by the several testimonies of *Plutarch*  
and *Pliny*) subsequent to his death. See  
*La Cæsa* upon this place.

*o* There be two sorts of ominous  
prefages from Dogs, the one their un-  
usual howling, the other their run-  
ning away from those that own them,  
to their enemies. Of the first, instan-  
ces are obvious; of the latter, *Pan-*  
*lonius* gives us an Example of the  
*Mæssinians*, whose Dogs ran howling  
to the *Lacedæmonian* Camp, upon  
which ensued the utter defeat of the  
*Mæssinians*. The like *Jovius* tells us,  
happened to the *Frimb* before the  
Battle of *Navarra*, wherein they were  
overthrown by *Maximilian*.

*p* Of this Prodig, *Plutarch* in the  
Life of *Cæsar*, among others, and  
*Ovid* in the last of his *Metamorph.*

*q* This foretold the overthrow at  
*Cannæ*; and hath ever been noted,  
not only the forerunner, but infer-  
er of notable misfortunes. So *Orosi-*  
*us*, l. 5. c. 6. *Hoc Sicula semper ver-*  
*naculum gentis moniti, non perire*  
*malum affert* (as inferre, since po-  
etically introduced among other Pro-  
diges, against the credit of History  
(says *Rossus*) the more to inoble the  
Death of *Julus*, and ingratiate him-  
self with *Augustus Cæsar*; But *Li-*  
*vy* (as *Serv.* likewise notes) exprely  
tells us, that before the Death of *Cæ-*  
*sar*, it flamed with so great a violence,  
that not onely the neighbouring  
Towns, but the City of *Rome* was  
fired thereby.

*r* Verified by *Plutarch* in his Life.  
Heav'nly voices and Thunder were  
frequently heard. *Strabo* the Philoso-  
pher reported, That fiery Men were  
seen in the Air: And of which like-  
wise thus *Ovid*, l. 15. *Met.*

*Arms clashing in the Air, with clouds*  
*orecess*. (blat)  
Terrible Trumpets, and like Cornets  
Proclaim the murder.

*s* It was the opinion of the Anti-  
ents, that Ghosts and Spirits only walk'd in the Night; for which this reason is given by some, that these 'spirits (or Devils rather)  
assume an Airy, thin, and therefore fluxative Body; which by Heat is extenuated, and consequently dissipat'd; but condensed and  
confermed by Cold; inasmuch as not to be seen by the heavenly light of the Day. *r* Known is that of the Ox in *Liby*. *n* *Pli-*  
*ny* l. 2. c. 18 reckoning this among other Prodiges, says, *The flowing back of Rivers, our Age hath seen in the last years of Nero*,  
*Of these Portents, poets and ancient Historians are full; Plutarch in Coriolanus*, thus reduces them to their natural Cause; For  
*Images to sweat, and weep, and send forth drops of Blood, is not altogether impossible. For Food and Stomach often convert'd Rust, which*  
*may be dissolved into misty fume, and that variously coloured according to that which is laid upon them.* *7* The same with the Fox, a Ri-  
ver of Italy, concerning which, *Pliny* spends a whole Chapter in his third Book; it arises first from Mount *Vesulius*, and sinking under  
ground, is emergent again in *Jure Vitis*; and receiving into its own, the Streams of thirty other Rivers, discharges them all into  
the *Adriatick* Sea; it is called the Monarch of the Floods, from the *Cimbrian* Tongue, in which, *Eridanus* sounds as much as *Lord*,  
*King, or Flowing of Waters*. *Servius* says, it received its Name from *Phæton*, who was first call'd *Eridanus*; and fell Thunde-  
r-bruck into this River. *2* Of the Inundations and overflowing of Rivers, thus *Jucurus, de Divinat.* p. 354. Known is that of  
the *Apocalyp*; *Many Waters, many People; And that Rising waters never over flow without mischief, or extraordinary Vindicta*  
*without Hurt. Many Nations have learnt by their own Experience, and the sad Consequences thereof; Slaughter, Fire, Inruption*  
*Forin forces, and general Devastation.* As the over-flowing of *Eridanus* is here said to preface the Death of *Cæsar*; So that of  
*Tiber*, the Death of *Pope Nicholas* the Third, in the Year 1281.

But when he gives, or takes the Day again,  
His Orb be clear, thou fear'st a Show'r in vain,  
And shalt behold soft gales move mur'm'ring Woods,  
What Western winds, which drive the gilded Clouds,  
What South winds plot, the Sun doth signify;

And who so bold to give the Sun the lie?

Clandestine tumults he doth oft forehow,

And open War from secret Plots to grow:

He pitting Rome, at Cæsar's Funeral, spread

A mourning Veil o'r his Illustrious Head,

That th' Impious age eternal Darkness fear'd.

At Sea and Land what Wonders then appear'd?

Both howling Dogs, and fatal Fowl presag'd;

How oft we smoking Ætna saw enrag'd,

Who from dire breaches the Cyclopien grounds,

With Fire-balls, and a Pumice deluge, drown'd?

Germany heard from Heav'n a found of Arms,

And the Alps trembled at unus'd Alarms;

A mighty Voice in silent Groves was heard,

And gaily Spirits wondrous pale appear'd

Before dark Night obscuring Shades did make,

And Oxen then (who will believe it) spake;

Earth gap'd, swift Rivers stood, Bra's Statues sweat,

And weeping Ivory made the Temples wet.

Eridanus the Monarch of the Floods

Tares down, and drowns in violent Edies, Woods,



*Aperte locum Capies oculus*  
*In solido puteum demit-*  
*Rursus humum, et pedibus*

Domino Thomæ  
Tabula merito



*lis: alleque jubetis*  
*ti. omnemque repoues*  
*sumas aquatis arenas.*  
Payton Baroneto.  
votiva.

Then Beasts inspected \* Entrails threats foreshew'd;  
 And purple <sup>b</sup> blood from silver Fountains flow'd;  
 And when the populous Cities did resound (round;  
 With howling <sup>c</sup> Wolves, which walk'd their nightly  
<sup>d</sup> From serene Skies it never Lighten'd more,  
 Nor such dire Comets e'r were seen before.  
 Again <sup>e</sup> *Philippi*, Roman Squadrons saw  
 With equal arms, for dreadful Battel draw.  
 Twice with our blood the Gods were pleas'd to yield  
 Moysture to <sup>f</sup> *Enus*, and <sup>g</sup> th' *Æmathian* field.  
 The time will come, when, in those Confiners, Swains  
 Shall rustie Piles find, plowing up the Plains,  
 Or shall with Rakes from empty Helms strike fire,  
 And mighty bones dissepulchred admire.  
 Great *Vesta*, *Romulus*, and <sup>h</sup> Patriot Gods,  
 Who guard Imperial *Rome*, and <sup>i</sup> Tuscan floods,  
 For the Young Man, at last your selves engage,  
 That he again repair this ruin'd age:  
 Long since enough we with our blood did pay,  
 What might the <sup>k</sup> Trojan perjurie defray.  
 Heav'n's Court now envies us, for thee, afraid  
 Left humane Triumphs thou too much regard;  
 Where wrong is right; and war through all the world  
 So many shapes of Wickedness hath hurl'd.  
 None to the scorned Plough due honour yields,  
 Swains prest for Souldiers, have neglected fields,  
 And crooked Sithes to Svords transformed are.  
<sup>l</sup> *Euphrates* here, there *Germany* makes War;

*manus*, whom, consult upon this place. The Poet here seems to reflect upon *Enus*, whence *Augustus* was descended, (who was called *Jupiter Indiges*) whose Protection he invokes on the behalf of his Issue. <sup>i</sup> *Tiber*, so called, because it divides *Thuscany* from *Laium*. *La Cerda*. <sup>k</sup> Meaning *Lacedæmon*; either in his defrauding *Neptunus* of his promised Hire for building the Walls of *Troy*, or his cozening of *Hercules* of his Reward for killing the Monster, to whom *Hesperus* was expos'd to have been devour'd. See *Pomp. Sabinus*. <sup>l</sup> Intending the Parthian and German Wars then breaking out; the first left imperfect by *Marcus Antonine* called thence by the Civil discords at home, begun by *Sylla*; as the German War was first undertaken by *Julius Cæsar*. *Euphrates* is a River of *Armenia*, which after a continued Course through *Mesopotamia*, falls into the Persian Sea.

<sup>a</sup> According to *Macrobius* Signs of this Nature (that is, when there is any eminent defect in the Entrails) do either denounce, threaten, or admonish; Fatal, not only to *Cæsar*, (who the same day he was slain, inspecting the Entrails, found them without a Heart) but to *Fertinax*, as *Cæsius*, and *Margellus* as *Valerius Maximus* reports, who both came to the like unfortunate ends.

<sup>b</sup> Of this kind of Prodigy, both ancient and modern Annals afford Examples.

<sup>c</sup> Believed by the Antients to be true Wolves; by *La Cerda* conceiv'd to be Spirits assuming that shape, for according to the opinion of those times, the Souls of the Dead were thought to wander from their Sepulchres in such forms. *Ovid*. 2. *Fasts*.

*Perq, via urbis, lateq, ululasse per Agros*.

*Deformet Animas, vulgus inane ferunt.*

Hence was it among the *Athenians*, Capital to kill a Wolf; as the Scholiast of *Apollonius* tells us, l. 2.

<sup>d</sup> For Thunder, when the sky is fair, is held most prodigious.

<sup>e</sup> This was first called *Cerulus*, after *Datus*, at length *Philippi*, from *Philip* of *Macedon* its Restorer, Authors differ about its Situation; some seat it in *Thessaly*, others in *Thrace*, *Stephanus* and *Ptolemy* in *Macedonia*. So truly *St. Luke*, *Acts* 16. But the Reader must here allow Poetical Liberty to our Author, for making the *Philippian* fields fatal to *Pompey*, and the *Philippick*, where *Brutus* was overthrow'n, to be one and the same. See *Glareanus*, and *Favonius* upon *Lucan*. l. 1. who takes the same liberty with our Author.

<sup>f</sup> A Mountain of *Thrace* (according to *Strabo*, *Mela*, *Pliny*) as *Servius* (but fallily) of *Thessaly*.

<sup>g</sup> *Macedonia*, antiently called *Pennis*.

<sup>h</sup> These were those who by the Romans were called the *Tueclary Gods*, and *Dii Penites*, to these likewise our Author adds the *Dii Indigetes*, whom *La Cerda* with *Turnebus* make the same with the Greek *Ægæones*. So likewise *Fulgentius*, *Dæmones dicitur sunt, ideo & apud Romanos Indigetes*; and why so called, *Festus* tells us, *Indigetes Dii quorum nomina vulgari non licet*. *Favonius* will have them so called quæst. *Indigetes inde nati*, but I am rather for *Germans* being descended, (who was called *Jupiter Indiges*) whose Protection he invokes on the behalf of his Issue.

The neighbouring Towns in Civil Arms engage,  
 And impious *Mars* through all the World doth rage;  
 As when swift Chariots starting from the Bar  
 Straight through the lifted Champaign hurried are;  
 The Charioter is born away, in vain  
 Checking their swiftness, who contemn the Rein.

VIRGILS

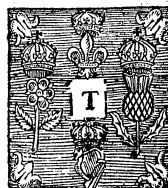


# VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS

THE SECOND BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

**H**ow Trees by Nature grow, some from the Root,  
 Some from the Seed, some of themselves do sprout:  
 As many wayes of Art Experience grants;  
 The Gard'ner Graffs, Inoculates, Transplants.  
 What fruitful Trees in several Countries are;  
 But none with happy Italy compare.  
 How to discern the goodness of each ground.  
 Where choicest Olives, and best Vines are found.  
 What safety in the harmless Country lies:  
 What Dangers from Rebellious Cities rise.



Hus much of Tillage, and the  
 Planets sway:  
 Fill thee now <sup>a</sup> *Bacchus*, and wild  
 Plants display,  
 With the <sup>a</sup> flow *Olives* race. Bleft  
 Father aid,  
 Since by thy Bounties all are happy made;  
 Thou pregnant Fields deck't with Autumnal Vine,  
 Untill the foamie Presse o'r-flow with Wine;

Great

<sup>a</sup> Here taken for the Vine, or the Fruit thereof, according to the usual manner of speaking among the Antients. See *Arnob. l. 5. contra gentes*, *Cicero 3. de Natur. deor.*

<sup>b</sup> Naturalists report the Olive to be of a slow growth, and long Continuance, inasmuch as *Pliny* affirms that some planted by *Scipio Africanus* in *Linturnum* were standing in his time; the reason of its slow growth *Varro* gives out of *Theophrastus*.



Oh help *Mecænas*, and this work peruse,  
 Since all my Glory I from thee deduce:  
 Swell thou my Sail, now ventring to the Main.  
 Nor all things would I in my Verse contain;  
 Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,  
 A Voice of Steel, inspir'd with Brazen Lungs.  
 Oh be my Pilot, and through th' Ocean steer  
 My Course intended, since the 'Shore is near:  
 Nor shall I thee with Fictions long detain;  
 Nor vex thy Ears with Circumstances vain.

Trees which advance themselves t' Ætherial Air  
 Unfruitful be, but strong they prove, and fair;  
 Because they draw their nature from the Soyl:  
 But these if any sow, or shall with Toyl  
 Transplant, and then in cult'rd Ort-yards set,  
 Their wilder disposition they forget;  
 With often pruning, they not slowly will  
 Answer thy Labour, and obey thy skill.  
 So those which spring from Roots like profit yield,  
 If you transplant them to the open Field;  
 These, boughs, before, and Parent-branches shade,  
 Which stops their growth, and makes the body fade.  
 Plants which from Seed arise, of slow growth are,  
 And shades for our Posterity prepare.  
 Apples grow wild, and lose their former taste,  
 And Vines harsh Clusters bear, for Birds to waste.  
 All labour ask, and covering in rich foyl,  
 And must be conquer'd with much art and toyl.  
 Th' Olive from " Trunks, \* Vines prosper best from  
 And Paphian Myrtle springs \* from solid Okes:  
 ' Tall Ash, and Hazel, best from Cions takes,  
 And Poplar, which Herculean Garlands makes:

<sup>1</sup> So we render *In Maibus terra*,  
 dissenting from *Servius*, *Ramus*, and  
 others, and following *Farnaby*, as he  
*Servius*, who in the last of *beneficiis*,  
 thus cites these Verses;

*In maibus terra: Non hic se Carmi-  
 ne longo  
 Atq; per Umbagos, &c.* where *Lip-  
 sius* notes, writes;  
*That it is a Metaphorical speech taken  
 from the Expression of Scamen.*

*Jam potius terram, tangimus,*

<sup>m</sup> That is from peeces or sticks  
 cleft, as is already shewn.

<sup>n</sup> Intending the third way of Pro-  
 duction, Propagation, which is the  
 hewing down the branches, and fet-  
 tering the Ends of them in the Earth,  
 that they may take roots. It was pra-  
 ctised by the Ancients likewise (though  
 now it be not in use) to graft Vines  
 upon Vines, and this they did three  
 wayes; The first was by Incision,  
 which is the ordinary manner of graf-  
 ting; the second was by Terebration,  
 boring thorough the middle of the  
 Stock, and putting in the Cions there;  
 and the third was by parting of two  
 vines that grow together, to the Mar-  
 row, and binding them close. *Lord  
 Bacon. Nat. Hist. p. 126.*

<sup>o</sup> This *La Cerdas* refers to the se-  
 cond way of Production, 'infolion  
 or Burying, for it cannot be meant  
 of Incision or Grafting, of which he  
 speaks afterward, and would not have separated the Myrtle from those Trees which grow from  
 the first, thus comes upon the Leaves. (*Pliny l. 15. c. 13.*)

So



*Non aliam ob culpam Bac-  
 caditur, et veteres in-  
 Pramague ingentes Pa-  
 thasida posuere: atque  
 Molibus in pratis vnc-*

71 Rogero Belshe de Feine-place



*cho caper omnibus aris  
 eunt Proscenia ludi-  
 gos, et compita circum  
 inter Pocula laci-  
 tas satiare per vitres.*

*Armigero: Tabula merito votiva.*

deres, i. 17. *Radiata* pro *quod ablonge*  
*Servius*, and *(fidore)* to stamp or po  
conjectures *ἀνὰ τὴν ἀόρατον*, becau  
Fruit and Gardens; Celebrated by  
venten, *Macrobii* thirty one. A  
of Italy. The *Sy-ian Pear*, *Columell*  
of *Lesbos*, famous for good Wine,  
then infirm and old) to nominate hi  
to get him either of them some of t  
he answered, *It was a strong and pleas*  
*Ant.* *thi. Lesbian is the pleasanter*: B

[illegible]

ino. So *Martialis* commends the *Sovin*, being *Domitian* like'd it. (w) So call'd from the *Hill Falernus*, of this Wine there were three sorts, the *tharp*, the *fewer*, and the *pic'd*; that growing upon the *Hill top*, was call'd *Cavum* wine; that in the middle, *Faslian*; that in the bottom, *Falernum*. *Plin. l. 14*. Its Excellency *Varro* shews, (l. 1. c. 2.) What *Plinius* (l. 14. c. 1.) compares to that of *Campania*, *why* *Varley* to the *Apulian*, *what* *Win* to the *Falernian*? (x) *Amimonia* is a Town of *Campania*, according to *Pliny*, whence they say the *Wine* is so call'd. *Servius* will have it call'd, because the *Wine* thereof is *fine* *Mis*, without *lead*, being a white *Wine*. (y) *Tmolus* is a Mountain of *Lydia*, famous for good *Wine*, so the Author of *thebes*; *Hinc* *ut* *Caeco* *Tmolus* *atletis* *Ipso*. *Pamphus* is a Mountain in the Promontory of *Chios*, so call'd from *King Pamphus*. (S. 17.) but the Title of *King* here given to the Mountain, is to be apply'd to the Excellency of the *Chios Wine*, as *Chief*, and having the Principality in *Eleem* above them. See this clear'd by *La Cerda*. (p) This Grape is so call'd either from its whiteness (signifying *White*) or from *Argis*, whence it was first brought, this was chiefly commended for its sweetness, and continuance, of which there were two sorts, the greater and the lesser, the latter much commended by *Columella*. (q) Of this Wine already in the Note upon the *Lithian Wine*. We shall only add, that this Wine was used particularly to be serv'd in at second Tables, and in Libation to the Gods, the *Prædicts* thereof; so we understand it of the Grape dry'd, (not Wine) Grapes being usually brought in at second Courses, as appears by *Martial* and *Horace*; but *Lucretius* his Explication, referring it to the Wine, not the dry'd Grapes, better pleases *La Cerda*. (r) A Grecian Grape, so call'd from its Bigness and Form; *tument uve mammarum infans* *Bambus*. (Plin. l. 14.) (s) *Ionia* is a Region of the lesser *Asia*, sometimes a little tract of land along the Italian Coast, and therefore perhaps here taken for the *Adriatick*, which is accounted a rough and tempestuous Sea. (Ramm. l. 1.) See *Pliny*, l. 16. (n) *Columella*, l. 4. c. 30. and l. 5. c. 6. See *Pliny* likewise (ut supra) Cato c. 9.

(1) These were growing in the Territories of *Verona*. It is doubtful in *Seneca's* opinion (*1.1. N. n. quæst.*) whether *Virgil* here intends to praise or dispraise this Grape. But *Pliny* is more positive, and maintains that *Virgil* here commends them next for goodness to the *Falerian*; With him consents *La Cerda*, adding that *Virgil* here commends this Grape purposely, because affected much by *Augustin*; Witness *Scotus*; *Maxime delectatur* est *Rhe-*

ino. So *Martialis* commends the *Sovin*, being *Domusian* like'd it. (w) So call'd from the *Hill Falernus*, of this Wine there were three sorts, the *tharp*, the *fewer*, and the *pic'd*; that growing upon the *Hill top*, was call'd *Cavum* wine; that in the middle, *Faslian*; that in the bottom, *Falernian*. *Plin. l. 14*. Its Excellency *Varro* shews, (1. l. c. 2.) What *Plinius* (ties) he *compar'd* to that of *Campagna*, *why* *Varley* to the *Apulian*, *what* *Win* to the *Falernian*? (x) *Amimonia* is a *Town* of *Campania*, according to *Pliny*, whence they the *Wine* is call'd *Servinus* will have it call'd, because the *Wine* thereof is *fine* *Mis*, without *lead*, being a white *Wine*. (y) *Tmolus* is a *Mountain* of *Lydia*, famous for good *Wine*, for the *Author* of *Thesaurus*; *Hinc* *ut* *Caeco* *Tmolus* *atque* *Ipso*. *Pomponius* is a *Mountain* in the *Promontory* of *Chios*, so call'd from *King Phoenus*. (S. 17.) but the *Title* of *King* here given to the *Mountain*, is to be apply'd to the Excellency of the *Chios* *Wine*, as *Chief*, and having the *Principality* in *Eleem* above given to her. See this clear'd by *La Cerda*. (p) This *Grape* is call'd either from its whiteness (signifying *White*) or from *Argis*, whence it was first brought, this was chiefly commended for its sweetness, and continuance, of which there were two sorts, the greater and the lesser, the latter much commended by *Columella*. (q) Of this *Wine* already in the *Note* upon the *Lithian* *Wine*. We shall only add, that this *Wine* was used particularly to be serv'd in at *second Tables*, and in *Libation* to the *Gods*, the *Poets* thenceforth; so we understand it of the *Grape* dry'd, (not *Wine*) *Grapes* being usually brought in at *second Courses*, as appears by *Martial* and *Horace*; but *Lucretius* his *Explication*, referring it to the *Wine*, not the dry'd *Grapes*, better pleases *La Cerda*. (r) A *Grecian* *Grape*, so call'd from its *Bigness* and *Form*: *tument rose mammarum infans* *Bambus*. (Plin. l. 14.) (s) *Ionia* is a *Region* of the lesser *Asia*, sometimes a little tract of land along the *Italian Coast*, and therefore perhaps here taken for the *Adriatick*, which is accounted a rough and tempestuous Sea. (Ramm. l. 1.) See *Pliny*, l. 16. (n) *Columella*, l. 4. c. 30. and l. 5. c. 6. See *Pliny* likewise (ut supra) & *Cato* c. 9.

<sup>x</sup> Afh,

L

(v) Our Author gives sufficient Testimony to this, in the second, fourth, sixth, and tenth of his *Æmilia*, so that we need not call in the Authority of *Pliny*, (l. 16.)

(j) Yet the Author of the *Geop.* l. 11. c. 8. and *Pliny*, l. 16. affirm, they usually grow in hilly places, and are best to be planted there. The first gives a reason for it, because so planted they diffuse their Scent the better. The Berries of this Tree, *Pliny* affirms, were, before Pepper was found out, used in stead thereof.

(z) Confir'm'd by the Testimonies of *Varro*, *Ausonius*, and *Sophocles* in *Tyrant*; *Ætymol.* *Deo*, *raivo* & *æson* *æson*, i.e. Baccus dwelling on Hill tops. Yet Vines are sometimes prefer'd to be planted in the Plains, as affording more though the Hills better Wine. See *Columella* l. 3. c. 2. and *Palladius* l. 17. There be likewise who are neither for Hill nor Plain, but an indifferent rising ground between both. So *Celsus* in *Columella* (l. 3.) *Nec Campisire, nec Præcepti, simile tamen idio Campo*; and therefore our Author hereafter makes it a *Quercus*, *Collibus, an planis melius fit potare vitis*.

(a) As thriving best in cold, and as *Theophrastus* says, in shade Hills.

(b) *Arabia* is divided into the Stone, the Desert, and the Happy; the latter here understood (says *Ramus*.)

(c) The *Geloni* were a people of *Scythia*; a (not *Thrace*, as some make the a) the reason of the Epithet *Servius* refers to their Painting and Signifying of their Bodies, as our

Ancient *Vitis* are said to have done. *La Cerdus*, to their Birth and Original, grounding his Conceit upon that passage in *Herodotus*, where he writes (b) *Atreus* had three Children, the first call'd *Agathyrsus*, the second *Gelonus*, the third *Scythia*, begotten of a Maid, of a doubtless Humane and Serpentine, who gave Names to so many several Nations; Whence in regard of their Snake Original, they are said to have had spotted skins like Serpents. This opinion of his he conceives confirm'd by *Virgil's* Authority, by whom the *Agathyrsi*, a distinct Nation of the same Extraction, are in the fourth of his *Æneid*, call'd *Pillique Agathyrsi*, in allusion as he supposes to their Poetic Origin. (d) Throughout Author seems to make this the peculiar Commodity of *India*, yet *Herodotus* l. 3. tells us it is likewise Native of *Æthiopia*, much prefer'd before that of *India*. This Tree was first shown by *Pompey* to *Rome*, in his Mithridatic Triumph.

(e) Of this already in the first Book. (f) A Shrub not much unlike to a Vine, the best growing in *Indea*, to which Place *Pliny* only

confines it; yet *Dioscorides* writes of the Egyptian, and *Pausanias* of the Æthiopic, though *Salmafius* (in his *Plinian Exercitationes*) takes it for a Fable; yet I know not for what Reason, since the first Balsam Root, from which those of *Indea* come, *Theophrastus* affirms to have been sent to *Solomon* by the Sabæans (l. 8. *Anag.*) There is brought of this from *Mexico* in *America*, but neither for Odor or Vertue comparable to that of *Indea*. This Tree was by *Nepos* exhibited to *Rome* in his triumph for his Conquest of *Jugur*. (g) *Acanthus* is both an Herb and a Tree, here taken for the last, by *Servius* describ'd, *An Egyptian Tree, always green, as the Olive and Laurel, so*

*called, because it is full of Prickles*, and seems to be the same with that which *Pliny* resembles to the white-Thorn, save that the Leaves are less, being prickled at the edges, and covered with a Cobweb Down: which being gather'd, they made Garments of, not unlike those of silk. See *Pliny*, l. 24. c. 12. (h) He seems to intimate that soft and light filken Wool, by the Latines call'd *Gossypium*, growing from a shrub to call'd in the upper part of *Egypt* towards *Arabia*. (i) The *Seres*, *Stephanus* makes a People of *India*, others of *Scythia extra Taurum*, of whom thus *Pliny*, *The Seres are famous for Lanificium Groves, who comb from the Leaves of Trees besprinkled with water, a filken down*: This the Latines call'd *Sericum*, and the Garments made thereof *Serica Veller*; heretofore (as *Ancientians* *Marcellianus*

reports) only worn by Nobles, afterwards (as the Roman luxury increas'd) by the Plebeians. See *Scaliger* *Exercit.* 158. sect. 9. Where he affirms this kind of Silk to be made after the same manner in *Calabria*. *Salmafius* (on *Solinus* p. 300.) reckons up from the Authorities of the Ancients three several kinds of this *Sericum*, one collected from the Leaves, another from the Barks of Trees, and a third from the threads of Silkworms. *Lipsum* (in *Comment.* ad 2. *Anat. Tacit.*) and *Dolrus* upon *Senece's Hippolytus*, distinguish'd between *Sericum*, *Byssum*, and *Bombicium*; the first taken from the Leaves of Trees, the second growing out of the ground like Linen or Hemp, and the third the work of silk-worms. So *Bernardus* likewise in *Annot. ad Servii Comment.* and *Bernardus* in *Sylv. Statii*. (k) Of these *Pliny* (from the writings of *Theophrastus*, or *Ononis*, in particular of the Indian Fig-tree, as *Scaliger* conceives) l. 7. c. 27. The reason

of the legendary height of these Trees, he ascribes to the fecundity of the Soil, temperature of the Heavens, and abundance of moisture, *Servius* to the lightness of the Wood, as participating little of earthy or watry matter. *Exercit.* 166. (l) This some understand of the *Malum Cydonium*, or Pomegranate; Others, and in particular *La Cerdus* upon this place, and *Salmafius* upon *Scholar*, of the Orange, or rather Citron: The six Properties here ascrib'd by our Author, that is, lowness or hardness of tall, strength against Poisons, perpetual greenness, resemblance of the Laurel, Excellency of smell, and the helping of rain'd breaths, agreeing exactly with the Citron, as by most Authentick testimonies *La Cerdus* evinces. This Tree in *Virgil's* *Plinius*, and in *Salmus* his time was only growing in *Arabia*, afterwards in other places, by the diligence of *Palladius* being brought to thrive in *Italy*, and from thence transplanted elsewhere. See *Ruell. lib. 1. de Ner.*

*lur. Stirp.* c. 79.

\* Ash, craggie Mountains, shores, sweet Myrtle fills,  
And lastly *Bacchus* loves the Sunny hills:

"The Yew best prospers in the North and cold.

The Conquer'd worlds remotest Swains, behold!

And th'Eastern house of fierce *Arabians* vaunts,

And *pe'd Gelonians*, their native Plants;

The blackest *Ebonie* from *India* comes,

And from *Sabæa* Aromatick Gums.

Of thee distilling *Balm*, what shall I say?

And bright *Acanthus* alwayes cloath'd in *May*?

Of *Trees* in *Ethiopia*, white with Wooll,

Where, from the Leaves, the *Seres* fleeces cull?

Or of those *Groves* in utmost *India* bred,

Near the worlds border: whose aspiring head

No Arrow could by Archer's skill surmount:

And yet good Bowmen we those men account.

*Media* brings wholsome Apples of harsh juice,

'Gainst Step-dames poison nothing more in use:

When

When baneful Herbs they mix with deadly Charms,  
This, vital spirits 't'oppose all venom arms.  
This is a spreading Tree, resembling well  
Laurel, but that it casts another smell;  
Whose Leavs defie all Storms, though arm'd with show'rs,  
Nor strongest Winds shake off her tender flow'rs;  
With this the "Medians help their tainted breath,  
And Cure the Tyfick at the dores of death.  
But Median Groves, and "Ganges wealthy field,  
And golden "Hermus muft to Latium yield:  
Nor "Bactrians, "Indians, nor "Panchaia dare  
With all their Myrrhe and Frankincense compare.  
'Bulls breathing from their noftrils Fire ne'r plow'd  
Our happy Plains, nor fertile furrows fow'd  
With 'Dragons teeth; this Land no Helmets bears,  
Nor horrid fhews with crops of Souldiers fpears;  
But lufhious Fruit, and rich Wine fill the Prefs,  
And Olive Plants, and joyful Herds poffefs.  
Here warlike Steeds trot proudly through the fields;  
This fnowy flocks, and Bulls prime off rings yields;  
Which bath'd, "Clitumnus, in thy fared floods,  
Rome's triumphs draw to Temples of the Gods.  
A Lafting Spring, and Summer all the year;  
Our Flocks twice teem, our Plants twice Apples bear.  
This no fierce Tygers, nor ftern Lions breeds,  
Nor Simplers here deceiv'd with poisonous Weeds.  
Nor fcale Dragon quarters in this foil,  
Wreathing himfelf to a prodigious Pile.  
To thefe fo many famous Cities add,  
With coft and labour their foundations laid.

(m) A Region of *Afia*, having on the North *Hyrcania*, on the Weft *Affria*, on the South *Perfis*, on the East *Parthia*. So called, as fome will, but filly, from *Medus*, the fon of *Atreus*, by *Eger*, but as others more truly *Medus*, the fon of *Epaphus*, fent thither by *Nimrod* to Plant, about 150. years after the Flood, where he laid the Foundations of that ancient and flourifhing Empire, called after by his own Name. See *Josephus Antiqu. Judaeae* l. i.

(n) A River dividing *India* in the midl, taking its Rife from the *Seythian* Mountains in the Northern borders of *India*, where leaft, eight thoufand Paces broad, which as *Seneca* fays in his defcription of *India*, divides it felf into Nine Channels, as *Arto* into feven, as others into three. This River the Egyptians design'd as the Hieroglyphick of Wifdom; as being enrich'd with Gold, Carbuncles, and Emeralds, denoting the Invention, Light, and vivacity of the mind. See *Ptolemy* l. ii. c. 12. the first of the Romans, that fill'd upon this River, was the Emperour *Trajan*; who from the Indian Gulf enter'd the Mouth of *Ganges* with his Fleet. This contrary to all other Rivers runs direclly Eastward. Of which thus *Lucan* in 3. *Pharf.*

— *Ganges, toto qui solus in orbe  
Ossa nascenti contraria salubre Phraeo  
Auder, & adversum fructus impellit in  
Ennem.*

(o) A River of *Lydia* enrich'd by the Streams and golden Sands of *Pactolus*, which falls into it See *Strabo*, and *Horace* l. 3.

(p) A Province of *Seythia*, lying above *Perfis*, where the best Emeralds are found, of which *Therophrastus*, and *Pliny*. The chief City of this Region is *Bactra*, fited under the Mountain *Paropamisus*, whose Bounds the River *Bactrus* wathes, that gives Denomination both to the City and Region. See *Quint. Curtius*.

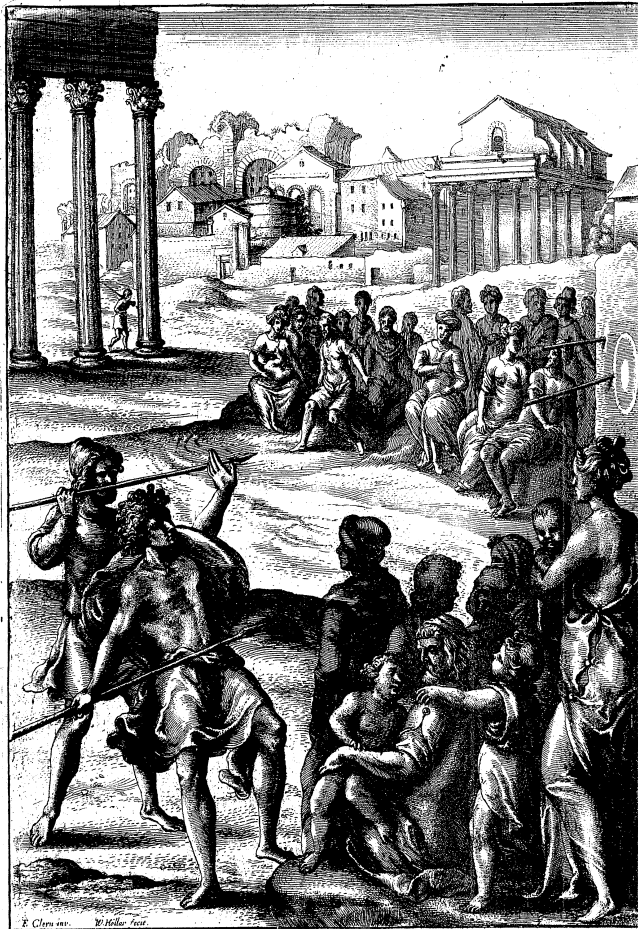
(q) Accounted the richest Tract of the whole Earth.

(r) A Region of *Perfis*, fo called from one King *Panchetis*, as others will, a Part of *Arabia the Happy*.

(s) See the Fable in *Ovid Metamorph.* l. 7.

(t) See the Fable in *Ovid*, ut fupra, which affords this Political Moral; Where Difcord is fown for the Seed, the Harvest muft needs be Destruction. *Pallus* therefore, whofey Cadmus, intending to make himfelf King of Beotia, as the best means to destroy his Enemies, (that is, thofe that were for *Drace*, whose Kingdom, having Rain him, he usurp'd) is for this Serpentine feed of *Difcord*, and diffem, among them, which accordingly had its effect. (u) A River of the *Falfeis*, here called *ficed*, in regard the Temple of *Jupiter* was feat'd near it, who was thence called *Jupiter Clitumnus*; the water of this River is fild to make the Cattel that drink thereof white, which *Doctus Falk* (in 4. *Meteor.*) afcribes to the flegmatick quality of the Water. The Bulls that had drunk of this River, and chang'd their Colour, were usually led in Triumph to be facrific'd, and if one white of it felt could not be found, they colour'd him over with white Lead or Chalk. Hence that of *Juvenal*, Satyr. 10.

— *Duo in Capitolia magnam  
Cretatque Bovem.*



*Insanumque forum, aut  
Interea pendens Dulces  
te Libans lenae vocat:  
Velocis jaculi certamina  
Corporumque agresti*

CAROLO COTTON de Periford

Tabula merito votiva



*neq; ferris iura  
populi tabularia vidit:  
circum, gulo nati,  
pecorisque Magistris  
ponit in ulnis:  
nudant praedura palestra*

in Cam: Stafford Arm

So many Seats cut from the Quarries side,  
 Under whose antient Walls sweet Rivers glide.  
 What shall I say of both those Seas which lave  
 Our Coasts: or of those many Lakes we have?  
 Or speak of thee great \* *Laris*, and thy waves  
 O \* *Benacus*, which like the Ocean raves?  
 Or Ports, or \* *Lucrine* Sluces shall I sing?  
 Whose raging Floods with mighty Murmur ring;  
 Where Julian Streams thunder in troubled Seas,  
 And Tyrrhen waters fill th' *Avernian* Bayes.  
 Here we have \* silver Rivers, brazen Mines,  
 And with much Gold this happy Countrey shines.  
 Here, a bold Race, the valiant \* *Marsians* are,  
 Stout \* *Sabels*, and \* *Ligurii* us'd to war;  
 The long spear'd \* *Volsii*, \* *Decii*, \* *Marii*, hence,  
 And the \* *Camilli* draw their old Descents;  
 This the bold \* *Scipioes*, and thee *Cesar* bore,  
 Who Conqueror now in utmost *Asia's* shore,  
 Driv'st from the Roman Tow'rs th' unwarlike Bands  
 Of *India*. Hail great \* *Saturnian* Lands,  
 Parent of Fruit, and men of Noble parts:  
 To undertake thy antient Fame and Arts,  
 Boldly I'll open now the sacred Spring,  
 And through *Rome's* Seats \* *African* Verses sing.  
 " Now several kinds of Ground we must declare,  
 Their Colour, Strength, and what they willing bear.  
 And first your Harder Soyl, and barren Hills,  
 Where Stone and thin Clay, mix in shrubby Fields,  
 Fresh Groves of living Olives, these rejoyce;  
 And by wild Olives of that Land make choyce,

(x) A Lake near *Cano*, at the Foot of the *Alpe*, now called *Lago de Cano*. See the younger *Pliny*, lib. *Epist.* 2. and *Leander* his Description of *Italy*.

(y) A Lake in the Territory of *Verona*, celebrated by the Muse of *Bentius*, in a Poem comparable (in *Scaliger's* judgement) with many of the *Antients*.

(z) He speaks here of the Julian Port at the *Baie*, made by *Augustus*, with the labor of twenty thousand Manumitted Slaves, and called the Julian Port in honor of *Julius Caesar*, Letting in the Sea into *Lucrinus*, and the Lake *Avernus*; As *Suetonius* tells us in the life of *Augustus*, cap. 16.

(a) Commended by *Pliny* for its plenty of Gold, Silver, Bees, and Iron, Nor less by *Dion. Halicarnass.* for its store of all manner of Metals.

(b) A people of *Italy* descended from *Marsus* the son of *Ulysses* and *Circis*, so *Pliny*; Or from *Marsus* the Piper, overcome by *Asius*, as *Silius Italicus*; Or from *Marsus* the Lydian, as others.

(c) The *Sarmates*, so call'd as being descended from the *Sabines*. *Leander* in *descrip. Ital.*

(d) A people of *Italy*, so call'd from one *Ligeus*, the son of *Phaeton*. The Region they inhabit is on the West bounded with the *Alps* that part *Italy* from *Provence*, on the East with *Tuscan*, on the South with the *Ligurian* Sea, and on the North with the *Apennine*.

(e) A people of *Italy* near *Capua*.

(f) Of these there were two who voluntarily devoted their Lives for the good of their Countrey, the one in the *Latine*, the other in the *Gallick* War.

(g) Of this name there were many, but one more famous than the rest, who was seven times *Consul*.

(h) He intends here that *Camillus* which rescued the Roman Ensigns from the *Gauls*, Of which in the sixth of the *Ennis*.

(i) Meaning the Uncle and the Nephew, the First, the Conqueror, the other, the Subverter of *Carthage*.

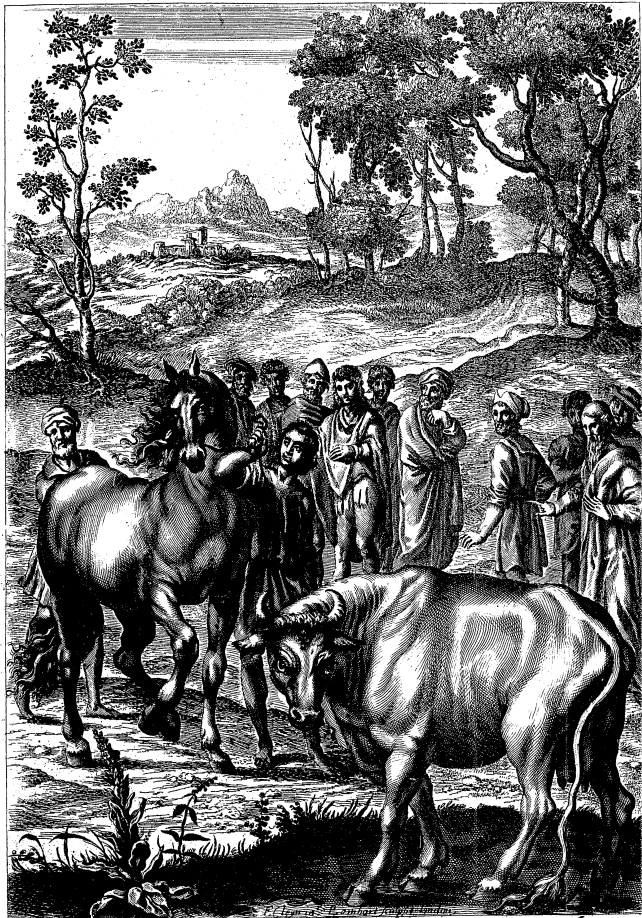
(k) *Pomponius Sabinius* will have *Italy* so call'd, not from *Saturn's* lying hid there as the common Fable hath it, but because all plentiful and fruitful Places were antiently dedicated to *Saturn*, as Hills and Woods to *Pan*, Green Meads and Vallies to Nymphs, Shores and Islands to Sea-Gods; And therefore no marvel if a Land so fruitful as *Italy*, was call'd by that Title, since the *Antients* believ'd *Saturn* the author and Conferer of all plenty and happiness. (l) According to that of *Propertius*, *Tu canis Africi veteris præcipuus Pater*. *Virgil* professing in this Work to be the Imitator and Follower of *Hesiod* the Greek Poet, born at *Africa* a town in *Bœotia*, who first among the Greeks discovered the Arts of Husbandry in Verse, as *Virgil* among the Romans. (m) This begins the fourth part of this book, discovering the Natures, Qualities, Signs and Indications of several grounds, as best agreeing with Olives, Vines, Pasture, and Fruit, in which the Poet is so clear and plain, that there is little need of any further illustration.

And

And where four Berries through the Countrey spread,  
 But a rich Ground with pleasant moisture fed,  
 Where store of Grass and verdant Champaigns be,  
 Such as in wanton Vales we use to see,  
 Where Rivers from the lofty Rocks descend  
 With fruitful Mud, and to the Southward bend,  
 Nourishing Fern, which so much hurts the Plow:  
 Here, for thee (*Bacchus*) strongest Wine shall grow,  
 To swell the Press; this the rich Grape shall bear,  
 Such as in Gold for Off'rings we prepare,  
 When the *Tuscan* on their Cornets play,  
 And we on Altars smoaking Entrails lay.  
 But if thou Herds and Steers delight to keep,  
 Or Goats that burn the Corn, or fleecy Sheep,  
 Seek pleasant Groves, and rich *Tarentum's* Coast,  
 And Plains which woful *Mantua* hath lost,  
 Where silver Swans near flowry Rivers plant;  
 Where crystal Springs, nor Grass, the Cattel want:  
 How much thy Herds eat in the longest Day,  
 So much cold Dews in the short Night repay.  
 Black Grounds, which under heavy Ploughs are rich,  
 A brittle Soyl (for Tillage makes it such)  
 Is best for Corn: upon no Ground appears  
 More Wains returning home with weary Steers.  
 Or where some sturdy Swain a Wood destroy'd,  
 And Groves, which Peace and Plenty long enjoy'd,  
 Birds antient Habitations, fell'd, they flie  
 From ruin'd Nests, for safety to the Skie:  
 But a rough Champaign soon improves with Toyl.  
 For hungry Grounds, and a rough stony Soyl,  
 Scarce Bees with *Cassia* and sweet Dew supply;  
 In whose dark hollow Rocks foul Serpents lye:

(a) Either so call'd in regard pi-  
 pers are commonly put up in their  
 Cheeks with often exercise of their  
 Protection; Or in respect of the Com-  
 plexion and Constitution of that  
 people, as denoted by *carduus*, *zua*  
*parus* *Umbro*, and *elephas* *Hervis*,  
 Or as serving at the Altar, and feeding  
 fully upon the Remains of the Sacrifi-  
 ce, and so thriving and fattening by  
 their good Diet.

(b) Goats very pernicious to Corn,  
 Plants, and Fruits, and therefore in the  
 Leasing of a Farm, it was a special  
 Exception with the Romans, that they  
 should not keep a Kiddy in the  
 Grounds; and the reason is given, be-  
 cause their Teeth are very hurtful to  
 Corn, &c. For, whatever they bite,  
 they burn, which proceeds from their  
 Constitution, as being always in a  
 Fever. For this reason it was, that  
 Goats were not permitted to come  
 within the Cattle of *Athena*, for fear  
 they should crop the Olive-tree,  
 produc'd there by *Athena* as *Delia*,  
*campus* observes upon *Pliny*.



Seu quis Olympiaca mi-  
 Pasce equos, seu quis  
 Corpora præcipue ma-  
 77 Forma bovis, cui turpe  
 Et erum tenuis à men-  
 Honorati? Dom. Do. Baptista  
 Baroni de Hicks, Ridlington.



ratis præmia palma,  
 Fortis ad aratra juvenco-  
 trum legat optima torva  
 caput, cui plurima cervix,  
 to palcaria pendent.

Noel Vicecomiti Campden.  
 Hmington. Tabula merito votiva.

No Land, they say, with better Choice is stor'd  
Of food for Snakes, nor better Nests afford.  
That Earth exhales thin Clouds, and flying Mists,  
And moisture drinks, repaying when it lifts;  
Which alwayes her own verdant livery wears,  
Nor hurts with Coomings and foul Rust the Shares;  
Where Elms with joyful Vines are interwove,  
Where Olives grow; that Soil you may approve  
Both for your Cattel, and the heavie Plough.

For they such Plains near wealthy <sup>1</sup> Capua sowe;  
And those which border nigh <sup>2</sup> Vesuvius heights;  
And <sup>3</sup> Clanus, who, oft poor <sup>4</sup> Acerra frights.

I'll teach thee now Moulds differing to discern,  
That, what's too thick, or looser, thou maist learn;  
Since one, Corn best affects, the other, Vines;  
To Ceres Thick, to Bacchus Thin inclines.  
First with great diligence let a place be found,  
There let a Pit be made deep in the ground;  
This done, cast in the thrown-out mould again,  
And with thy Feet tread the whole surface plain.  
If there want Earth, 'tis loose; that most inclines  
Cattel to feed, and cherish prospering Vines:  
But, to return again, if it deny,  
And Earth above the fill'd-up Pit shall lie,  
That soil is thick: plow with thy sturdy Yoke  
There the hard Glebe, let that tough Soil be broke.  
Land that is Salt, and which we Bitter find,  
Is bad for Fruit, to Tillage not inclin'd:  
All Plants shall here degenerate, and the Vine  
Lofeth the Name; and this shall be the Signe.  
From smoakie Roofs an Osier Basket take,  
And such a Strainer as for Wine they make:

There

There Earth with Streams drawn from a chrystal Spout  
Commix; and all the Water will run out,  
And in great Drops shall through the Strainer flow;  
But soon the Taste will clear Distinction shew,  
And straight thou maist with Bitterness espie  
The Tasters Mouth displeas'd, be drawn awrie.  
And lastly, we thus Rich Soil understand;  
It will not moulder kneading in your hand;  
But to your fingers it will cling like Pitch.  
Moist ground hath Weeds, and that which is too rich.  
Ah! let not mine too fertile prove, nor bear  
Upon a heavy Stalk a ponderous Ear.  
Mould that is sad, that silently by weight  
It self betraies; and so we find what's light.  
Black, and all Colors, straight our eyes discern;  
But curst cold is wondrous hard to learn:  
Yet sometimes pitchy Firr, and fatal Yew,  
Or winding Ivie will sad tokens shew.  
This known, with care thy Earth plow long before,  
And raise the Ridges of thy Furrows more;  
And let thy turn'd-up Glebe stern Boreas face,  
Before thou set the Vines rejoycing Race.  
Brittle is best, which Wind and Frost indure:  
And rustick Swains with turning oft Manure.  
But those men who no care or labour fie,  
Chuse places, fit both for a Nursery,  
And where they may transplanted after grow,  
Lest they their Mother, sudden chang'd, not know.  
Allo Heav'n's Quarters on the Bark they score,  
That they may coast it as it was before,  
Which Southern Heat sustain'd, which view'd the Pole:  
Such strength hath Custome in each tender Soul.

First

(9) The chief City of Campania, so call'd from Cappi its Founder.

(10) A Mountain of Campania, by the Italians call'd Monte di Somma.

(11) A River in Italy between Nola and Capua.

(12) A City of Campania, near which the River Clanus passeth.

First know, if Hills or Dales best please the Grape,  
 Would't thou the plenty of rich Vine-yards reap,  
 Sow the Vale thick, then will thy Prefs abound:  
 But if it Hilly be, and rising Ground,  
 Set thin thy Ranks, nor less in every Tract  
 Range ordered Vines, the Walks drawn out exact.  
 As when a mighty Battel's to be fought,  
 Up to the Front the order'd Files are brought,  
 Troops hide the Fields, and ready for Alarms,  
 All the vast Champaign shines with glitt'ring Arms,  
 Before in horrid Fight the Battel joyns,  
 And doubtful *Mars* to neither part inclines:

'So let thy Ranks in equal number grow;  
 Not that vain Fancy should be sed with show;  
 But else th' Earth grants not equal nourishment,  
 Nor can their Branches have their full extent.

Perhaps, how deep to furrow, thou would't know.

In shallow Trenches I my Vines dare sow:  
 But the huge *Æsculus*, that mighty Tree,  
 Must in Earth's Bosome deeply fixed be:  
 How much to Heaven her spreading Branches shoot,  
 So much tow'rd Hell extends her fixed Root:  
 Therefore, not her, show'rs with huge Tempests mix'd,  
 Nor cruel Winter, harms, but remains fix'd;  
 And many Years and Ages she indures  
 Of short-liv'd Man, whom her own strength secures.  
 Tall Branches guard her, and huge Boughs displaid,  
 Protect her round with her own mighty shade.  
 Nor make thy Vin-yard where the Sun declines;  
 Nor plant rough Hazels 'mongst the tender Vines;  
 Nor pull the lofty Branches, nor impair  
 The sprouting Boughs, for great must be thy care:

Nor

Nor let wild Olives in thy Vineyard breed,  
 Nor blunted Pruners harm the hopeful Seed.  
 'Mongst careless Swains oft happens Fire, which first  
 Under the sappy Rind is closely nurst,  
 Then by degrees to the high Branches flies,  
 And spreading sends loud Frigor to the skies;  
 A Victor strait from bough to bough aspires,  
 And the Crown seiz'd, involveth all with Fires;  
 To Heav'n black Clouds and pitchy Mists are sent,  
 And dismal Vapours scale the Firmament:  
 But more, if from the North a Tempest rise,  
 And winged Flame Winds carry to the Skies.  
 When this falls out, their Stock decays, nor more  
 Sprouts freshly up, nor flourish as before;  
 Nor from the Earth like nourishment receives;  
 But there wild Olives grow with bitter leaves.

Let none, however skilful, thee advise,  
 To turn hard Grounds, when Northern Winds arise.  
 Winter binds Earth with Frost, nor grants the Seed  
 To take firm root, nor tender Plants to feed.  
 Then set thy Vines when the \* White Bird appears  
 In blushing Spring, which the long Serpent fears:  
 Or in first *Autumn's* cold, before the Sun  
 Hath cool'd his Steeds in Winter, Summer done.  
 Spring clothes the Woods with Leaves, & Groves attires;  
 Earth swells with Spring, and genital Seed requires,  
 In fruitful Show'rs th' Almighty from above  
 Descends i'th' lap of his delighted Love;  
 And great, he with the mighty body joyn'd,  
 Both Propagates, and Fosters every Kind.  
 Harmonious Birds then sing in every Grove,  
 And Cattel taste the sweet delights of Love.

M

Earth

(\*) These were dispos'd in that order which by the Latines was called *Quincuncie*, not the simple one, as *La Cerda* well observes, but the double, in shape like an X or two V's joyn'd together: The distance observ'd was most commonly ten Foot. This Order our Author prescribes, not so much for show as profit; Of which, besides *Pliny* and *Columella*, thus *Quintilian* (18.2.3.) Is there no Order or Decorum to be kept in the planting of Fruit-Trees? Who will deny it? For I reduce my Trees to a certain Order and Distance. What can be more specious than the Quincuncie? Which, on what part soever you look, is fair. And this is done to a profitable end, that the Plants may draw equally the juice of the Earth.

(\*) Meaning the Stork, which, as *Isidore* writes, is the Nuncio of the Spring, Friend to Society, Enemy to Serpents: And therefore had in so much esteem with the *Thessalians*, that it was Capital to kill one.

Earth blest, now teems; soft winds dissolve the Meads;  
With cheering warmth, through all sweet moisture  
To the new Sun the tender Herbage dare (Spreads,  
Open their Leaves, nor Vines rough *Auster* fear,  
Nor thund'ring *Boreas* uſh'ring dreadful ſhow'rs;  
But all things bud with Bloſſom, Leaf, and Flow'rs.

\* Sure I believe, when firſt the World was made,  
So ſhone the day, and ſuch bright conduct had.  
That was the Spring; the Spring made all things fair,  
And bluſtring *Eurus* did cold Tempeſts ſpare.  
Then Cattel breed; in unplow'd Fields began  
Firſt to appear that Iron-Race of Man:  
Wild Beaſts poſſeſs the Woods, and Heaven the Stars,  
Nor tender Creatures could endure ſuch cares,  
If not thoſe breathings were twixt Heat and Cold,  
And Heav'n's indulgence did the Earth uphold.

Whatever Plant thou in the Earth doſt ſet,  
Firſt dung it well, and deeply cover it.  
Let Shells and Lime-ſtones guard it with a Pale:  
That Streams may glide betwixt, and may exhale  
A gentle Vapour, that may cheer the Plant.  
Some, Stones and Potſheards uſe to lay upon't:  
Which a defence gainſt riſing Tempeſts yield,  
And when hot *Sirius* chops the parched field.

Thy Plants being ſet, next often draw the Mould  
About the Roots, to break the Clods be bold,  
And with a thwarting Plough turn croſs thy Ground,  
And let thy labouring Steers thy Vines ſurround.  
Then take ſmooth Reeds, and Wands, & Sticks prepare,  
With Aſhen Poles, and Stakes that forked are,  
Supported thus, the Winds they will contemn,  
And boldly climb the high Elms tall'eſt Stem.

(\*) It is much controverted at what time the World was created; *Americo* and ſome others will have it to be in the Summer *Solſtice*, (and therefore I wonder why *La Cerda* ſhould ſo confidently affirm upon this place, That it is not queſtion'd by any, whether it were created in Winter or Summer) and that in the beginning of time the Sun entering *Leo*, gave be- ginning to the Year: Which Opinion ſeems to be deriv'd from the Egyptian Priests, who obſerving the River *Ni- lus* to overflow about the Summer *Solſtice*, ador'd it for a God, eſteeming the time of its Inundation an inſalſible beginning of Divine Actions in created things. Another Opinion is, That the World was created in *Autumn*, and that the Sun (who is the Index of Time) began his Courſe in *Libra*, about the fix and twentieth of *October*, according to our *Julian* account: Which Opinion is grounded (by later Divines) upon two Texts in *Exodus*, where the Iſraelites are commanded to obſerve *Feflum Collectionis in exitu Anni, quum collegerint labores ſuos ex Agro*, Hoc eſt *Feflum Tabernaculorum miſe ſcriptum*. From whence we infer, That the Year both ended and begun again about the Feſt of Tabernacles. The later and better Opinion is of thoſe who reckon from the Spring, and hath not only the conſent of the Jews, but almoſt of all other Nations; Conſent'd by that of the Panegyriſt to *Maximinian*, in theſe words, *Divinus ille veſtra Maſſiſt. Orius, iſto quo illucit, Auſpicio, veris illuſtrior, Auguſtior fulgens Lunam claritate quam cum Origine Munda Naſcitur animavit.*

But whil'ſt in tender Infancy they are,  
Sprouting new leaves, the gentle Off-ſpring ſpare;  
Nor when the verdant Branches do ariſe,  
And with looſe Reigns are poſting to the Skies,  
Uſe not thy ſharper Knife, but gently pull  
Th' ambitious Boughs, and haughty Branches cull:  
But when grown ſtrong, th'imbrace the Elms high top,  
Then ſhawe their Locks, and dangling Treſſes crop;  
Before they fear'd the Knife; more rigorous now  
Uſe thy Commands upon the ſtubborn Bough:  
And from all Cattel ſtrongly them immure,  
Whil'ſt the ſoft boughs diſturbance not endure;  
T' whom Cows, & Goats, & Sheep, more harm have done,  
Than freezing Winter, and the ſcorching Sun:  
Cold not ſo much, nor white congealing Froſts;  
Nor vexing Beams which beat on ſandy Coaſts,  
As Cattel harm, when with a venom'd Tooth  
They wound the Branches in their tender youth.

Onely for this crime ' we on Altars pay  
*Bacchus* a Goat, and Act \* the antient play.  
Then from great Villages \* *Athenians* haſte,  
And where the High-ways meet the Prize is plac'd.  
They to ſoft Meads, height' ned with Wine advance,  
And joyfully 'mongſt ' Oyled Bottles dance.  
Th' *Auſonian* Race, and thoſe from *Troy* did ſpring,  
Diſſolv'd with Laughter, Ruſtick Verſes ſing:  
In Viſards of rough Bark conceal their Face,  
And with glad Numbers, thee great *Bacchus* grace:  
Hanging ' ſoft Pictures on thy lofty Pine.  
Then Vin'yards ſwell, pregnant with cheering Wine,  
The ſhady Groves and the deep Vales o'reflow,  
Where e're the God ſhews his illuſtrious Brow.

(\*) Theſe by the Latines are call'd *Ocella*, which ſome take to be Vizards, as is before noted; *Macrobius* will have them to be Images of humane ſhape, and refers the Origin of this Inſtitution to *Hercules*. See likewiſe *Servius* upon this place. *Turnebus, Germanus* and *La Cerda*, underſtand not only the firſt, but a kind of Geſtulation or motion by hanging on the Boughs of Trees, and being therewith toſſed up and down; repreſenting the uncertain condition of Humane life, repeated for fix days together in the Latine Feſtivals. The Original *Hyginius* delivers thus: *Erigone oppreſſa with exceſſive ſorrow for the death of her father Icarus (lain by the Atic Clowd) hang'd her ſelf, whereupon the Athenian Virgins were puniſh'd with the ſame Fate, as the prayer of dying Erigone. Already being ſingle. The Oracle ſignifies, If they would be freed from that unhappy Frenzy and Fate, they muſt make ſatisfaction to Erigone. Whereupon they Ordered (to the end the ſatisfaction might have ſome affinity with the manner of her death) that they ſhould ſit upon ſome Board or Plank, hang'd by Ropes on the Boughs of ſome Tree, and ſwing up and down in the Air. Thoſe that did ſo were call'd *Atelides*, in memory of Erigone, whom they call'd *Atis*, i. e. wandering and ſolitary for the loſs of her Father.*

(\*) The Goat was ſacrific'd to *Bacchus*, becauſe his biting is an Enemy to the Vine. See *Servius* upon this place. *Varro l. 1. de re Ruſtica*, *Alexander ab Alexandro l. 1. gen. dier.* and his Commentator *Trappell*.

(\*) Meaning the Tragedy, which was ſo call'd from the Goat; either becauſe that was offer'd in Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, whoſe praifes only that Poem antiently contain'd; or becauſe the Goat was the Prize of the Tragedians and Actors, according to that of *Horace*,  
*Carmine qui Tragicos oleum certavit ab Hercule.*

(\*) Hitherto is applicable that of *Thucydides l. 2. The Athenians* (ſays he) under *Cecrops*, and their firſt King, until *Theseus* his time, liv'd diſperſ'd in Villages, every one having their own Council and *Magiſtrates*, ſeldom (unleſs compell'd by fear) coming to conſult with their Kings. But when *Theseus* came to Reign, ſpying *Panorſus Policy*, he diſſolv'd their private Courts and *Magiſtrates*, and reduc'd them within the Government of one City. In memorial of which Commemoration, the Athenians kept a Publick Feſtival yearly to *Miverva*. Hence likewiſe as *Livy* ſays (in *Parerg.*) obſerves, the Athenians uſe to celebrate the ſolemnities of *Bacchus* in the Fields.

(\*) Theſe Bories were made of the ſkin of a Goat ſew'd up cloſe, fill'd with Wine, and moiſtened with Oyl to make them ſlippy, over which they hopped with one Leg, making themſelves laughter at the Falls they often took. They us'd likewiſe to beſneer their Faces with the Faces or Dreggs of Wine and Malt; Hence *Ariſtophanes* in *Nub.* calls them *Synagagares Facies* *Damonis*, becauſe (as the Scholiſt ſays) they uſed to dawb their faces with Dreggs of Wine. The Romans in theſe Ceremonies, us'd Viſards of rough Bark, as is mentioned in the following Verſe, of which *Horace* makes *Æſchylus* the firſt inventor: that ſo they might not be known when they recited their Poems in the High ways, or in the green Meadows, which they commonly did about the beginning of the Spring.

To *Bacchus* then let us due praises sing  
In antient Verse; Wafers and Javelins bring,  
A sacred Goat to th'Altars draw by th'Horn;

On Hazel Spits then the fat Entrails turn.

But other toyls in dressing Vines are found,  
And ne'r enough: three or four times thy Ground  
Turn yearly, and, with Forks revers'd, the Clods  
Constantly break; and cleanse from Leaves the Woods.  
Labour returns in Circle to the Swain,  
And years revolve in their own Steps again.

But when thy Vin'yard her last leaves removes,  
And cold North-Winds dispoil the glorious Groves;  
Then the industrious Husbandman takes care  
To extend his Labour to th'insuing year;  
To lop the Vine, which hitherto escapes,  
And with old *Saturn's* Hook he pruning shapes.

First dig thy Ground, and Shreds and Refuse burn,  
And under Roofs the Poles and Stakes return.  
Gather your Vintage last; Vines twice have Shade,  
And twice the Corn thick Briers and Weeds invade.  
Both Toyls are painful: A large Farm commend;  
A little, Till. Thorns that to Woods extend,  
And Reeds which Clog the Banks, to cut prepare:  
And on wild Sallow take especial care.  
The Vines are bound, Pruners no more they want,  
And round the empty Walls the Gard'ners chant.  
Yet still must Labour be, and toyl in dust,  
And Grapes being ripe a Tempest they mistrust.

On th' other side Olives you may neglect,  
They need no care, nor crooked Sythes expect,  
Nor the tenacious Rake: once set, they rise  
Shooting luxurious Branches to the Skies.

Thofe

(d) Here *La Cerda* notes the curious diligence of *Virgil*, who, not only makes the Goat be sacrific'd to *Bacchus*, as his Enemy, but roasted likewise on Hazel Spits, in regard that Tree is hurtful to Vines. And therefore he before advis'd, *Plant not rough Hazels amongst tender Vines*.

(e) The description of this Hook *Colomada* gives, in his fifth Book c. 25. The Hook is attributed to *Saturn*, in regard he is call'd *Kypēlos* or Time, which, as with a Hook, Mowes and cuts down all things.

Thofe grounds supply, turn'd with the crooked Plow,  
Moisture enough, and large increase allow.  
Th' Emblem of Peace, thus the rich Olive grows.  
So Apples when they feel extending boughs,  
And growing strength, sudden the Stars invade  
By their own vertue, scorning Humane aid.  
Nor less with Fruit are laden every Bush,  
And wilder Forrests with red Berries blush.  
There shrubs are cut, and Firr in tall woods breed,  
Nocturnal Fires and Torches thence proceed.  
And shall men doubt to plant and careful be?  
Why urge I these? Broom, and the Sallow tree,  
Or feed the sheep, or else the Shepherd shade,  
Yield Honey, or for Corn are Hedges made.

What pleasure is't to view *Cyturus*, rich  
With waving Box, and Groves of *Marick* pitch:  
How am I pleas'd to see those Fields that are  
Glorious undrest, nor us'd to humane care!  
Thofe barren trees high *Caucasus* do crown,  
Which Storms oft tear, and often tumble down,  
Are of great use: There Pines for Masts are fell'd,  
And Cypres and tall Cedars, Tow'rs to build.  
Here coverings for their Carrs, and spoaks for Wheels,  
Husbandmen get, and Ships find crooked Keels.  
Sallows have Boughs, the tall Elms Leavie are.  
Myrtle for Spears, and Cornel fit for War,  
And Yews are bent into *Ithyrian* Bows:  
Smooth Tile and Box the skilful Turner knows  
How to compleat, and with his Tools to Trim;  
And down the *Poe* in rough streams Alders swim.  
In rugged Bark the Bees conceal their Stocks,  
And hoard in hollow wombs of antient Okes.

Can

(f) A Mountain of *Paphlagonia*, (not *Macedon* as *Servius* makes it) see *Pliny*, and *Enfiacium* upon *Homer* II. 2. where he saith, *Cyturus* is a City (as well as Mountain) of *Paphlagonia* the *Maris-Torus* of the *Synopet*, where the most and best Box grows: and therefore it was proverbially us'd among the Antients to say, *αὐτὴν δὲ πύργον ὕψους, οὐκ ἔστιν ὅτι τοῦτο, οὐκ ἔστιν ὅτι τοῦτο, οὐκ ἔστιν ὅτι τοῦτο*, you send Box to *Cyturus*, as among us, to send Cakes to *Newcastle*.

(g) A Mountain of *Scythia*, beginning from the Mountain *Corax*, and with one Ridge purring *Colchus* from *Iberia*, with the other, *Iberia* from *Albania*, and so continuing to the *Circassian* Mountains. *Pistom*.

(h) The Myrtle is commended for its strength and firmness, no less the Cornel, and therefore fit for warlike uses; I may add likewise for its lightness (requisite in Missile Weapons) which I collect from *Sonca* in *Hippolytus*. — *Non erat gracili Levius Armata ferro Cornus*.

Can *Bacchus* Blessings like to these dispence?  
'Twas *Bacchus* first proud Quarrels did commence;

He in cold Death did those hot 'Centaurs tame,  
*Hyleus, Rhetus, Pholus*, overcame,  
As threatening 'Lapiths he a Goblet threw.

Oh happy Swains, if their own good they knew!  
To whom just Earth remote from cruel Wars,  
From her full Breasts, soft nourishment prepares:  
Although from high Roofs through proud Arches come  
No Floods of Clients early from each Room;  
Nor Marble Pillars seek, which bright shells grace,  
Gold woven Vestments, nor 'Corinthian Brags;  
Nor white Wooll stain'd in the 'Assyrian juice,  
Nor simple Oyl corrupt with Casia's use:  
But rest secure, a fraudless life in Peace,  
Variouly rich, in their large Farms at Ease.  
*Tempe's* cool Shades, dark Caves, and purling Streams,  
Lowings of Cattel, under Trees soft Dreams;  
Nor lack they Woods & Dens where wild beasts haunt,  
Youth, in Toil, patient, and inur'd to want;

Their Gods and Parents Sacred; Justice took  
Through those her last steps when the Earth forsook.  
Let the sweet Muses most of me approve,  
Whose Priest I am, struck with Almighty love.  
They shall to me Heav'n's Starry Tracts make known,  
And strange Eclipses of the Sun and Moon;  
'Whence Earthquakes are,' why the swollen Ocean beats  
Over his Banks, and then again retreats:  
Why winter Suns haft so to touch the Main,  
And what delays the tardy Night restrain.  
But if these Gifts of Nature I not find,  
And a cold Blood beleaguers my dull mind,  
Then I'll delight in Vales, near pleasant Floods,  
And unrenown'd, haunt Rivers, Hills and Woods;

Thy

(1) A people of *Thessaly*, who first taught to ride the Horse, of which were *Rheus, Hylus*, and *Pholus*: The last was slain at *Heracles*, and (with the rest) was slain at *Pindarus* his Nuptials. See *Ovid* l. 12. *Metam.*

(2) The *Lapithes* were one people with the *Centaurs*, inhabiting one Country, no otherwise distinguish'd than the Romans and the Latines.

(3) The City of *Corinth* being taken and burnt by the Romans in the 136 Olympiad, and 607 years after the building of *Rome*, divers Brazen Statues were melted, with other Vessels of Gold and silver, and in that general configuration mixed together, from whence arose that celebrated Vein of Brass, so much esteem'd of by the Romans, that they valued it before silver, and almost before Gold. *Pliny* l. 34. c. 1.

(4) Purple, whose Invention is owing the Assyrians and Phoenicians.

(5) The Antients differ much in their Opinions concerning the Cause thereof. *Anaxagoras* will have it be Air; *Empedocles*, Fire; *Thales* and *Democritus*, Water; *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*, Subterranean Wind or Vapours; others (as *Pollucius*, *Athenaeus*, *Cassiodorus*, *Hippocritus* and *Seneca*) conceiv'd it a vain inquiry to search after its Cause; And therefore the ancient Romans when they perceiv'd it, commended presently to sacrifice, but declar'd not to what God, because they knew not to what Power to ascribe it.

(6) Whether caus'd by the motion of the Sun, or certain Exhalations under water, causing it to be driven to and fro, according to contrary Bounds and Limits. Or by the repairing of the Earth, whom the Platonicks, and amongst them *Kypsel* held to be a living Creature, drawing in and breathing forth the waters again, Or by the Circular motion of the Earth: Or by an Angel sometimes heaving the Earth above the Waters, sometimes depressing it beneath them, by which means the Sea rises and falls, as some have mildly connect'd; Or by the Effects and divers appearances of the Moon, as most imagine, let the Reader determine.

Thy Banks sweet 'Sperchius, and 'Taygeta, where  
The Grecian Virgins stately Feasts prepare.  
How shall I be to 'Hemus Vale convey'd,  
And crown my Temples with a mighty shade?  
Happy is he that hidden causes knowes,  
And bold all shapes of danger dares oppose,  
Trampling beneath his Feet the cruel Fates,  
Whom Death, nor swall'wing *Acheron* amates:  
And he is blest who knows our Country Gods,  
*Pan*, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs abroad:  
He fears not Scepters, nor aspiring States,  
Nor treach'rous Brethren stirring up Debates;  
Nor 'Dacians Covenant, at *Ister's* streams;  
Nor *Rome's* affairs, and nigh-destroyed Realms;  
Or Poor men pities, or the Rich envies.  
What nourishment the bounteous field supplies,  
What Trees allow, he takes: nor ever saw  
Mad Parliament, 'Acts of Commons, nor Sword-Law.

Some vex the Sea, and this to War resorts;  
Attend on Kings, and wait in Princes Courts.  
This, would his Country and his Gods betray,  
To drink in jems, and on proud Scarlet lye.  
This hides his Wealth, and broods on hidden Gold;  
This loves to Plead, and that to be Extol'd  
Through all the Seats of Commons, and the Sires,  
To bathe in's Brothers Blood this man desires.  
Some Banish'd, must their Native Seats exchange,  
And Countries, under other Climates, Range.  
The Husbandman turns up his fruitful Plains;  
Whence he, his Children, and poor House sustains,  
His Herds, and lab'ring Steers: no rest is found;  
Either his Trees with blushing Fruit abound,  
His Folds with Lambs, or else his Stacks with Corn:  
Or Plenty loads his Field, or cracks his Barn.

(7) A River of *Thessaly*, arising out of *Pedion*.

(8) A Mountain of *Laconia*, celebrated for store of Hunting-Game: but more for the exercises of the Spartan Virgins, which our Author here alludes to, or to the Orgies of *Bacchus*, performed by them. See *La Cerdas* upon this place.

(9) A Mountain of *Thrace*, of that eminent height, that from the top thereof one may discern the *Pontick* and *Adriatick* Seas, *Ister*, and the *Alps*. So writes *Lucy*, *Polyb*, and *Strabo*, yet they doubt the truth of it.

(10) Thus *Junius Philargius* upon this place. *Auspidius Modestinus* affirms that he had read of this Custom among the *Dacians*, that when they went to war, ere they attempted any thing, taking a Draught of the water of *Illyr*, in manner of sacred Wine, they swore not to return until they had slain their Enemies. *Hicetio* alludes that of *Statius* in l. 51.

*Et conjurato dejector vertice Dacus.*  
Upon which see *Gevarius*.

(11) *Tabularium* was the place where the Publick Acts and Instruments of the People were kept, and may here figuratively be taken for the Acts themselves.

(u) Olives of *Sicyone* a City of  
*Tuscania* where there were store.

In Winter he " *Sicyonian* Olives Mills,  
And the fat Swine with Mast and Akorns fills.  
All sort of Fruit in plent'ous Autumn falls,  
And milder Vines grow ripe on sunnie Walls.  
Whil'st 'bout his neck his pretty Children cling,  
His house kept modest: home his Heifers bring  
Extended Teats: in Meads his fat Kidds rest,  
And with their Horns in wanton Sport contest.  
He keeps the Festivals on Grass laid down,  
And Friends about the Fire the Goblets crown,  
*Bacchus* implor'd; then for his Hinds sticks fast  
A Prize, at which, they nimble javelins cast;  
Stripping their hard'ned Limbs for Rustick strife,

Of old, this was the antient *Sabine* life,  
*Remus*, and *Romulus*, and *Tuscans* fierce,  
And *Rome*, great Mistress of the Universe,  
Who seven proud Hills then did with Walls surround.

(x) *Cretan*, from *Diète* a Mountain  
of *Creet*, where he was brought up.

Before. " *Diètean* *Jupiter* was crown'd,  
Ere impious Man on slaughter'd Cattel fed,  
This was the life that golden *Saturn* led;  
Or sounding Trumpets heard, or any made  
To ring on Anvils the imposed Blade.

But we have past now through a spacious Plain,  
And 'tis high time our smoaking Steeds t'Unreign.

---

VIRGIL'S

---



Intereunt pecudes, stant  
Corpora magna boum, con-  
Et frustra oppositum tru-  
Cemipus obtruncat ferro,  
Cædunt, et magno latii



circumsa pruina  
fertque agmine cervi,  
dentes pectore montem,  
graviterque rudentes  
cla more reportant.

Domino Georgio, Sodes Equit

Ordinis Balnei. Tabula merito votiva.



# VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

How to choose Cattel, and best ways to Breed,  
To train a Horse, for Labour, War, or Speed.  
The power of Love: whose fire consumes the Males,  
Makes Bulls to fight, and Mares court Western gales.  
Of Sheep and Goats: of Milk what profit's made:  
Of Hair and Wooll, which drive a mighty trade.  
Of Dogs for Hunting, or a watchful Guard.  
Serpents and Flies from Beasts must be debar'd.  
With what Diseases Cattel are annoy'd:  
How Rots and Murrains have whole Realms destroy'd.



O thee great 'Pales, and 'th' Amphry-  
sian Swain,  
Groves, and Lycean Floods we turn our  
strain.

All is divulg'd, our idle Fancies fed.

'Where's he of stern 'Euristheus hath not read?

*Lucius, in Dialog. de Sacrific. Servius in 7. Æneid, relates it thus: Jupiter incens'd against Apollo for killing the Cyclops that forg'd the Thunderbolt wherewith Jupiter slew his son Esculapius (for refusing against his will Hippolytus to life) condemn'd him (his Divinity laid aside) to keep Admetus his Cattel. The reason of which Fable, according to Macrobius, is this, That the Sun, as it were, feeds and nourishes whatever the Earth produces: Cooks no man's goods, feed mankind's pecorum Pastor canitur. (c) Virgilius conceives in the mention of these several Fables following, that Virgil alludes to some principal Authors or Poets; as by Euristheus to Homer, who largely relates the Fable; by Ægeus to Æschylus, whose Work is entitled is cited by Athenæus, lib. 9. by Hylas to Theocritus, by Delas to Callimachus, by Hippodamus and Pelops to Pindar. (d) A King of Crete who persecuted his Posterity, who were fled to Troas, and thence to Athens, he sends Embassadors to the Athenians to have them delivered into his Power; but they contrarily furnish them with an Army, under the Conduct of Idæus and Philas, by whom in a pitch'd Battle he was slain, and crush'd under the Wheels of their Chariots.*

N

And



Thy flocks, whilst they are young, to *Venus* bring,  
That from the old, new progenies may spring.  
The best days first from mortal wretches fly,  
Disease, sad Age, Labour and Death supply.  
But always there are some, which rather you  
Would wish to change, than still your breed renew:  
Left thou for lost things seek, begin before,  
And let a yearly race supply thy store.

Nor chusing Horse, from the like precepts swerve,  
Those thou intend'st must their great Stock preserve,  
They at the first thy special care require,  
For the fair issue of the gen'rous Sire  
Walks / proudly round about the spacious field,  
Whilst his soft thighs in supple flexures yield:  
First, dares the way, and threatening Rivers, take,  
And o're an unknown Bridge at full speed make,  
Nor fears vain sounds: One hath a lofty Neck,  
A handsom Head, short Belly, and broad Back,  
Luxuriant swellings on his valiant breast:  
White, Sorril, worst; Bay, or bright Gray is best.  
But when from far a sound of arms he hears,

He knows no Stand, he shakes, and pricks his ears;  
And fierce to charge, fire from his nostrils flies,  
And his thick main on his right shoulder lies:  
His Back-bone broad, he beats the earth, and proof  
(With thundering strokes) makes of his solid Hoof.  
Such was swift 'Cyllarus, whom bold 'Pollux tam'd;  
Such 'Mars and great 'Achilles Steed, so fam'd  
'Mongst Grecian Poets, cunning 'Saturn such  
A flowing main shook at his wives approach;  
When from high 'Pelion he transform'd did fly,  
And with loud neighings shook the arched Sky.

When this with Years, or with Disease grows weak,  
Bring home, and of his age compassion take:

Grown

(/) To omit here the several Marks, laid down by our Author in the following Verses, of a generous and well-bred Horse (upon which *La Cérda* hath so copiously dilated) we shall only insert an observation which Seneca long since made upon this piece: *Whilſt our Virgil (ſays he) does one thing, he intends another, for in this deſcription he hath painted out a Valiant Man: Certainly, were I to draw the Picture of a gallant Perſon, I could not do it in better Colours. If I were to repreſent Cato undaunted amidſt the ſight of Civil Wars, Marching in the front over the Alps, to meet and oppoſe the fury of Intefine Arms, I ſhould give him no other a Look, no other Spirit, or Carriage. Seneca Epist. 11.*

(2) Cyllarus was the Horse of *Cassius*, and of *Pollux* likewise, who interchangeably made use of him; this is evinc'd, contrary to the opinion of *Servius*, by *Turpinus* from these Verses of *Statius*, *In Equum Domitiani*;

— *Pecor afficiunt Ledaus ab ade pro-*  
*pingua*  
*Cyllarus: hic Domini nunquam muta-*  
*bit laboras.*  
*Perpetuus fanis, atque uni ſerviciuſt.*

(3) *Servius* makes the Horses of *Mars*, to be *Fear* and *Terror*; but they, as *Gomarus* well observes, were rather the Companions than Horses of *Mars*. *Achilles* his Horses are by *Servius* call'd *Balius* and *Xanthus*; *Homer* gives him three Horses, and another Poet four (in this Verse)

*Hectorum cum quadrijugo rapiarier.*

(4) *Saturn* compressing *Philyra*, frighted at the coming of his Wife, turn'd himself into the shape of a Hoſe, that he might not be known, and fled neighing to *Pelion*. See *Arnob. l. 4. contra gentes.*



*Sape in honore Deum  
Lancea dum nivea cir-  
Inter cunctantes cecidit*

Philippo Egerton Armigero



*medio fians hastia ad aram  
cundatur insula vitta,  
moribunda munus troas,*

Tabula merito votiva.

Grown old, they *Venus* coldly entertain,  
 And the ingrateful work prolong in vain:  
 And if to joyn Loves Battel they engage,  
 Like Fire in Straw, they fondly spend their rage.  
 Therefore their Years and Courage quickly learn,  
 Then all their other Qualities discern;  
 The goodness of their Breed; how, worsted, they  
 Will mourn; how glory, if they win the day.  
 Hast thou not seen, how Chariots from the Bar  
 In sportful contestation hurried are?  
 How Hopes and Fears commix'd, perform their parts,  
 Storming with Heat and Cold the Gamesters hearts?  
 Loud strokes resound, they check, now loose the Reigns,  
 Whil't the fir'd Ax flies thundring o're the Plains;  
 Now in a Vale they hide, now up they rise,  
 And, easie Air dividing, scale the Skies;  
 Straight in a Cloud of duskie sand they come,  
 Moist with their followers breath, and white with foam,  
 No stop, no stay; so greedy they're of Fame,  
 So hot to come off Conqu'rours in the Game.

First ~ *Eriolhonius* Chariot-horses joyn'd,  
 And on sweet Wheels triumphing dar'd the Wind.  
 \* *Lapithes* first the art of Riding found,  
 And Horsemen taught t'insult o're trampled ground,  
 Arm'd *cap-a-pe*, and thick proud steps to use;  
 Both tasks alike; and skilful Riders, chuse  
 One young, as well as swift, and fierce for fight,  
 Though he hath often put the Foe to flight;  
 And *Epire*, or *Mycene* his Countrey call,  
 Or boast from *Neptune* his original.

This being known, take thou especial care  
 To feed them high, when they must serve the Mare.  
 Whom for the Stud they Husband have decreed,  
 They give him Grass, clear Streams, and strongest Bread;

L est

(?) Of this Passion in *Horses*,  
*Ibid.* l. 12. *Erym. Lat. ant.* l. 3. c. 8. and  
*Plutarch. Superst.* 8. memorable.

(c) *Eriolhonius* is feigned to have  
 had no Mother; for *Fulcan*, as they  
 fable, intending to ravish *Minerva*,  
 defiled the ground from whence he  
 had his beginning, expressed in his  
 Name, which signifies Earth and Con-  
 tention. He, as *Pausanias* writes, was  
 the first that joyn'd Horses, and in-  
 vented Chariots, to conceal the De-  
 formity of his Feet. Which yet *Es-  
 chilus* ascribes to *Prometheus*, *Her-  
 cules* to the *Africans*, who first taught  
 the *Greeks*, *Cicero* to *Minerva*. There  
 was another *Eriolhonius*, the son of  
*Dardanus*. See *Dionys. Hal. Antiq.*  
*Rom.* l. 1.

(d) The *Thesalians*, of which  
 Countrey were the *Lapithes*, were  
 accounted the best Horsemen, and the  
 first that taught to Break and Break  
 Horses. Yet *Lysias* gives this honour  
 to the *Amazonians*, *Pliny* to *Bellerophon*,  
*Ælian* to I know not who, *Maris* an  
*Italian*, whom for this reason they  
 feign'd to be half-man, half-horse:  
*Sophocles* to *Neptune*; *Palaphatus*, and  
 most else, to the *Centaurs*.



Let him begin to ride the Ring, and all  
His Aires to learn, Curvet, and Capriol,  
Let his swift Thighs alternate flexures bend;  
Then with the Winds in nimble course contend,  
And with loose Reigns fly through the open strands,  
Scarce leaving any print upon the Sands.  
As when from *Hyperborean* Mountains, fierce  
*Boreas* doth Clouds, and *Scythian* Storms disperse,  
When with loud blasts, the waving Champaign crown'd  
With rank Corn shakes, and the tall Woods resound,  
Long Billows charge the shore, the Tempest sweeps  
At once through verdant Fields, and azure Deeps.  
This at the Games of *Elis* swiftly flies  
Through the great Lifts, sweating to gain the prize,  
Whil'ft from his Mouth he scatters bloody foam,  
Or *Belgick* Chariots better doth become.

(g) Yet these kind of Chariots were common with the *Britans* and *French*, as well as *Belgians*, as is manifest out of *Cæsar*, *Cicero* and *Claudian*. Of these there were two sorts, one for Travelling, the other for Military Service. See this later describ'd by *Cæsar*, l. 4. de *Bell. Gall.*

At last, when thou hast broke thy large-siz'd breed,  
With store of strength'ning Corn their bodies feed.  
Ere taken up, their haughty Souls disdain  
The gentlest stroke, nor will endure the Reign.

No art more keeps their strength, than to remove  
*Venus*, and cruel shafts of blinded Love;  
Whether in Herds thou dost, or Horses pride.  
Far off the Bulls alone are feeding ti'de  
Behind a Mountain, or beyond some Flood,  
Shut up at plenteous Stalls with pleasant Food:  
For seeing of the Female wafts their strength,  
Who burning, mind nor Grass, nor Groves, at length;  
She with her sweet inticements oft provokes  
Proud Rivals, till their Fury turn to strokes.  
In pleasant Groves the beauteous Heifer feeds;  
But they joyn Battel, and in Warlike Deeds  
Gain many Wounds; their Bodies bath'd in gore,  
Closing their Horns, most dreadfully they roar;

The

The mighty Woods, and Heav'n's vast Court resound.  
Nor more these Warriors pasture in one ground;  
Exil'd to Coasts unknown the Vanquish'd goes,  
Moaning his shame, and the proud Conqueror's blows,  
That unreveng'd from him his Love was took,  
Viewing his Stalls, and native Realms forlook.  
Then carefully recruits his force, be'ng laid  
On a hard Rock, a Bed but roughly made,  
Feeds on harsh Leaves, and bristly *Carix* eats;  
His Horns then exercising, Anger whets  
Against a Tree, venting on th' Air his spight,  
Scattering the Sand as Prologue to the fight.  
His force recruited, on the Foe he sets,  
And boldly up his careless Quarters beats;  
As when at Sea the muster'd Waves grow white,  
And rowling from the Ocean gather height;  
And now at Land, 'gainst Rocks they strangely roar,  
Nor less than Mountains break upon the Shore;  
The deep Floods boyl, whirl'd with a foaming Tide,  
And working cast up Sand on every side.

All Men on Earth, and 'Beasts both Wild and Tame,  
Sea-monsters, gaudy Fowl, rush to this Flame:  
The same Love works in all: with Love engag'd.  
The Lionsels, mindless of her Whelps, intrag'd  
Wanders the Fields; nor foul Bears oftner take  
So many lives, nor greater slaughter make;  
Nor cruel *Tigers*, nor the raging *Boar*:  
Ah! 'tis ill wandering then dry *Lybia's* shore.  
See't thou how Horses will all over shake,  
When in their Nostrils the known sent they take?  
Nor they with Curbs, nor Stripes can be debarr'd,  
Nor Rocks, nor Rivers can their course retar'd, (Waves.  
Though down they sweep whole Mountains with their  
The *Sable* Boar, whetting his Tusks, then raves,

(h) A kind of rusty Weed of substance like a Bulrush, of which *Kuecium* saith, they use to make the bottoms of Chairs.

(i) These and the following Verses are with an happy emulation imitated by *Seneca* in his *Hippolytus*, which for the Reader's diversion, we here transcribe, as Englished by Mr *Sherburn*, in his Translation of that Tragedy.

Love's Fires (if wounded hearts say true)  
Are Sacred, and do all subdue.  
The Earth which the salt Seas embrace,  
The Heavens which glittering Stars inhabit,  
Under the cruel Tyrannie  
Of that blind Boy subjected lie,  
Whose shafts inevitable seize  
Under the blue Norivides;  
Nor can the Waters of the Main  
The Terrors of his Fires refrain.  
The winged People of the Sky  
No safe his purr'd Flames do try,  
When Venus darts their Bloods excite,  
How Bels will for their Pleasures sigh!  
Cov'd Harps, when their Harms love they die,  
To combat, call their Rivals out,  
And fight, by praying to their Fate,  
Of their conceived Fury shorn.  
The swarthy Indian then, no more  
Dares scared *Tigers* chase; the Boar,  
Whetting his wounding Tusks, doth rore,  
And snails his fangs with a white foam,  
The *Lybian* Lions shake their Mane,  
When in their Breasts his Fury reigns,  
And with their fiercer bellows make  
The Forests groan, the ground to shake,  
&c.

O

Rubbing

(k) *Lender*. See the Fable in *Aristaeus*, and *Ovid* his Epistle.

Rubbing against a Tree, and tears the Ground,  
Hard'ning his Shoulders 'gainst th'enfuing Wound.  
How was that Young Man took, when fierce desire  
In his hot Blood kindled fo great a Fire !  
For he, when all the Elements did fight,  
Through Seas, turn'd Mountains, swom in hideous night,  
When at him Heaven's Artillery thundred round,  
And broken Billows 'gainst the Rocks refund:  
Nor could his woful Parents him recal,  
Nor the whole Fate attends his Funeral.

Should I of Lynces, and of fierce Wolves write,  
Of Dogs, and how the tim'rous Deer will fight ?  
But the Mares fury above all is fam'd;  
For *Venus* with such rage their minds inflam'd,  
When ' *Glaucus* Chariot-Mares with Fury stir'd,  
Did with revenging Teeth devour their Lord.  
Beyond high *Gargarus*, loud *Ascanius* stream,  
O're Hills, and deepest Floods, Love carries them,  
And straight with hidden Fire their Marrow burns :  
But most i'th' Spring, when heat of Blood returns ;  
Then all to courting *Zephyre* turn their face,  
And plac'd on Rocks, lascivious gales embrace,  
And oft they pregnant prove without a Mate,  
" Big with the Winds, and (wond'rous to relate)  
Then over Hills and Dales are carried on  
Not to thee *Eurus*, nor the rising Sun,  
To *Boreas*, nor whence *Auster* doth arise,  
And with black Show'rs in mourning cloaths the Skies.  
Hence comes that Poison which the Shepherds call  
" *Hippomanes*, and from their Groin doth fall,  
The woful bane oft cruel Stepdames use,  
And with a Charm 'mongst pow'ful Drugs infuse.

(l) *Glaucus* is reported to have fed his Mares with Humane Flesh, to make them more fierce against his Enemies in fight; who at length for want of that kind of Food, turn'd their Teeth upon their Master. These Mares came after into the possession of *Hercules*, *Eurythens* and *Diomedes*. Of this Fable see *Nannus* in the 11. of his *Disynsack*.

(m) The first is a Mountain (of which in the 1. of the *Georgicks*) the other a River of *Phrygia*, of which *Strabo*, l. 2. both here figuratively put for any Hill or River.

(n) Of this *Silvius* in *Polybistor*. c. 57. peculiar onely to the Mares of *Spain*, as *Salmafius* notes upon *Salmafius*, but common with Creatures of another Species, as *Pliny* instances in *Partridges*, and *Columella* in Sheep.

(o) *Virgil* seems here to adhere to *Aristotle* concerning the *Hippomanes*; this is likewise a little fleshy knob in the forehead of the Colt, when newly foled; it is also a Plant mentioned by *Theophrastus*, l. 2. *Pliny* reports of the first, that it mix'd in the Running or Cursing of a *Beren* Saine in the Figure of a Mare, it is of power to stir up a Horse *ad rabiem Catius*. The last *Salmafius* thinks to be so call'd, not for its provoking Horses to the rage of Lust, when eaten, but in regard they affect it with an extreme, and inordinate appetite, and madly run in pursuit of it.

But

But time irreparable hafts away,  
Whil'st we with Love transported waft the day.

Thus much for Herds; Next be your care to keep  
The shaggie Goat, and drive the fleecie Sheep:  
From this expect your glory, rustick Swains.  
Nor am I ignorant how great a pains  
It is low things with glorious words to raise,  
And from mean Arguments gain noble praise.  
But me, love of *Parnassus* doth invite,  
To Hills untracted; there is my delight,  
Where no old path is to *Castalia* found.  
And now, great *Pales*, thee I shall refund.

First in warm Cots preserve thy Flocks, and feed  
Till fresh Spring give new Liv'ries to the Mead:  
Let Straw and Litter keep their Lodgings warm,  
Left cruel Cold the gentle Off-spring harm,  
Breeding the Scab and Rot; but *Arbutus* bring  
To wanton Goats, and Water from the Spring.  
Then free from Winds against the Winter Sun  
Place thou their Stalls, where *Phœbus* warms at Noon.  
When cold *Aquarius* shall no more appear,  
Sprinkling Chill Dewes on the concluding Year.  
And to keep Goats, take thou no smaller Care,  
Nor less shall be thy Gain, than if they were  
In rich *Milesian* Fleeces cloath'd, and fold,  
Blushing in *Tyrian* Purple, for much Gold.  
These still will breed, hence store of Milk you get;  
The more the Pail foams with the drained Teat,  
The more sweet Streams from the prest Udder spin.  
Besides they cut the Beards and hoarie Chin  
Of the *Cynphian* Goats, and brisly Hairs,  
Useful for Camps, and woful Mariners.

(p) The Sheep of *Miletus* were of great estimation for their Wooll. See *Columella* and *Pliny*.

(q) From *Cynphus*, a River of *Lydia*, where there were the best Goats.

But they in Woods, and high *Lyceus* rove,  
 Feeding on Briars, and Bramble-berries love:  
 Then home return, leading their own fair train,  
 And scarce with full teats o're the Threshold gain.  
 But careful keep from them cold Winds and Snow,  
 Because they less the want of Mortals know;  
 And bring sweet Food, for them green Branches cut,  
 Nor from the Hay-stack all long Winter shut.  
 But when the Spring the Western Wind invokes,  
 To Groves and Meads invite then both thy Flocks:  
 At the first dawn in cold Grounds let them feed,  
 Whil't Day is young, and pearled is the Mead;  
 And Dew, to Cattel dear, on soft Grass lies.  
 When the fourth hour Heat musters from the Skies,  
 And amongst Shrubs the murmur'ing Grasshopper sings,  
 Command thy Flocks then to the Lakes or Springs,  
 Or let them taste sweet Streams in Pipes convey'd;  
 And when grown Hot, to seek some Cooling shade,  
 Or *Jove's* great Oke, preserved long from harms  
 By antient Rites, stretching his mighty Arms:  
 Or where dark Groves are with thick Branches made  
 Awful, and Sacred with a horrid Shade.  
 To Water then, and feed again, prepare  
 At Sun-set, when sweet *Vesper* cools the Air,  
 When the moist Moon relieves the thirsty Ground,  
 Halcyons on Shores, and Birds on Trees resound.  
 Why should I thee of *Libyan* Shepherds tell,  
 Their Pastures, and how scatt'ringly they dwell?  
 Oft Night and Day for a whole month they feed,  
 And unhous'd Cattel through vast Deserts lead.  
 In open Field the *Libyan* Shepherd lies,  
 With him his Flocks, his House, and Deities,

(\*) *Servius*, as is observ'd by *Germanicus* and *Victorius*, lib. 14. c. 17. not rightly understands here by the Moon, Night; which is not of her self the cause of Dew, otherwise than by reason of the Moon; whence *Plutarch* in his Natural Questions defines Dew, A weak thin Rain, drawn by the Moon out of the Earth, whose Heat not being strong enough to attract it quite up, it quickly falls down again.

His Arms, his *Spartan* Dog, and *Cretan* Bow:  
 So doth the armed Roman Souldier show,  
 Laden in's march; then stands in well-pitch'd Tents,  
 Before the Foe could have intelligence.  
 But *Scythians*, who *Mæotic* Lakes command,  
 And stormy *Ister* rolling yellow sand,  
 Where *Rhodope* doth to the Pole extend,  
 There in close Stalls the Cattel they defend:  
 The Fields no grass, the Trees no leaves do boast;  
 But snowy Mountains, and an horrid frost  
 Hides all the Earth, at least seven Cubits high;  
 For ever cold, North-winds eternally.  
 Nor can the Sun those gloomie shades displace,  
 Nor when his Steeds mount the Meridian Race,  
 Nor when he cools them in the Western Main.  
 There Icie Fetters straight swift Rivers chain:  
 Wheels shod with Iron the strong-back'd water bears,  
 And where Ships sail'd, now safe go laden Cars;  
 It breaks hard Brass, cloaths freeze upon mens backs,  
 And Wine, once liquid, suffers now the Ax;  
 And mighty Lakes transform'd to Ice; soon hard  
 Grow drops of Water on their uncomb'd Beard.  
 Mean-while all Heav'n is dark with Snow, Sheep die,  
 And under mighty Drifts fair Cattel lie:  
 Whole Herds of Deer, new Mountains there infold,  
 That scarce you may their lofty Crests behold.  
 Nor these with Nets they snare, nor seize with Hounds,  
 'Nor a red feather'd Terror them furrounds;  
 But as they struggle under Hills in vain,  
 Kill with their Swords, whil't they aloud complain,  
 Then bear them home, triumphing with a crie.  
 These under ground, in Caves securely lie;  
 Whole Elms, and loads of mighty Oak are laid  
 Upon the Hearth; when the huge fire is made,

(\*) That part of the Sea *Scythians* call *Tanais*, on one side, joining with the *Cymerian Bosphorus*, on the other side with the River *Tanais*.

(\*) The *Formido*, is not a Net, but Line, inter-woven with many several colour'd Feathers, which frighted the Prey into the toyle.

His

They

(\*) Drink of sleep'd Barley, or compounded of other Fruit, was antiently not only us'd by the Germans, as *Tacitus de morib. Germ.* but in other places, for *Pliny* (l. 4. c. 22.) saies, There are Western people which inebriate themselves with moistned corn; and after that, the Egyptians made also a kind of drink with fruit. Among these kinds of Ale, *Aristotle* and *Dionysius* celebrate that they call *Zythum*. This, in *lib. de Temperantia*. That, in *lib. 5. c. 9.* (speaking of *Gallia*) say, The Climate is so cold, that it neither brings forth Wine nor Oil, therefore the people make a Drink of Barley, which they call *Zythum*.

(u) The *Ryphaen* Mountains are in *Scythia* so nam'd from the force (i.e.) of the Winds blowing from thence.

(\*) Or *Endymion*, the name suppos'd to be chang'd by *Virgil*.

(\*) The *Spartan* Hounds were of old in much account. See *Zenophon*, *Pliny*, &c. by *Aristotle* de *Hist. Animal.* l. 6. c. 20. commended for sharpness of Sense, by *Seneca* in *Hipol.* for boldness, and eagerness in the Chase; the *Molossian* Dogs, so nam'd from a City of *Epirus*, were likewise of much esteem, fabled to be descended from a brazen Dog made, and inspir'd with life by *Ulysses*, and presented to *Philoctetes*; this kind are commended, particularly for their deep Mouths, by *Lucan*, lib. 4. *Lucan.* l. 5. &c.

They spend the Night in sport, strong \* Ale they quaff,  
And wanting Wine carouse sharp Service off.  
People so fierce nigh *Hyperborean* Hills  
Under cold Stars of th'Arctic Region dwells,  
Still beaten with the sharp \* *Ryphaen* blasts,  
Their bodies cloath'd with Sable Furs of beasts.

But if thou Wooll esteem, from Thorns thy Sheep,  
From Burs and Bri'rs preserve: from rank Grafs keep.  
And with soft fleeces snowie flocks elect;  
But him (although the Ram be white) reject,  
Whose Mouth is always moist, with a black Tongue,  
Left he should change the colours of the Young:  
But choose another through the spacious Plain.  
With a white Fleece (if it may credit gain)  
Arcadian \* *Pan*, thee *Luna* to the Grove  
Calling intic'd; nor didst thou scorn his Love.

Is Milk thy care: then *Lotus*, *Cyrtus* bring,  
And in their Coats store of salt herbage sing;  
This makes them drink, which more the *Lotus* extends,  
And with a quicker taste the Milk commends.  
Some from the Dams hinder the tender Kid,  
And with hard Muzzles from the Pap forbid.  
What they at morning Milk, they prefs at Night;  
What they at Evening gain, when Day grows light,  
The Swains to Market bring, or, sprinkled o're  
With Salt, they keep it for their Winter store.

Nor of thy Dogs have thou less care; but feed  
Fleet \* *Spartan* Whelps, and thy *Molossian* breed  
With store of Whey; commanding such a Guard,  
'Gainst Thieves by night, or Wolves, thou art prepar'd,  
Nor shall the fierce *Iberian* thee afright.  
Thou the wild timorous As shalt put to flight,  
Oft hunt the Hare, and Deer, with full-mouth'd Hounds,  
And thrust forth Boars shelter'd in wood-land grounds;

And

And from high Mountains with loud shouts beset  
Sometimes huge Stags, and drive them to thy Net.

Next learn to burn sweet Cedar in their rooms,  
And smoke out Serpents with \* *Galbanean* Gums,  
For oft amongst the Planks a Viper lies,  
Whose touch is death, who Light abhorring flies:  
Or else a Snake in sheltering roofs doth use,  
Which will on Cattel cruel bane infuse,  
Hid in the ground: take thou a stake, or stone,  
And as he swells, and hisseth, knock him down;  
But if he threaten, yet thou maist be sure,  
He will by flight his Coward-head secure,  
His armed Ribs being bruif'd, and harness'd train,  
Scarce rallying up his broken Rear again.  
In the *Calsbrian* Groves, there haunts a Snake;

Wreathing a haughty Crest, and scalie back,  
And mingled spots on his long belly shew;  
Who whilft the Rivers from the Mountains flow,  
Earth with the Spring dew'd, and the showrie South,  
He lives in Fens, glutting his greedie mouth  
With Fish, and croaking Frogs: but when Earth gapes,  
And Lakes are drain'd with heat, to Land he escapes,  
Rolling his flaming eyes; then far and wide  
Rages with thirst, with heat much terrifide.  
Then let not me under Heavens Canopie  
Sweet slumber seize, nor in the Meadows lie  
Neer murm'ring Groves, when he hath cast his skin,  
And rolling shines in wanton youth agen;  
\* Leaving in's Nest his Eggs, or else the young,  
And dares at *Phœbus* shake his triple tongue.

The Signs and Causes now of each Disease,  
Thou must be taught. Foul Scabs thy Flock will seize,  
When chilling Show'rs invade lifes strongest Hold,  
And horrid Frosts wax grim with bitter cold;

(\*) Is by *Dioscorides* defin'd, the juice of a certain Cane growing in *Syria*, which being burn'd, driveth away Serpents with its smell.

(\*) The poison of Serpents (says *Seneca*) is deadliest, when they come newly from their Nests, their Teeth are hurt, when frequent biting have exchanged their Venoms, l. 1. de Ira.

Or

Or when foul Sweat sticks to them lately shorn,  
 And with rough Bri'rs their naked bodies torn.  
 For wiser Shepherds the whole Flock will take,  
 And deeply plunge them in some cleansing Lake:  
 Far in, to drench his Fleece the Ram is thrown,  
 Who with the gentle Stream comes gliding down,  
 Or when they'r shorn, the lees of Oyl apply,  
 Or silver Spume, commix'd with *Mercurie*,  
*Idean* Pitch, and store of oylie Tar,  
 Scilla, Bitumen, and black Hellebor.  
 And no indeavour shall find more success,  
 Than if the skilful Swain an Orifice  
 With a sharp Launce shall open on the head;  
 Corruption lives, and is by covering fed,  
 Whilst th'idle Swain neglects to dress the sore,  
 And from the Gods doth better things implore.

When in the Bleaters marrow Aches breed,  
 And putrid Feavers on his Spirits feed,  
 It will be good t' avert the raging pain,  
 By op'ning in his Foot the beating vein.  
 So the *Bisaltians* were accustomed,  
 And the most fierce *Gelomians*, when they fled  
 To *Rhodope*, or *Getan* wildes, to quaff,  
 Mix'd with thick Milk, the <sup>b</sup> blood of Horses off.  
 If thou to cooling shades seest any draw,  
 And sweet Grass nibble, as they had no Maw,  
 Or lag behind, or grazing to lie down,  
 And, e're they Fold, to march away alone,  
 Straight kill the guilty, e're the dire Disease  
 Infect the Flock, and careless vulgar seife.  
 Nor oftner are the Floods disturb'd with Wind,  
 Than Sheep with Rots; nor doth the Sickness find  
 One to destroy, but suddenly doth fall  
 On Root and Branch, Stock and Original.

(a) A people mention'd by *Athenæus*, l. 12, as stout and warlike; *Pliny* placeth them in *Macedonia*, others in *Thrace*.

(b) The *Geloni* relate to the *Sarmatians*, *Scythians*, *Getae*, and *Mossagetae*, with whom this Dyet was ordinary. See *La Cerda*.

If any th' *Alps* and *Noric* Castles knows,  
 Plac'd on high Hills, and where *Timavus* flows;  
 Deserted Realms now he may see of Swains,  
 And every where Groves, and forsaken Plains.  
 'Here, once the air infected did beget  
 A Plague, which rag'd through the Autumnal heat:  
 All kind of Cattel, and of wild beasts d'id;  
 The Grass was tainted, Rivers putrid;  
 Nor was One way for Death; but when the flame  
 With burning Thirst through feav'rous bodies came,  
 Cold Rheums again abound; and the Disease  
 Their feeble limbs consumed by degrees.  
 Of Sacrifices at the Altars plac'd  
 With <sup>d</sup> snowie Wreaths, and flowry Garlands grac'd,  
 E're Sacrificers could dispatch, fall dead:  
 Or if before, the Priest one slaughtered,  
 The Bowels on the Altars will not burn,  
 Nor the Divinor Answers can return;  
 And scarce their Knives with Blood are sprinkled o'r,  
 And the top-sand distain'd with wat'ry gore.  
 Then the fat Calf in richest pasture falls,  
 And his sweet Life gives up at plenteous stalls.  
 Hence Dogs run mad, and sickly Boars perplex'd  
 With a short Cough, and with swoln jaws are vex'd.  
 The conqu'ring Steed, mindless of War, or Food,  
 Unhappy falls, and leaves the cooling Flood,  
 And with his feet the hard ground often beats;  
 His Ears now hang, and faint with troubled sweats,  
 Which near his death wax cold, his skin grows dry,  
 And to be handled roughly doth comply.  
 These Signs of Death will at the first be seen,  
 But in the process if it grow more keen,  
 To burning Eyes short breathings grant no rest:  
 Sometimes they groan, and deeply from their Breast

(c) This Pestilence first describ'd by *Thucydides*, than *Lucretius* imitates, our Author both, to begin with beasts is the common natural course observ'd by *Homer*, *Il. lib. 1*.

First on the Mules and stetter Doggs it seiz'd.

Where *Eusebius* impetently curious, expounds *canes dyptæ*, white Dogs, and takes pains to give reasons why such as are of that colour are more subject to infection.

(d) *Insula*, *Antoni*, *Aug. lib. 8*. conceives to be in the Form of a Semicircle Diadem, which he proves by many Images of Bulls and other Victims; with these were Crown'd all that were destin'd for sacrifice, or Men, or Beasts; from hence were the *Insula* us'd in token of submissi- on, as appears by the story of *Cornilius*, to whom the *Roman* Priests were sent in that habit, to beg for their Country. *Valer. l. 4. c. 3*.

Fetch a sad sigh ; blood from their nostrils flows,  
 And in lank jaws their tongue now rougher grows.  
 To drench them with a Horn of Wine, be sure ;  
 For to them dying 'tis the only cure.  
 Sometimes it kills ; for thus refresh'd, they burn  
 (God blefs good men, on bad this error turn)  
 With greater rage : and as cold death draws near,  
 With cruel Teeth they their own Members tear.  
 The smoaking Ox is taken at the Plough,  
 And from his Mouth blood mix'd with foam doth flow,  
 Groaning his last ; whil't the sad Plow-man here  
 Un-yoaks (mourning his Brothers death) the Steer,  
 And 'midst his work, the Plough leaves in the field,  
 Nor shady Groves, nor soft Meads pleasure yield,  
 Nor Streams which through the Vales from Mountains  
 And are more clear than Amber purif'd : (glide,  
 His Sides grown lank, darkness his Eyes o're-spread,  
 And to the ground he falls on's drooping head.  
 What avails toyl or profit ? what to turn  
 Th' unwilling glebe ? These not with rich Wine burn,  
 Nor Surfets at high Banquets taint their blood :  
 But Leaves and simple Herbage are their food ;  
 They drink pure Fountains, and the running Streams ;  
 Nor vexing Care disturbs their healthy Dreams.  
 Then onely in those Realms, as Fame hath taught,  
 The Cattel were for <sup>f</sup> *Juno's* off'ring fought,  
 And unmatch'd Steers her Chariot did convey  
 To the High Places, where they honours pay.  
 The Earth they dig themselves, and set the Corn,  
 Nor from the Mountains with their own neck scorn  
 To draw the groaning Car. No Wolf did plot  
 By Stratagem to take some wealthy Cot,  
 Nor walk Nocturnal rounds, about the Sheep ;  
 A cruel Sickness him at home did keep,

(c) *La Cerda* disputes whether the Author means that Amber which is of a Metallick kind of substance, or the other Gum suppos'd to flow from those Trees, to which the *Phaenicians* were converted ; He concludes for the latter, as in comparison more suitable with Water.

(d) *Servius* will have the Poet to allude to this Story ; *The Priestesses* of *Juno* at *Argos*, us'd to be drawn to the Temple by *Oxen*, which falling dead on the way by the Pestilence, her two Sons supply'd the room, and drew their Mother to the Temple. *The Greeks* to reward their Fates, bid their Mothers ask what she would, the Mothers desir'd implicitly what *Juno* should think best ; the next day they were both found dead. See *Herodotus* lib. 1. *Plutarch*, de Consolat.

And now the nimble Buck, and tim'rous Doe,  
 Amongst the Dogs about the Houses go.  
 And then the Ocean's num'rous Race, and all  
 Those kinds that boast from thence Original,  
 Wash'd with the Floods, as Ship-wrack'd bodies come  
 To Shore, and Sea-calves up fresh Waters swim.  
 No lurking hole the Viper now avails,  
 Nor dreadful Serpents with erected scales :  
 Nor safety from sweet Air could Birds receive,  
 But falling, in the Clouds their Spirits leave.  
 All Food, all Arts harm, wise Physicians fail ;  
<sup>A</sup> *Chiron*, <sup>B</sup> *Melampus*, know not what they ail.  
 Pale <sup>C</sup> *Tisiphon* rages, sent from *Stygian* Shades,  
 In open Light, and Fear and Sickness leads,  
 Her greedy Jaws by day rais'd high from ground.  
 The Rivers, Hills, and sandy Banks resound  
 With bleating Flocks, and loud-complaining Steers,  
 And Carcasses in mighty heaps she rears ;  
 Whole Flocks she kills, with gore the Stalls are drown'd,  
 Till they had learn'd to lay them in the ground.  
 Their Skins unuseful, Water could not reinfuse  
 Their Bowels, nor the Fire their Entrails cleanse,  
 Nor shear (for the Disease) their Fleeces, full  
 Of Filthiness, nor touch the tainted Wool :  
 And those durst wear the loathsome Garments, get  
 Inflamed Carbuncles, a clammy sweat  
 Seiseth their noysome Limbs, and in few hours  
 Th' infected Bodies <sup>D</sup> Sacred Fire devours.

(A) The son of *Saturn* and *Philyra*, first Inventor of Physick.

(B) *Melampus* son of *Amphion*, that is, the Purger or Expiator, signifying by these two, that neither Medicine nor Prayer avail.

(C) One of the Furies.

(D) A Disease by the *Greek*; nam'd *Herpes*; by *Scribonius*, *Zina*; by *Pliny*, *Zoster* and *Circinus*, commonly call'd *St. Anthony's Fire*.

# VIRGIL'S GEORGICS

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

(\*) This fourth Book comprehends the choicest Rules of the Antients concerning Bees, which suit so well with ours, that I have heard an honourable Lady of Great Judgement (the late Countess of Kent) profess, that she made an incredible increase of Bees, confining her Swarms; that attended them precisely to observance of this Book.

How for the Bees fit stations to contrive:  
Of what, and how to build the stately Hive.  
In settling Realms, they oft divided are,  
And for their Kings contend in mighty War.  
Their Diet, Customs, Laws, and Chastity;  
Their Toyl and Rest: they Winds and Rain foresee.  
Their Stocks, their Age, and Loyalty to Kings:  
What their Invention to Perfection brings.  
What Cures against Diseases to afford.  
And how th' whole Nation lost, may be restor'd.

(a) The Poet, (saith La Cerda) excellent in Natural Philosophy, subverts the common opinion, implying, that the Bees do not make the Honey, but only gather it together, and compact it; and therefore calls it Aerial and Celsifial. To this allents Aristotle, Hist. Anim. l. 5. c. 22. That Bees make not Honey, but carry only away the falling Dew, may be argued from hence, that in one or two days a Hive may be found full. Besides, if you take away their Honey in Autumn, they cannot recruit it, notwithstanding there are Flowers at that time of the year. And Pliny, l. 11. c. 12. Whether it be the Swarm of Heaven, or Spittle of the Stars, or Moisture of the Air purging it self, I wish it were as pure and natural as it is first delivered, whereas now falling from so great heights, it contracts much of impurity by the way, &c. yet retains much of the passiveness of its Celsifial Nature. Thus by Aristotle and Pliny are explain'd the Epithites, Aerial and Celsifial.

Ext to "Ætherial Honey, I'll proceed,  
Heaven's choicest Gift: this too (Me-  
cenas) read.

Wonders admir'd, to thee, of lowly things,  
In order their whole Stocks, magnanimous Kings,

Wars,



Admiranda tibi levium  
magnanimosque duces  
Morae et Studia, et  
tenui labor: at tenuis  
Numina levum sinunt  
Principio cedat apibus.



spectacula rerum,  
totiusque ordine gentis  
populos et praelia dicam  
non gloria, si quem  
audique vocatis Apollo,  
statuque petenda,

Sim 4.

77 Domino Guilelmo Ducie de Tortworth In Com: Gloucestershi  
Baronello Tabula merito notitia



*Ipsi per medias acies  
Inuolutes, animas angu-  
stasque adeo obnixi non  
aut hos verba fuga vi-  
lli motus animorum  
Pulveris exiguus tactu*



*in signibus aliis  
Sic pectore versant,  
cedere; dum gravis aut hos  
ctor dare terga cogit,  
atque hac certamina tanta  
compressa quiescent*

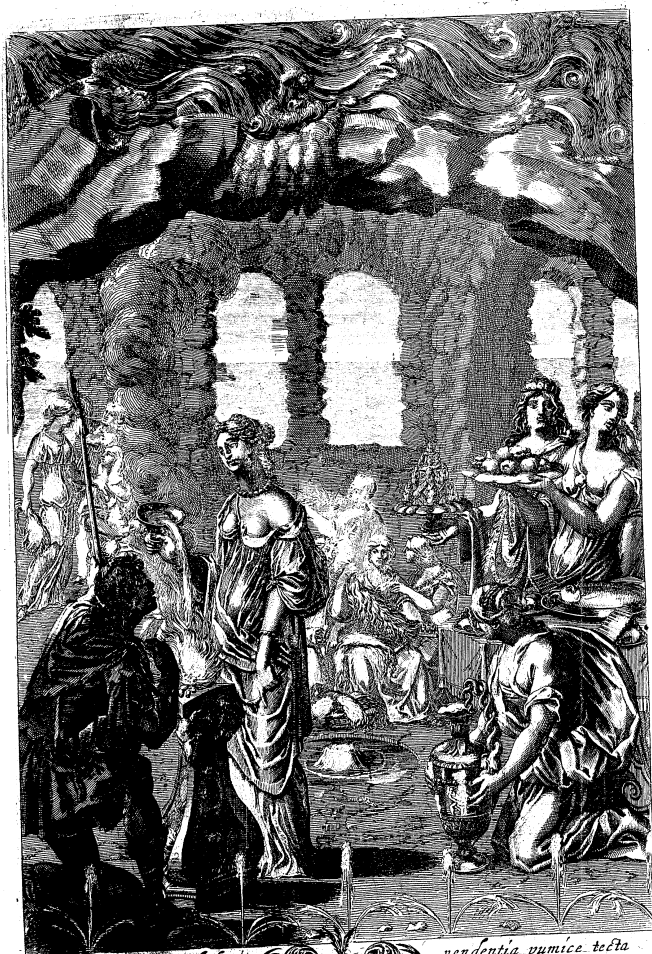
100 Edwardo Heath Armigero

Tabula merito votiva,

Wars, Labours, ' Manners, Nations I'll recite :  
Slight is the Theam ; but not the Glory slight,  
If any ' fav'ring Gods for us appear,  
And pleas'd *Apollo*, invocated, hear.

First, for your Bee-hives fitting ' Stations find,  
Free from rough fallies of disturbing Wind,  
(To bring home Food oppos'd Wind forbids)  
Where Sheep nor bruise the Flow'rs, nor wanton Kids,  
Nor grazing Heifers shake the pearlie Dewes,  
And verdant Grafs in fertile Campagns bruife,  
From thence the speckled-shoulder'd Lizard drive,  
Nor suffer ' Woodpecks near thy wealthy Hive,  
Nor any Bird, nor there let *Progne* rest,  
With bloody Hands imprinted on her Breast :  
These all devaft, and carry in their Bill  
Bees, gentle Food, their cruel Young to fill.  
But their abodes, near ' Chryftal Fountains, place,  
VWhere purling Streams glide gently through the Grafs,  
And Lakes, whole Margins verdant Mofs invades,  
Where Palm their Gates, or spreading Olive shades :  
That when new ' Kings shall forth their Colonies bring,  
And Youth drawn out, fport in the wanton Spring,  
The neighb'ring Banks may them from Heat invite,  
And willing Trees with court'ous Boughs delight.  
Amidft, whether the Water ftands or runs,  
Lay ' Twigs acrofs, and caft in mighty Stones,  
That they on many Bridges fafe may ftand,  
And to the warming Sun their Wings expand,  
VWhen stormy *Eurus* hath them tardy found,  
And fcatter'd, or endanger'd to have drown'd.  
Let verdant ' *Cafsia* round about them dwell,  
And Betony, which gives fo large a fmell ;  
Of sweet-breath'd Succory let ftore be fet,  
And let them drink the dewes of Violet.

VWhether



Postquam est in thalamo  
Perdunt, et gnati fle-  
Cyrene: manus liqui-  
Germana, tonsique se-  
Pars exilis querant  
Ponit. Panchas ad-  
Cuiusmodi Palmesio



pendentia pumice testa-  
tus cognovit inauers  
dos dant ordine fontes  
runt mantilia villis  
mensas, et plena reponit  
les cunt ignibus are.  
de Lynden Com: Ebor:

votiva.

(b) *Aristot.* lib. 1. *Histor.* num-  
bers Bees amongst (see *notitia*, *Civil*  
*People* : For the use of life (Lith *Phy-*  
*sy*) they labour, work, ordain a Com-  
mon-wealth, have this in private Coun-  
sels, their publick, *scilicet* *Afflictio* said,  
which is frang'd of all, they have *Morali-*  
*ty*. *Macrob.* l. 6. c. 6. admires *Vir-*  
*gil*, amongst other things, particularly  
for attributing to Bees here, *more*,  
*studia*, *populi*, *prolia*.

(c) *Erytheus* understands here by  
*Levanina*, favouring, according to  
the discipline of the *Angurs*, which  
understood Omens on the left hand  
to be such : but *Turnebus* expounds  
the word, Contrarily, in opposition  
to *Dextera* *nomen* : not without allu-  
sion to the *Crab*, who make *levis* *die*,  
the time with ease. See *Agell.* l. 12.  
c. 5.

(d) The Station of Bees (for that  
word our Author useth to express,  
how nearly they resemble a Camp)  
must be, according to *Ferrus* and *Colu-*  
*mella*, in an open Sun-shiny place, fit  
subject to the injuries of the weather,  
far from noise of Men or Cattle, par-  
ticularly of sheep, because (Lith *Phy-*  
*sy*, c. 1, they cannot easily disengage  
themselves out of their goal: He adds,  
That the Hive should open towards the  
East, if it may be, but by no means to the  
North. Mr. *Baile's* Rules for a  
Bee-garden, are these : It should be  
near home, fenced from Cattle and  
Winds; the East and North fences high,  
the South (on which side of the House  
they should be set) and West fences good,  
but not so high, by no means to shadow  
the South Sun, nor from Sun-setting :  
The place moist, not very cold in Win-  
ter, nor hot in summer : Grassy, but not  
suffer'd to grow up too high : Bees with  
Trees and Brestles.

(e) A Bird by some call'd *Aspidia*,  
by others *Riparia*, by *Gaza*, *Aspidia*,  
from the great hate it hath to Bees.

(f) *Ferrus*, l. 3. and *Columella*, l. 5.  
c. 9. advise the time, as moist ne-  
cessary, That there be Water near the  
Hives, and, if possible, to run by them,  
clear for them to drink.

(g) According to the Discipline ob-  
serv'd by Bees, who amongst them  
have a King (by the Greeks pecu-  
liarly call'd *melis*, *Schol.* in *Callim.*  
*Hymn.* 1. whence perhaps the French  
word, *Essaim*, who never stir forth  
without the attendance of the whole  
Hive. *Aristot.* *Hist.* l. 9. c. 40.

(h) So *Ferrus* and *Columella* or-  
der Stone and Wood to be thrown  
into the Water, so as some part may  
appear out of it for the Bees to sit  
upon and drink with more ease.

(i) *La Cerda* proves, that *Virgil*  
here intends neither the Aromatick  
*Cassia*, nor the Medicinal, but an  
Herb used in Garlands, which the  
Spaniards call *Ephra*, the *Italians*,  
*Spice*, in Latin *Lavandula*.

(k) *Calanella* gives a reason why Hives of Bark are best, l. 16. c. 9. Hives, such he, are to be made according to the condition of the Country, whether it abound with Bark, (doubtless we make most beneficial Hives of Bark, for they are not cold in Winter, nor hot in Summer) or whether there be store of Reeds, which being near the nature of Bark, are very proper for this use; if neither of these may be had, they may be woven of Willows; and for want of all, of a piece of a hollow Tree. With us there are but two sorts in use, made of Straw and Wicker, the first preferred by Mr. Butler.

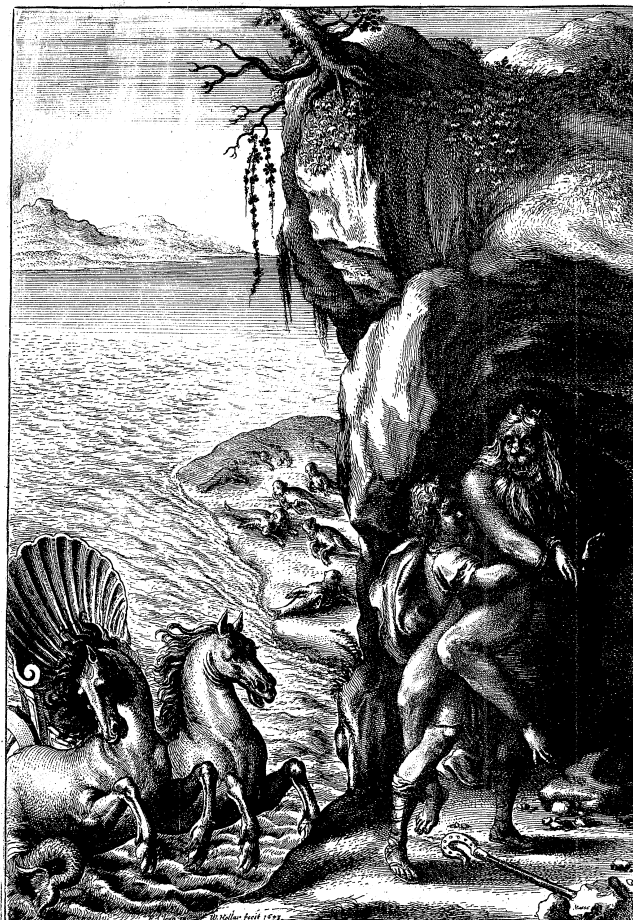
(l) They go not forth to work in the beginning of the Spring, but in the middle, or rather, as *Pliny* observes, in the latter end thereof, lib. 11. c. 6.

(m) *Meliphyllum*, quasi *Mellis folium*, is by *Dioscorides* call'd *Melissophyllum*, the Leaf of Bees; by *Nicander*, whom our Poet follows, *Meliphyllum*; *Varro* and *Higginus* take it for the same with *Apiastrum*, which *Ruellius* at large disproves.

Whether of hollow <sup>k</sup>Bark thou dost contrive,  
Or else with limber Twigs compose the Hive,  
Make straight the Gate: for Cold congeals the Wax,  
And Heat by melting doth again relax;  
Both which Extremes the Bees alike do fear:  
Nor they in vain those breathing Crannies smear  
Of their low Roofs with Wax, endeavouring still  
Th'edges with Balm, and pleasant Flow'rs to fill;  
And for this use a Glew they gather, which  
Excels all Bird-lime, and *Idean* Pitch.  
Oft in deep Cav'es (if Fame a Truth report)  
Low underneath they vault their Waxed Court;  
And oft discover'd in a hollow Rock,  
Or in the Belly of an aged Oak.  
But thou their Rooms, with Clay well-temper'd, seal,  
And with Leaves cover, that no Cold they feel.  
About their Court let no Yewes grow, nor bake  
The fiery Crab, nor trust too deep a Lake:  
Or where bad smells, or hollow Rocks resound,  
And angry Ecchoes of the Voice rebound.  
Next, when bright *Sol* makes 'Winter's Cold retreat  
Behind the Earth, and opens Heav'n with Heat,  
Straight they draw out, and wander Groves and Woods,  
Reap purple Flow'rs, and tast the Chrystal Floods,  
By what Instinct I know not; then they flie  
To their own Courts, and their dear Progeny.  
Next, with great Art, their Waxed *Cels* contrive,  
And the elaborated Honey stive.

But when thou see'st a Troop aspiring, flie,  
Drawn from their Winter Quarters, through the Skie,  
And curious hast with admiration spi'd  
A sable Cloud through Chrystal Sphears to glide,  
Then to sweet Springs, and pleasant Shades they go:  
Here od'rous Flow'rs, and beaten <sup>m</sup> Milfoyl strow,

With



*Omnia transformat sese  
Ignemq horribilemq*



*in miracula rerum  
feram. fluviumq liquetem*

*Dign. Grav. L. 4.*

Thoma Tucker Armigero.

Tabula merito Votita.

VWith\*Honey-suckles, make a \*brazen found,  
And beat the \* Cymbals of the Goddess round :  
They on charm'd Boughs will stay, or else retreat,  
As is the Custome, to their Parents seat.  
But if they draw to Battel, (oft between  
Two Kings great discord and sad Wars have been)  
And straight thou may'st foresee the Vulgar rage,  
VWild for mad VVar ; for those who not engage,  
The Martial note provokes, heard is th' Alarm,  
Like dreadful Trumpets when they sound to Arm.  
They list proud Troops in halt, their Spears they whet,  
Their light Shields furnish, and their Arms they fit ;  
Guarding their King, thick to the Court they go,  
And with great Clamour challenge out the Foe.  
Then, when 'tis fair, the open Field they take,  
They joyn their Battel, and they joyning make  
A noyse scales Heaven, and in close Order all  
Strongly embodied charge, then headlong fall.  
Nor thicker Hail doth in a Tempest pour,  
Nor shaken Okes more plent'ous Acorns shour.  
The Kings amidst the Bands in Armour shine,  
And mighty Souls in narrow Breasts confine ;  
Both rel'lute not to yield, till these, or they,  
Are to proud Conqu'rors forc'd to give the day :  
These huge Commotions, and so mighty War,  
Sudden, with thrown-up Dust appeased are.

But when both Princes you from Battel call,  
Who seems the worst, lest he, a Prodigal,  
Should waite the Stock, command him to be slain,  
And let the best in th' empty Palace reign.  
One shines with Gold, whom \* glorious Colours grace ;  
(\* Two sorts there are) the best, his noble Face

(\*) *Cynobates* hath its name from *Cynobates*, a Town in *Bœotia*, an Herb with which very few (even of the Learned) are acquainted. *The Flower* whereof (with *Cosmos*) is pale, the *Leaves* prickly. By *Pliny*, l. 21. c. 12. described with a white bristly Leaf, an hollow head, having a juice like *Honey*; following whole words we translate it *Hony suckles*. It is the same which the French call *Paquerette*, from the great delight Bees take in feeding thereon.

(\*) Bees at the sound of Brass, or other Metals, are so afraid, that they light upon the next place. *Aristotle*, *Hist.* l. 9. c. 40. ascribes this to the delight they take in the sound. *La Cœde* proves the contrary from the same effect at the noise of Thunder.

(\*) The Cymbals of *Rhea*, us'd by the *Corymbæ* at her bringing forth *Peperus*, to conceal the cries of the Child from *Saturn*, though *Germanus* observes, that Cymbals were likewise us'd in the Orgs of *Bacchus*. *Pliny*, l. 11. c. 20. saith, That *Bees* delight in the tinkling of Brass, and by that means are called together: whereby it is manifest, that they have the sense of hearing. But *Aristotle*, *Hist.* l. 9. c. 40. makes a doubt of it, whether they stop through delight or fear.

(\*) The occasions whereof, according to *Aristotle* and *Pliny*, are four, Want of Subservience, Love of the Flowers, Hate of their Neighbours, Pride of their Kings. See *La Cœde*.

(\*) That the Kings of Bees are eminently distinguished from the rest, is confes'd by all that write upon this subject. *Pliny* saith, By their more exalted form, as big again at the rump, their wings shorter, their Thighs straighter, their walk more erect, amidst their *Forced* swarms (yet like a *Duodecim*; much like those differ from the ordinary sort, by their splendour).

(\*) Perhaps alluding to *Aristotle's* Axiom, That the least Hearts are most full of Courage.

(\*) If they have many Princes, they will not be quiet till one of them be establish'd; Concerning which, *Mr. Butler* hath this Experiment of his own; Two Swarms being put together, the Bees on both sides make a murmuring noise at first, as if contented, but growing fiercer, and having agreed which Queen should reign, and which should die, three or four Bees brought one of them down between them, as to execution; she being taken from the Executioners, and put into the Hive again, the trench began afresh, and they continued fighting for an hour, till the poor Queen was brought forth slain, and laid before the door. Likewise, if the old Queen bring forth many Princes, lest the multitude of Rulers should distract the Common-wealth, they kill the superfluous, and elect them out of the five. See *Pliny*, l. 11. c. 16.

(\*) The Queen (for *Mr. Butler* will have it a Feminine Monarchy) is a fair stately Bee, differing from the rest in shape and colour; her Back a bright brown, her Belly a fad yellow, her Tongue and Spear shorter than the other Bees, who both provide and fight for her. (\*) *Servius* notes, that *Atacalis* *spadonibus* is the time with *Splodonibus*, the word deriv'd a *Synanus*. (u) This plurality of Kings is observ'd by *Aristotle*, *Hist.* l. 9. c. 4. One, saith he, is red, which is the better, the other black and spotted, twice as big as the best. *Farrar* seems to make three kinds the black, red, and spotted; these are observ'd to be in the higher part of the Hive, and if there be any division amongst them, they destroy all but that one which is the best. *Aristotle*, *Pliny*. This, Two sorts of Bees, *Mr. Butler* discovers, only distinguishing them into tame and wild, either kind whereof may by accident become of the other kind.

Hath

Hath blushing Cheeks; with sloth, the other pale;  
His sagging Belly after him doth trail.  
As their two Kings, such their two Nations are;  
For one's deform'd, as when a Traveller  
Through Clouds of Dust, extremely thirsty gets,  
And from's dry mouth a full'd water spits;  
The other shines with Gold, and glory grac'd,  
And equal Spots upon their Bodies plac'd.  
This \* Progeny is best, from these you may,  
Sweet Honey, at the ' certain time convey;  
Not onely Sweet, but shall be purely Fine,  
And fit to qualifie your \* sharpest Wine.

(\*) *Colomella*, cap. 3. following the authority of *Aristotle* and *Virgil*, most approves the small, long, light, shining with Gold, distinguish'd evenly with spots, and most gentle: the words of *Aristotle* are,

† δὲ δὴν γὰρ τὸν καὶ ὀνόματι.

(γ) In the Spring and Autumn, sayes *Servius*.

(ε) Some understand *Oisemel*, a kind of Drink made of Honey and Wine, by *Diocor.* l. 15. c. 16. others, perhaps better, a fower kind of Wine, which they ally'd with Honey, as we wish Sugar.

(α) He saith not (as *Servius* glosseth) that *Prapus* must be there, but that the Gardens must be such as may invite and deserve the Guardianship of a God. This *Prapus* was of *Lamiscum*, a City lying on the *Hellepont*; from whence banish'd, (the occasion see amongst the Mythologists) he was receiv'd into the Society of the Gods, and made the Guardian of Gardens.

(b) With this Bees are observ'd to be much delighted, and to preter it before all Flowers. Thence the *Astic* Honey is commended by *Calvus*, the *Sicilian* by *Varro*: both these places abounding with that Herb.

(c) *Petr. Vittor.* lib. 5. cap. 25. interprets this not of the Tree, but some kind of Shrub perpetually green.

(d) A Town so famous for Roses, that it grew into a Proverb, *Rosa P. flans*. See *Atella*, l. 2. c. 4. *Pliny*, lib. 2. cap. 5.

Set \* Thyme about their Roofs, and \* Pines remove  
From lofty Hills, if thou such labours love;  
Weary thy hands with Toyl, plant pleasant Bow'rs,  
And water with refrigerating Show'rs.  
Were I not near my hop'd-for Port, and now  
Striking my Sails, steer'd to the Shore my Prow,  
How to adorn fair Gardens I would sing,  
And Rosie \* *Pæstum* with a double Spring;  
Why Succorie in pleasant Streams delights,  
And verdant Parsley swelling Banks invites,  
And Cucumers grow plump along the Grafs,  
Nor would flow growing Daffadils orepass,

Or

Or soft *Acanthus*, winding Ivie's store,  
And Myrtle, so inamour'd on the Shore.

I call to mind, near high \* *Oebalia's* Tow'rs;  
Where flow' *Galefus* waters *Ceres* Bow'rs,  
I saw an old \* *Corycian*, who enjoy'd  
Few Akers, not for Pasturage imploy'd;  
Nor was it fit for Corn or Vinyard found;  
Yet were his Thorns with silver Lillies crown'd;  
Here he could Vervain, and rich Poppie find,  
That wealthiest Kings he equall'd in his mind:  
And late at night, returning home well stor'd,  
Could with unpurchas'd Banquets lade his Board.  
He in the Spring did first sweet Roses pull,  
And could in Autumn Apples soonest cull;  
When Stones with Cold the cruel Winter cleaves,  
And bridles up with Ice the flowing Waves,  
His soft *Acanthus* then he gently twin'd,  
Chiding the tardie Spring, and lingring VVind.  
Therefore huge Swarms his Bees first pregnant brought,  
And his full Combs Rivers of Honey fraught;  
His \* Pines and barren Lindons fruitful were;  
As many Blossoms as his Tree did bear,  
So many Apples it in Autumn grac'd;  
And he the lofty Elms in order plac'd,  
VVardens, and Thorns which now a Damson made,  
And \* Planes, which to Caroufers are a shade.  
But these, excluded by a narrow streight,  
I leave to others after to relate.

Now I'll declare those Gifts which were conferr'd  
On Bees, by \* *Jove* himself; for what Reward  
They follow'd tinkling Brads, and *Curets* found,  
And fed the King of Heaven under ground.

In Common onely they maintain their Race,  
And like a City rang'd, their Houses place;

(\*) *Oebalia*, saith *Servius*, is *Laconia*, whence *Calvo* and *Pulvra* are by *Enstathius* call'd, the *Oebalian* Brethren.

(f) *Galefus* is a River of *Calabria*, which runs by the City *Tarentina*, of which *Virgil* was an eye-witness. Some read *siger* for *piger*, which *Scappa* dislikes, is not suiting with the name, which seems to be deriv'd from Milk, *γᾱλός*.

(g) One of *Corycia*, a City in *Cilicia*, or perhaps an *Italian*, who ordered his Garden after the *Corycian* fashion, for that it is a proper name, *Servius* denies, adding, that the Author alludes to History; for *Pompey* having overcome the *Cilician* Pyrats, distributed them partly in *Cilicia*, partly in *Greece*, partly in *Calabria*, one of whom this old Man seems to be. The story not unlike that in *Varro*, lib. 3. cap. 16. of two Brothers in *Spain*, who turn'd the Land left them by their Father, into a Garden, and a place for Bees.

(h) *Philargyrius* affirms, that the reading is double, upon authority of *Virgil's* own hand, *Pines* and *Tines*; the latter, though it afford no Fruit, very plentiful in Seeds. Those who interpret the Pine here *Chamaepitys*, are dispos'd by *Salmastius*, *Plin.* excoriat.

(i) The shade of the Plane-tree was much in use, witness that memorable Plane describ'd by *Plautus*, under which *Socrates* sooften discours'd with his Scholars; That of *Caligula* likewise is not unknown; and in *Crete*, under which *Erepa* was civiliz'd. But *Germanus* brings this nearer to our purpose, affirming this Tree to be so much exultated with Wine, that *Orontius* desir'd *Cicero* to defer a trial, because he was that day to go, into the Country to irrigate his Pine-trees with Wine.

(k) *Jupiter*, as soon as born, was convey'd to *Crete*, there to be conceal'd from his Father *Saturnus*, who otherwise would have devour'd him, fore-knowing, th it by him he should be disposse'd of his Kingdom. The *Cretans* (by which some understand all the *Cretans*, others, some Brothers that undertook the charge of *Jupiter*, time, according to *Echomenus*, but *Dionysius Callicles* saith, fifteen; *Percider*, fifty two,) to drown'd the noise and crying of the Child, us'd to tinkle Brass Instruments, whereby many Bees were accidentally invic'd thither, which continually from that time fed the Child with Honey. See *Catullus*. *Hygon*.

Q

And

And under strictest Laws they aged grow,  
 Their native Countrey, and fix'd Mansions know;  
 Mindful of Winter, labour in the Spring,  
 And to the Publick Store their Profit bring.  
 For some provide, and by a Compact made,  
 Labour abroad; others at home are staid  
 To lay *Narcissus'* tears, and yielding Gum,  
 As the first Ground-work of the Honey-comb,  
 And after they tenacious Honey spread;  
 Others, the Nations hope, young Colonies breed:  
 A second part the purest Honey stives,  
 Untill the liquid *Nectar* crack the Hives;  
 And some by lot attend the Gates, t'inform  
 Approaching Show'rs, and to foretel a Storm;  
 To ease the Laden, or, imbattell'd, drive  
 The Drones, a slothful Cattel, from the Hive.  
 Work heats; of Thyme the fragrant Honey smels.  
 As when the *Cyclops* the soft mafs compels,  
 Hasting for *Jove* huge Thunder-bolts to make,  
 Some with the Bellows air return, and take;  
 Others in Water dip the hissing Ore;  
*Etean* Caves with beaten Anvils roar:  
 They with much strength their Arms in *m* order raise,  
 And turn with tongues the Mafs a thousand wayes.  
 So (if I may great things compare with Small)  
 Bees, to their work, for love of Profit fall;  
 Each hath his Task, the Aged, Rulers are,  
 Who frame *Dedalian* Roofs, and Combs repair;  
 But those that Youthful be, and in their Prime,  
 Late in the Night return, laden with Thyme;  
 On every Bush and Tree about they spread,  
 And are with Calsia and rich Saffron fed,  
 Or *o* purple Daffadils, and Lindons tall.  
 All rest at once, at once they labour all.

(l) Alluding to the story of *Narcissus*, who in the midst of his tears was transform'd into a Flower. *Arist. Hist. 1. 5. 23.* affirms the matter of *VVax* to consist, in *eliqua ror di-*  
*spens* of the tears of Trees.

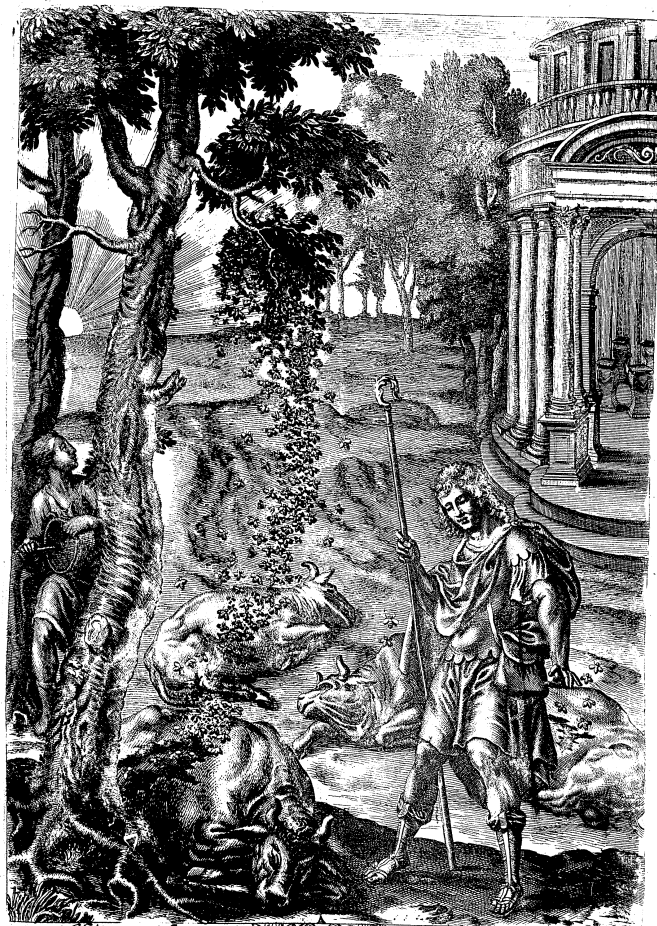
(m) In *numerus*, in *duobus* as the Scholiast of *Callimachus* interprets this Verse upon the same subject, *Hymn 3.*

*αὐτοῦ τοῦτον τὸν ἀριθμὸν ὡς ἀντίον*  
*πολλῶν.*

(for so perhaps is the Text to be rector'd) which found the *Spaniards* imitate in this proverbial speech, *To mezzano, jo mezzano; To contigo, jo contigo; Todos tres, todos tres.*

(n) Ingenious, curiously wrought; from *Dadalus* (whose name in Greek implies Variety) the Artist famous into a proverbial speech, *Δαδάλεια* *ἔργα*. Of the wonderful structures of Bees, see *Aristotle, Hist. Anim. lib. 9. 40. Phys. lib. 11. cap. 10. & 11.* The reason that *Aristotle* gives of their ingenuity, is, because as the Thicker and Hotter blood hath the greater strength, so the Thinner and Colder the more *VVit*; which difference is preserv'd even in those things which have something answerable to blood, as *Veas*, and the like, which are therefore the more ingenious.

(o) *Ferrugini*, not in relation to the death of *Hyacinth*, as *Typhus* will have it, as if meant *Lugubres*, but to the colour of the Flower. See *La Cerda*.



*Hec vero subitum, ac  
 Adspicunt: liquefacta  
 Spidere apes vterq;  
 Immensaque trahi  
 Confluere. et lentis*

114 Iohani Greene de Boys. C5. Essex



*dictu mirabile monstrum  
 boum per viscera toto  
 et ruptis effervere costis  
 nubes jamque ardore summa  
 uvam demittere ramis. Georg. 4.*  
 Armigero. Tabula merito votiva.



Whilst their King lives, they all agree in one,  
But dead, the Publick Faith is overthrow'n;  
They make the Commonwealth a spoyle, and rend  
Their Waxen Realms; his Life did all defend.  
They honour him, and with a Martial sound  
Circle about, and strongly guard him round;  
Bear on their Backs, and with their Lives defend,  
By brave Wounds purchasing a Noble End.

From these Examples some there are maintain,  
That Bees derive from a Celestial strain,  
And Heavenly Race; they say the Deity  
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and lofty Skie;  
Hence Men, and Beasts, both Wild and Tame, derive,  
And whatso're by breathing Air survive;  
To this they after are dissolv'd, and then  
They re-assume first Principles agen:  
Nor is there place for Death: their Spirits fly  
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty Sky.

But if their narrow Courts thou mean't to spoyle,  
And seize the Treasure of the Honey-pile,  
Silently water in their Chambers spout,  
And with your hand extended smother them out.

Twice they swarm yearly, twice a large Increase  
Their Harvest brings; first when the Pleiades  
Her sacred brow above the Earth doth shoot,  
And spurns the scorn'd Ocean with her foot;  
Or when that Star from Warty Signs retires,  
And sad, in stormy Waves conceals her Fires.

But when incens'd, their Anger knows no mean,  
For if you hurt them, they inspire a bane,  
And, in the body fix'd, their Javelins leave,  
And where they give the Wound, their Death receive.

But fear'st thou cruel Winter, and would'st spare,  
Pitying their broken minds, and sad affair?

(a) If their Queen go forth, they attend her with a Guard before and behind; they which go before, ever and anon returning, and looking back, making signs of extraordinary joy; in which manner they bring her home: if by her twice she bid them go, they swear; if being abroad she dislike the weather, or lighting place, they return: will'st she cleareth them to Battle, they fight; if she droop and dye, they either languish and dye too, or yield to the Robbers, and fly away with them. Butler.

(b) Upon this Pythagorean opinion, thus Servius: This place (saith he) the Poet more fully prosecutes in the feet Back of the Bees, which he here briefly toucheth at, to prove that Bees also have some part of the Divinity. For that all Creatures consist of the four Elements, and the Divine Spirit, is manifest. This high conceit is confirm'd by their Prophecies of extraordinary events, especially of Learning and Eloquence, as in Plato, Pindar, Lucan, and St. Ambrose, in whose mouths, when inspired, they are said to have made Honey.

(c) Targus is by the Poet here taken for the goddess: Our Poet's observation agrees with Aristotle; but Varro adds a third time, besides the rising and retiring of the Pleiades, viz. at the end of Summer, before Arcturus be quite risen.

Who doubts to cut them Wax, and to perfume  
With Thyme? for oft base Lyzards spoil the Comb,  
And the blind Beetle wafts the pretious hoard,  
And Drones, free-quarter'd at anothers board;  
Or cruel Wasps charge with unequal arms,  
Or Moths still-eating generation harms;  
Or else, Minerva's hateful Spider sets  
About their Palace Gates intangling Nets:  
How much by Fortune they exhausted are,  
So much they strive the Ruins to repair  
Of their fall'n Nation, and they fill th'Exchange,  
Adorning with the choicest Flow'rs their Grange.

But if (since Bees know our Calamities)  
Their bodies languish in a sad Disease,  
Which thou by signs too manifest may'st know,  
Their Looks are chang'd, and their dejected Brow  
Paleness deforms; when they to Shades descend,  
In order woful Funerals they attend;  
Or else they mourn, lingering about the Dore,  
Or in their Chambers privately deplore,  
Till they with Hunger and stiff Cold grow numb:  
Then sadder Notes are heard, a doleful hum,  
As when rough Auster murmurs through the Woods,  
Or as loud VVaves roar with incens'd Floods,  
Or dreadful Flames rage, pent in Furnaces.  
To burn Galbanean odour I'll advise,  
And bring the Mourners Honey in a Cane,  
T'entice the VVretches to known Food again,  
Juice of Oak-apples mix'd with Roses dry'd,  
And richest VVine with Fire well purif'd;  
To these Cecropian Thyme and Cent'ry joyn,  
And Grapes which dangle on the Psyllian Vine.  
There is a Flow'r which grows in Meadow ground,  
Swains call Amello, easie to be found,

(d) This Rule to spare the Bees, and not to leave them quite destitute of Suttenance in the Winter, is deliver'd by Aristotle and Varro. The first saith, That there must be so much Honey left as may maintain them all Winter, otherwise they will dye: The second, That though in the Spring and Summer ten parts of the Honey may be taken away, yet in Winter but one of three.

(e) The Enemies of the Bee, are, The Aphis, Woodpecker, Sparrow, Titmouse, Swallow, House Wasp, Crab, Snail, Lemmet, Spider, Toad, and Frog. See Butler, cap. 7. Arist. Hist. lib. 9. cap. 40. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 12. cap. 18. &c.

(f) Relating to the Fable of Arctore, whom angry Pallas turn'd into a Star, for daring to contend with her in working. Ovid. Met. l. 6.

(g) Aristotle likewise affirms, that if too much Honey be left in the Hive, it makes the Bees idle, and on the contrary, if they have little, they will be the more diligent.

(h) Bees, by reason of their temperature, are never subject to sickness, the causes of their death being only Hunger and Cold, the Progress of whose general decay and death are three: 1. Their halow hanging down out of another hole. 2. Their continual keeping in. 3. A general exarioration and emaciatedness. Butler, l. 51.

(i) The name of this Herb the Tables deduce from Celer the Centur, who by application of it cured the wounds made by Hercules his Arrows.

(k) Much controversy there is amongst the Critics, what this Herb or Flower should be; some think it is the same with that which they call Asper, others Citharizans minus; others a kind of Chamaemeli. See Matthioli for the first opinion in Dioscorid. l. 3. with whom La Cerda agreeing, I sub. That is spun he hath fix'd the same Flower exactly suiting with this description.

Who

Which

Which golden, like a mighty Grove doth sprout;  
But the thick Leaves that shade it round about  
Are clad in purple, which the Altars oft  
Embraceth with sweet Wreaths, and Garlands soft:  
Sharp in the taft; wife Shepherds gather them  
In Flow'ry Vales, near *Mellus* sacred Stream;  
The Root of these they mix with *Bacchus* Blood,  
And at their Gates leave plenty of this Food.

But should the whole stock fail, not one remain,  
From whom they would derive their house again;  
Th' *Arcadians* rare invention we must here  
Remember, who with Blood of a slain Steer  
Of Bees restor'd. I will recount it all,  
And tell the Story from th' original.

Where happy People plant *Canopus* soyl,  
And dwell near spreading Streams of flowing Nile,  
And through their Country painted Vessels row;  
Where gliding Streams from the tann'd *Indians* flow,  
Which border nigh the quiver'd *Persian* Land,  
And verdant *Egypt* marl with fruitful Sand;  
Then spreading, doth in seven large Channels part:  
These Nations all are skilful in this Art.

First take a little Place, for that use chose,  
Then tile it, and with narrow Walls inclose,  
And let there be four Windows next design'd,  
With oblique Lights, made from each several Wind:  
Then take a Steer, grac'd with a branching Top,  
Of two years old, his Breath and Nostrils stop,  
And whilst he struggles, him with beating kill,  
That the sound Hide his dissolv'd Bowels fill.  
Thus dead, they leave it shut, and under lay  
Green Branches, Thyme, and freshest *Cassia*.  
This must be done when *Zephyre* calms the Main,  
Before the Meads blush with new Flow'rs again,

(1) Many Rivers of this name are found up by Interpreters; for the word is self signifying black, is applyed upon any deep Waters; amongst the rest, one in *Gallia*, of which *Strabo* undertakes the Poet.

(2) *Aristeus*, who, as *Aristotle* 1. 3. affirms, reigned in *Arcadia*, and first found out the use of Bees, Honey, Milk and Cheese. He was moreover a Shepherd, a Husbandman, skilful in Vines, and in Astronomy; for about the many Obligations he left upon Posterity, they numbered him amongst the Gods.

(3) *Canopus* is a City of *Egypt* near *Alexandria*, built by the *Spartans* in memory of the Master of Menelaus his Ship, *Canopus*, who, upon their return from *Troy*, being driven upon that Coast, was there buried. *Tacit. Annal.* 2.

(4) Here is some great mistake in the Copy (for of the Author it is not to be imagin'd) and therefore *La Cerda* leaves out this line, *Andersson* *Egypte*, &c. as spurious, not without the confirmation of very ancient Manuscripts; according to whose exposition, the sense is thus: All *Egypt* (where happy people plant *Canopus*, &c.) All *Verba* (where the Stream from the tann'd *Indians* flows, &c.) make use of this Art. *Egypt*, *Virgil* describes by *Nileus*, in three Verles; *Persia*, by the River *Indus*, in the other three; which *La Cerda* proves to have seven Channels, as well as *Nileus*.

(5) Here *Cyprian*, upon this subject: Build a House ten Cubits high, and ten broad, with the other sides equal to one another; let there be one Door, four Windows, on each side one. Bring an Ox into it: thirty months old, flay and fat. Set young fellows to kill him with Clubs, and break the bones in pieces; but let them be sure they make him not any where bloody, for a Bees is not bred of Blood, and let them not strike too hard at first. Let his Eyes, Ears, Nostrils, Mouth, and the other passages for excretion, be presently stop'd with clean fine linen dip'd in Pitch. Lay him on his Back over a great quantity of Thyme, and let the Doors and Windows be stop'd with Clay, that the House be not penetrable with Wind or Air. Three weeks after open the Windows on every side, but that wherein the Wind blows. When it is sufficiently aired, close it up as before. Eleven days after, when you open it, you shall find it full of Bees in Clusters, and naked left of the Ox except Horns, Bones and Hair. The Kings are bred (they say) of the *Brains*, the others of the *Flesh*; and those that are of the *Brains*, are fairest and strongest.

E're her high Nest the chattering Swallow makes:  
Whilst, in young bones the cherish'd humour takes,  
Then moving Creatures (wondrous to behold!)  
First without Feet, then sounding Wings unfold;  
Then boldly by degrees to Heav'n they tow'r,  
And fallly forth thick as a Summer Show'r;  
Or as a Cloud of Arrows, in their flight,  
When the bold *Parthians* are engag'd in Fight.  
What God, O Muse, this strange Art did invent!  
From whence had Man this new Experiment?

When *Aristæus* left sweet *Tempe's* Coast,  
His Bees by Famine and Diseases lost,  
Sad, standing at the sacred Fountains head,  
He thus complaining, to his Mother said:

O thou the great Commanders of these Floods,  
Why me, the noble Off-spring of the Gods  
(If *Phæbus* is my Sire, as you declare)  
Bor'st thou the scorn of Fate? where is your Care?  
Thou gav'st me Hope, that I in Heav'n should reign,  
But yet those Honours mortal life sustain  
Of Corn and Herds, got by such Toyl and Smart,  
I now must lose, though thou my Mother art.  
Go, and my fertile Groves thy self annoy,  
And burn my Stalls, with Fire my Corn destroy;  
Hew down and spoyl my Vinyards, if to thee  
So grievous are those Honours granted me.  
Under the Streams soft Bed his Mother heard,  
Whilst round her Nymphs *Milesian* Wool did card  
Stain'd with rich green: *Drymo* and *Xantho*, fair  
*Phyllodoce* and *Ligea*, their bright Hair  
Upon their Snowy Necks dishevell'd lay,  
*Spio*, *Ibalia*, *Cymodoce*, *Nyseia*,  
*Lycorias*, *Cydippe*; a Virgin one,  
This had *Lucina's* pangs in Child-bed known:

(1) *Aristæus* was Son of *Apollo* and *Cyrene*, Daughter of the River *Pemus* (otherwise *Hyflus*) who when he would have ravish'd the Nymph *Euridice*, VVile to *Orpheus*, and the flying was slain by a Serpent (all his stock of living Creatures, and amongst the rest, Bees, being utterly destroy'd by the fury of the Nymphs) he desir'd his Mothers assistance, whom he brings to *Proetus*, and he teaches him the art of rejoycing and recruiting Bees.

(2) Of these are recited a long Catalogue; *Homer* also, *Iliad* 18. numbers 33. *Orpheus* and *Enripides* in *Androm.* 50. *Propertius* doubles this account. The reason of their great number depending upon the variety of Rivers, Lakes and Fountains, and (as *Sponander* saith) the generative property of the Sea. The Etymologies of the Names here alleg'd, are these; *Drymo* is deriv'd from Trees; *Xantho*, from Yellow; *Phyllodoce*, from cherishing Leaves; *Nyseia*, from an Island; *Spio*, from Caves; *Thalia*, from the greenness of Flowers; *Cymodoce*, from VVaves; *Cydippe*, from Horses, as their glory; *Lycorias*, from *Apollo* so named, or the skin of a VVolf, her habit; *Clio*, from Praise; *Bere*, from Noyse, &c.

Clio

*Elia* and *Beroe*, both to th' Ocean born,  
Whom Gold and curious Mantles did adorn;  
*Ephyre* and *Opis*, *Asian Deiope*,  
And *Arethusa* swift her Arms laid by.

Amongst these *Clymene* did vain cares relate  
Of *Vulcan*, those sweet Thefts, and *Mars* deceit;  
Gods many loves from Chaos did rehearse,  
Whil'st they their soft Webs ply, pleas'd with the Verse,  
*Ariflaus* grief then pierc'd his Mothers ear:  
All on their Chrystal Seats amazed were;  
But *Arethusa* first her Golden Head  
Advancing from a swelling Billow, said,  
Dear Sister, not in vain we troubled are  
With such a sad complaint; thy chiefest care,  
Poor *Ariflaus*, at his Father's Streams  
Stands weeping, and thy Cruelty condemns.  
Then said his Mother, struck with sudden fear,  
Hast, hast, and shew him in; he may repair  
To the Gods Court; then bids the Waves divide,  
To make her Son a Passage: on each side  
Billows like Mountains stand; then she receives  
Him 'twixt the Flood, and leads beneath the Waves.  
He wondring goes through Courts, and Crystal Realms,  
Loud Groves, and Caves, which Water overwhelms;  
And with tumultuous Waves astonish'd, found  
All the great Rivers gliding under ground,  
Through divers wayes, whence *Phasis*, *Lycus* spread,  
And where deep *Enipius* shews his Head,  
And where old *Tyber*, and sweet *Aniens* flows,  
Where murmur'ing *Hypanis*, and *Caicus* rose,  
Golden *Eridanus*, with a double Horn,  
Fac'd like a Bull, through fertile Fields of Corn:  
Than whom none swifter of the Oceans sons,  
Down to the purple *Adriatick* runs.

(f) *Germanus* observes, that this relation is attributed to a Nymph of the *Vivater*, out of an Allegorical respect of the enmity betwixt that Element and the Fire, for which reason the Water-Nymphs laugh at the Fire and Love of *Vulcan*. The story of *Mars* and *Venus* (for *Mars* is *deus* implies no more than how *Mars* was deceiv'd, however mistaken by *Servius*) is common, recited at large by *Ovid. Met.*

(g) *Phasis* and *Lycus*, Rivers of *Celasia*.

(h) Rivers (saith the Scholiast of *Sophocles*) are figur'd like Bulls, either by reason of their found, bellowing, as *Homer* saith, like Bulls, or because they cut through the Earth, as with a Plough.

When he to Chambers arch'd with Pumice drew,  
And that *Grene* his vain sorrow knew,  
To wash his hands, his Sisters from the Spring  
Draw Crystal Water, and fring'd Towels bring;  
Tables they load with Meat, and full Cups plac'd,  
Then with *Panchæan* Fire the Altar grac'd.

Here spake his Mother; Let Rich Wine be paid,  
Unto the Sea; next to the Ocean pray'd,  
Founder of things; and to the Nymphs, who Woods  
Preserve a hundred, and as many Floods.  
Now thrice on Fire she casts the flowing Wine,  
As oft with Flame the lofty Cielings shine.  
Pleas'd with the Omen, then, she thus began:

Green *Proteus* dwells in the *Carpathian* Main,  
Prophet to *Neptune*, through broad Seas he glides,  
And in his Chariot with Sea-horses rides;  
Now gone to *Emathia*, and his native Shore;  
VVe Sea-Nymphs, and old *Nereus*, him adore.  
For the great Prophet all things doth foresee,  
VWhat is, what was, and what shall after be:

This *Neptune* gave him, whose great Herd he breeds,  
And huge Sea-Calves beneath the Water feeds.  
'But him thou first must bind, ere he'll declare  
Cause of thy Loss, and prosper thine Affair:  
Unless you force him, no advice he grants,  
And is inexorable to all Complaints,  
Handle him roughly then, and bind him fast,  
And all his Sleights shall useles prove at last.

I'll bring thee (when at Noon the Sun invades  
The scorched Grass, and Beasts retire to Shades)  
To th' Old Man's Cave, whom sudden thou may'st seize,  
As he in soft repose shall take his ease.  
But when th' hast bound him, and with Chains subdu'd,  
VWith various Transformations he'll delude;  
A savage Boar, fierce Tiger, scalie Snake,  
And a huge Lion with a Shaggie Neck;

(i) It was a happy Omen (saith *Terentius*, 19, 27.) when the Flame rose high upon the Altar, for which reason they pour'd Wine into the Fire to provoke it.

(g) These live in and without the Water; *Oppian* saith (*Hel. 1.*) That they are born on Land, and there continue till they are twelve years old, and then are carried to the Sea by their Dime. They are very kind to Men. *Ælian* 56.4. mentions one, which fell in love with a Man that divid'd for Sponges. *Rondelatus*, another, taken by the Island *Delos*, which convers'd with Men many days together.

(c) See the reason, in the Notes upon the first *Eclog.*

(z) The Nature of *Proteus*, shifting into several forms, some refer to the Ensigns or Arms of the Egyptian Kings, which, according to their fashion, were various, a Lion, Bull, and the like: See *Did. Sic. lib. 2.* Others interpret him a Sophist, who taketh Men with variety of Arguments: Others contrariely, the Truth, which suffers not her self to be taken, but only by such as are well acquainted with the way of it; A fourth Exposition is of *Mæris prima*, susceptible of all Forms. Many other Mythologies in *Cælia* reckon.

VWhen

R

Or

Or to escape, shall thunder like a Flame,  
Or glide from thee in a swift Chrystal Stream:  
How much the more he changes to all Shapes,  
So much, more careful (Son) prevent Escapes,  
Till his first form returns, which thou didst spy,  
When he in pleasant Slumber clos'd his Eye.

This said, she with a Heavenly Odour strews  
Her Son all over, and <sup>b</sup> Ambrosian Dews:

Her comely Tresses breathe Celestial Air,  
And did his Body with new Strength repair.

There is a Cave, worn in a Mountains side,  
Where stormy Winds oft force the swelling Tide,  
Which cuts it self into a Land-lock'd Bay,  
Where once 'trest Mariners in safety lay.

*Proteus* in this lies guarded with a vast  
Fence-work of Rock; here she the Young Man plac'd,  
Shelter'd with Darkness, from discovering Light:  
Then straight to thin Air vanish'd from his sight.

And now Hot *Sirius* through Dry *India* hurl'd,  
Rag'd from the Skye, and all the Middle World  
The Sun inflam'd; Grass burns, and to the Mud  
The scorching Beams boyl the exhausted Flood;  
When *Proteus* came to his accustom'd place,  
About him the vast Oceans Warry Race,  
Who sporting, off the Brackish Water shake,

Then stretch'd along the Shore, sound Sleep they take.  
He, as a Herdsman in the Mountains, when  
*Vesper* invites Cattel to house agen,

And bleating Lambs the cruel Wolves provoke,  
Sits on a Cliff, and numbers all his Flock.  
He, since so fair the Opportunity shews,  
Scarce grants th' Old Man his Weary Limbs compose,  
But rusheth with a shout, and bound him laid;  
VVho not unmindful of his Arts t' evade,  
• Transforms himself into all <sup>a</sup> Monsters dire:  
Now he's a Beast, a Flood, and straight a Fire.

(b) Though *Ambrosia* be properly the Food of the Gods, and *Nectar* their Drink, yet that they are sometimes taken *vice versa*, *La Cerda* allegeth many instances; and in that sense understands our Poet; adding, that he alludes to the Custome of the Antients, who us'd to anoint their Guests with Oil; observ'd from *Homer* and *Athenaeus*. And here more particularly in respect to *Aristeus* his wrestling with *Proteus*, to which Exercise Oil was proper, as making the Body slippery, not easie to be seiz'd on.

(c) The Sea-Calves, according to *Aristotle*, *Hist. 5.* sleep and bring forth on Land. So *Ælian* *l. 9. c. 50. Pline*, *l. 9. c. 7.* the time of their Sleep, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, is about Noon.

(\*) Thence the Proverb, *Mors changeable than Proteus*. The same quality *Hesiod* ascribes to have been obtain'd of *Nereus* by *Periclymenus* son of *Nereus* and *Polyxena*, to transform himself into whatsoever he would. see the Fable of *Vermineus*, *Ovid. Met. lib. 14.*

(d) *Miracula*, which word *Menestrius* observeth us'd in *rebus turpibus*; adding, that these changes of *Proteus* related to the obscene profligacy of the Antients, in *Crit. Armb. 5. 5.*

But when no sleight prevail'd, he vanquish'd,  
Himself assumes, and with a Mans voice, said;

O most undaunted youth, by whose commands  
Found'st thou our Court? what seek'st thou at our hands?  
But he reply'd: *Proteus*, thou know'st, thou know'st;  
Nor of beguiling thee may any boast;  
Desist; I seek, commanded here by Fate,  
How to repair my now decayed State.

The Prophet then, rousing his Fiery Eyes  
With Flaming Beams, iraged, thus replies,  
And Destiny declares: No common God  
Displeas'd, on thee hath laid his heavy Rod;  
A great Plague is begun; this punishment  
(And less than thou deserv'st) hath *Orpheus* sent:  
For he incens'd (if Fates not interpose)

For his lost Wife, will yet procure more Woes;  
VVho, whil'st she swiftly by the River side,  
From thee pursuing, fled, unhappy Bride,  
Saw not the mighty Snake, which lurking was  
Under the Bank, and hid in spreading Grass;  
Alone the *Dryades* on Mountains wept,  
The *Rhodopeian* Tow'rs her Fun'rals kept;  
Lofty *Pangæa*, and bold *Rhesus* Coast,  
*Getes*, *Hebrus*, and, *Ælian* *Orithyia* most.

He on his well-tun'd Instrument, alone,  
His hapless Love, thee, his sweet Wife, did moan;  
And by himself, thee, on forsaken Shores,  
Early and late, he in his Song deplores;  
He's *Tenarus*, and woful Gates of *Dis*,  
And horrid Groves, where dreadful Darkness is,  
And *Æmanes* past, to the stern King repairs,  
And Courts not us'd to bend to Humane Prayers;  
He with his Song charm'd from the dismal Coasts  
Of *Erebus*, pale Souls, and liveless Ghosts.  
Thick, as to Woods, the Fowl in thousands bend,  
When Night or Tempests from the Hills descend;

(\*) This was at first written by *Virgil* in the name of *Gallus*, whose Mithers run away with *Anthony*; but to please *Augustus* (after the death of *Gallus*, who was condemn'd for Treason) he chang'd the name into *Orpheus*, to whom he apply'd the story. See *Eleg. 10.*

(c) *Ovid*, who relates this story, *Metamor. lib. 10.* calls it a *Viper*; *Tzetzes*, a *Serpent*; *Virgil* here, *Hydrum*, as a word most proper to a Serpent lurking in the Water; *Nicomachus*, in *Thesaur.* affirms, that the *Dryades* (which kind he makes all one with this) used to bite the Foot, and thence to distill Poyson through the whole Body.

(f) Hence *Servius* conjectures, that *Eurydice* was one of the *Dryades*, but disprov'd by *La Cerda*.

(g) The name, *Tenarus*, belongs to a Town, a Haven, and a Promontory in *Lacedæmonia*, all near one another. Here was a Cave, suppos'd the entrance into Hell. *Orpheus* himself (as commonly suppos'd) in *Argement*.

*Tristis Tenaris petit penetrare regem, Confusus Cythereæ, uxoribusque nocens.*

Matrons and Men, lamenting Babes, again  
 'Mongst valiant Kings in Bloody Battail slain,  
 Return'd with Virgins, and brave Youth that were  
 Laid in their Parents presence on the Bere,  
 Which round about were moted in with Mud,  
 And horrid Reeds of th' *Acherontick* Flood,  
 Whom dull VVaves of th' innavigable Sound  
 Binds in, and *Styx* nine times incircles round.  
 Hells Court, and Gates of Death, amazed were,  
 The Furies now not twist their Snake Hair,  
 Then silenc'd were loud <sup>6</sup> *Cerberus* Triple Jaws,  
 ' *Ixion's* restless Wheel stood at a pause :  
 All these he pass'd ; then back returns with fair  
*Euridice*, to the ætherial Air ;  
 She following him (for so <sup>6</sup> Hells Queen enjoyn'd)  
 When fond thoughts seiz'd th' incautious Lovers mind :  
 Such petty crimes might plead their pardon well,  
 If ever any Mercy came from Hell.  
 Advis'd by Love, he look'd Behind, that he  
 By day his dear *Euridice* might see ;  
 And all his Labour lost : thrice under ground  
 Hells Covenant broke, the *Stygian* Floods <sup>1</sup> resound :  
 But she, dear *Orpheus*, said, what thee could move  
 To ruine both ? VVhy was so much thy Love ?  
 I must to cruel Fates sad summons yield,  
 My Eyes in Everlasting Sleep are seal'd ;  
 Farewell, farewell, Night shades my Body o're,  
 Stretching my hands, 'embrace thee, thine no more.  
 This said, she sudden vanish'd from his Eyes,  
 And, like Smoke mix'd with Wind, disperfed, flies ;  
 Nor saw him catch in vain the yielding Air,  
 Earnest his Mighty Sorrow to declare.  
 Nor would Hells churlish Ferriman agen  
 Transport him o're the *Acherontick* Fen.  
 What can he do, twice having lost his Love ?  
 Or with what sute Infernal Spirits move ?

(b) A three-headed Dog, Porter of Hell.

(c) *Ixion*, King of *Thessaly*, was by *Jupiter* (for attempting a Rape upon *Juno*) cast into Hell, where tortur'd on a Wheel.

(d) Such was the Custom of the Ancients, when they left any place where some misfortune had befallen them, never to look back, that they might not recall into their memories the ill they had receiv'd there, which they took for an ill Omen. This common Superstition *Virgil* transfers to an Infernal Law ; confirmed by the unfortunate success, for *Orpheus*, upon his looking back, lost his Wife. See *Geoid. lib. 10*.

(1) This Noise *Servius* refers to the joy of the Ghouls for the return of *Euridice*.

She sailing in the *Stygian* Boat, grows cold.  
 Whil't seven long Months delaying periods told,  
 Under a Rock (as Fame reports) he kept,  
 And at forsaken *Strymon's* Billows wept,  
 Mourning in dismal Caves ; <sup>2</sup> Tigers, once Fierce,  
 Grow Mild, and Stubborn Oaks move at his Verfe.  
 As 'mongst the Poplar shade in doleful strains,  
 Robb'd of her Young, sad <sup>3</sup> *Philomel* complains,  
 Whom scarce yet fledg'd, some Rustick, having found,  
 Took from the Nest ; but she doth Woes resound,  
 Perch'd on a Tree, and the whole Night laments,  
 Filling all Places with her sad Complaints.

No Love, nor other Bed, could him entice :  
 Alone he goes, through *Hyperborean* Ice,  
 And *Tanais* Snow, wandering through bitter Coasts,  
 For ever wedded to *Rhiphean* Frosts,  
*Pluto's* vain Gift, *Eurydice*, he mourn'd,  
 The *Thracian* Dames, because their Beds he scorn'd,  
 Him at their *Bacchanalian* <sup>4</sup> Orgies tore,  
 And strew'd the Young Mans Limbs about the Shore.  
 His Head then from his Ivory Shoulders <sup>5</sup> torn,  
 Was down the Chancel of swift *Hebrus* born ;  
 And whil't his Dying Tongue could move at all,  
*Eurydice*, *Eurydice*, did call,  
 And all the Banks resound, *Eurydice*.

This *Proteus* said, and leap'd into the Sea ;  
 And, where he leap'd, did make the fomie Wave,  
 Under his Body, with huge strokes to rave.

Then thus *Cyrene* spake, to ease his care,  
 My dearest Son, now lay aside all fear,  
 Since the whole cause is known of thy mischance ;  
 The Nymphs, with whom in Groves she us'd to dance,  
 Have sent this sad destruction to thy Bees,  
 Then humbly them with Sacrifice appeale,  
 And there the yielding *Dryades* adore ;  
 They will forgive, if thou with Vows implore.

(m) Here *La Cérda* deserves to be consulted, who produceth a Catalogue of those things which *Orpheus* attracted with the sound of his Lute ; Men, Gods, Stars, Rivers, the Sea, Winds, Trees, Birds, Beasts, Stones, Mountains, and Infernal Powers.

(n) *Germanus* conceives the Poet to allude to the report of the *Thracian*, attested by *Pausanias*, that those Nightingales which build near the Tomb of *Orpheus*, are more melodious than the rest.

(o) The Rites of all Gods are call'd Orgies, *οργια* τὰ ἑσπρία τὰ ἀνέμια, from driving away all profane persons ; more particularly the Rites of *Bacchus* have this name, by reason of its affinity with *οργή* Fury. Thus, I suppose, the great dispute is to be reconcil'd concerning the Etymology.

(p) *Pausanias*, lib. 9. relates the death of *Orpheus* to be otherwise, as hapning through excessive grief for the loss of his Wife, or struck with Thunder for revealing sacred Myſteries to Men ; but our Author's story is confirm'd by the most general consent. *Plato* adds, that he chose the life of a Swan, out of hatred to Woman-kind, refusing to be born again of those who were Authors of his death. The punishment of the *Thracian* VVomen for this Murder, were fears inflicted on them by their Husbands, as tokens of this Sacrilege. See *Germanus*.

But first know how thou shalt thy Offering make.

Four of thy large and best-fed Bullocks take,  
Which now on tops of green *Lyceus* use ;  
As many of thy unbroke Heifers chuse ;  
Then, with great care, for these, four Altars raise,  
In the high Temples of the Goddesses,  
And from their Throats let forth the Sacred Blood ;  
Then leave their Bodies in a shady Wood ;  
And when the ninth *Aurora* brings the day,  
To *Orpheus* Ghost *Lethæan* Poppy pay,

And a <sup>7</sup> black Sheep : then view the Grove again,  
Pleasing *Euridice* with a <sup>7</sup> Heifer slain.

He the Commands of's Mother straight obey'd,  
Went to the Temple, and four Altars made :

And four of's largest Bullocks forth he took,  
As many comely Heifers never broke :  
And when the ninth day bright *Aurora* shew'd,  
He worships *Orpheus*, and the Wood review'd :  
A Wonder, not to be believ'd, he sees,  
From the dissolved Entrails, Swarms of Bees,  
Which from the broken Ribs resounding flie.  
And in a thick Cloud sally to the Skie :

On a tall Trees top-branch they cluster now,  
As Grapes hang dangling on the gentle Bow.

Thus Tillage, Beasts, and Trees have been my Theam,  
Whil'st mighty *Cæsar* at <sup>1</sup> *Euphrates* Stream  
Thunders with War, and Conqu'ror, Laws ordains  
For willing Realms, and Heaven with Valour gains.

Breeding to me <sup>1</sup> *Parthenope* imparts,  
Pleas'd with the study of Contemned Arts :  
There, a bold Youth, I Past'rals did repeat,  
And under spreading Beech, thee, *Tityrus*, set.

(7) To the Infernal Deities they offer'd Black Beasts, to the Celestial, White ; Because (saith *Arnobius*, lib. 9.) to *Supernal Gods*, and eminent men, the more joyful colour is acceptable ; to unhappy infernal Deities, the more sad colour : Thus *Arnobius* ; which Superstition he proceeds to refute.

(1) A Heifer to a Goddess ; Female Offerings to Females, Male to Male Deities, as observ'd by *Arnobius* in the same place.

(1) A River dividing *Mesopotamia* from *Syria* and *Cappadocia*.

(1) *Naples*. Our Author, as *La Cerva* believes, alludes to his own name, call'd by the Antients, and often by *Scaliger*, *Vates Parthenopæus*. Therefore *Parthenope*, or the *Virgin-City*, bred me *Virgil*, the *Virgin-Poet*.



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

## (4) THE FIRST BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**JUNO** a Storm procures: the Trojans tost'd,  
By Neptune's favour gain the Libyck Coast.  
Venus complains. The King of Gods relates  
To her Rome's greatness, and ensuing Fates.  
Hermes to Libya sent. Venus appears,  
And in a Mortal Forme Æneas bears.  
He visits Carthage, and lost Ships regains.  
Dido the weary Trojans entertains.  
But whilst glad Guests, full Cups, and Banquets move,  
She takes a Fatal Draught, and drinks long Love.



(5) Who on slender Reeds soft Past'als  
play'd,  
Then leaving Woods, the neighbouring  
Country made  
Obedient to the greedy Villager,  
A grateful work to Swains; Now horrid War,

(\*) So nam'd from Æneis, the chief Person in the Poem; of which formation, by Poetical Authority, contrary to the rules of Grammar, see Prilician, lib. 2. Æneis (as Philostratus attests) was esteem'd of greater Wisdom amongst the Trojans, as Hector of greater Strength: both of equal Age and Stature. He was (as Homer acknowledgeth, lib. d. 11.) honour'd as a God by his Country-men, a being as a Stoic, he is said to be; Prudent, Generous, and Strong; which Characters our Author prefers to the knight. And as Homer in his Iliads hath represented the Prædict life under the Person of Achilles, in his Odysseys the Thoric under Ulysses, Virgil hath contrasted both into one Work and Person, expressing the Odysseys in the six first Books, the Iliads in the six latter. The name, Æneis, though Homer derives from Æneas, as if impos'd on him by Venus, in relation to some ill Omen, Scaliger more appositely deducteth from æneis, to praise, which our Author best justifies.

The Author's scope and intention in this Work, is, to describe the actions of Æneis, thereby celebrating Julius and Augustus Cæsar, who is said to be known, as the Offspring of Julius or Æneius, the Son of Æneas.

(A) This is the only Book of the Twelve which ends Comically, as is observ'd by Scaliger, Poet. In it the Poet imitates more particularly the first of Homer's Odysseys.

(S) Some are of opinion, that these first four Lines were not Virgil's, but far beneath the weight of the rest; but they are vindicated to their author by the testimonies of their ancient Interpreters, Donatus and Servius; and in themselves, by the whole Academy of Critics. Varus indeed, and Tacca, to whom Augustus deliver'd the Book to be revis'd, are said to have cut them Four off, upon that latter ground, but how unreasonably, we refer to Scaliger, the Father, Poet lib. 5.

(b) There are three kinds of Characters, *hædus, mediocris, et dignus*, the Low, the Mean, the Generous. The Grammarians attribute the first to our Author's *Bucolics*; the second, to his *Georgicks*; the last, to his *Æneids*; which three Works he implies here by Woods, Country, and War.

Arms

(c) Some blame our Poet for putting Arms before the Man, because the first fix Books discourse more of him, the last more of Arms; but they forget that the second Book sets Arms out to the height, characterizing both Valour and Deceit, a most prudent Leader and a most daring Soldier exactly.

(d) The other he only play'd; This word, *Caner*, being observ'd to be much lighter than *Modulari*: Therefore *Calliope* is Queen of the Muses, because she rests only *Modularum*, she sings, *Scalio*. *Poet. 3.*

(e) Different Interpretations are alleg'd by Grammarians to make this good; for that *Aeneas* was the first that went from *Troy* to *Italy*, is contrary to History, *Aeneas* having done as much before: but *Servius*, to justify this priority of *Aeneas*, proves, that at what time he came to *Italy*, it was bounded by the River *Rubicon*; so that *Aeneas* came not into *Italy*, but to *Gallia Cisalpina*: To which division *Cæsar* seems to allude, when passing over that River against *Pompey*, he said, *Id est, Italia est ante me*, as if that were the first step he made into *Italy*.

(f) It was commonly reported, that *Aeneas* fled away from his Country, having first betray'd it, which, *Virgil*, to take off, lays his blame wholly upon fate: for which purpose add this reason, That he was descended from *Lamedus*, the *Hebrew* Tradition affirming, That whosoever was of a perjur'd Race, should be an Exile and Vagabond by Fate. *Serv. Feld. 19. Lævia litera*. Of this Prediction or anticipation of the story, see *Agellus*, l. 10. c. 16. for those parts had not receiv'd this denomination (either from *Lavinia's* brother, or from *Lavinia* the Daughter of *Latium*) till after the arrival of *Aeneas*. (h) Some understand this of *Alba*, but not well, for that *Africanus* built; others of *Rome*, worse; *Virgil* means *Lavinium*, founded by *Aeneas*, as *Livy* and *Dionysius* attest, and himself, *Æneid. 12.*

—mili. membra Troæ  
Constitunt, ubique dabit Lavinia mœnem.

(i) His Country-gods, which *La Cærdus* observes always to be his meaning, when he useth the word generally: With these *Aeneas* sought out his habitation, these he carry'd with him to *Latium*, lib. 6.

Errantique Deos agitataque mœnia Troæ.

(k) A part of *Italy*, where *Janus* and *Saturn* reign'd with equal Empire; the later flying from his son *Jupiter*, hid himself: Our Poet (sith, lib. 8. that it hath the name *Alba*, but *Scaliger* (in *Pyromum*) affirms, that *Saturn* in the Syriack tongue signifies *lucum*, one that hides himself, which the People of this Country interpreting, call'd him *Latium*, and from him the place. (l) *Fa* from *Aeneas*, not from *Latium*, as *Donatus* interprets. (m) *Carthage*, according to *Jespe*, was built before *Rome*; if we believe *Apian*, fifty years before the taking of *Troy*. (n) *Coloni*, to name'd from Colony rather than *colere terram Colare*; the story see before. (o) When the *Romans* wag'd war with *Carthage*, the count'd; o Myriads of men, 300 Cities. (p) He commends not the *Carthaginians* for their skill in War, sith *La Cærdus*, lest he should dispense the *Romans* their Advantages, but for their Piety and boldness in their frequent revolts from the *Romans*. (q) At *Carthage* *Janus* was painted riding on a Lion, in her right hand a Thunder-bolt, in her left a Scepter; firman'd Celestial by the *Carthaginians*, as by the Greeks *Cronus*. See *Scaliger*, de emendat. temp. where he likewise demonstrates, that the *Carthaginian* Language was at that time almost Hebrew. (r) An Island of *India*, where *Janus* was supposed to be born, bred, and married to *Jupiter*, by reason of the pureness of the Air, and therefore sacred to her: Whence the *Samos*, on one side of their Coyn, printed a Pheacock her Bird. *Alvianus*, lib. 14. (s) From her spear the was firman'd *Hesperia* and *Caritis*; as the likewise had a Sword, is observ'd by some out of our Poet, who faith, the was *ferre accincta*, lib. 2. *Volturnus* *Flaccus* mentions her *Ægis*, *Servius* her Shield. That she was likewise firman'd *vanquish* and *victoria*; see *La Cærdus*. (t) Not a *Therion*, for that was likewise common to other Gods; and here something more peculiar is intimated; *La Cærdus* understands this of that Military Chariot which *Homer* gives her, and was, as *Quod non feci Carthaginis arces*, kept at *Carthage*. *Fest. 6.*

Pœnitæ quod non feci Carthaginis arces,  
Cum meo fuit illo curvus et arma lica.

Perhaps firman'd *Carnalis*, as *Servius* affirms. *Tertullian* adds, that *Trechilus*, the Inventor of Chariots, dedicated his first work to *Janus*.

That

That this, Earths Empress, should all Nations sway,  
She had design'd, would destiny obey.

But, in the Book of Doom, she found, from *Troy*,  
A Race must come, should *Tyrian* Tow'rs destroy;  
People of vast Dominion, a proud Foe  
Should *Libya* waft, revolving Fates foreshew.

This fear'd, and minding VVars in former days,  
She for dear *Argos* did gainst *Ilium* raise;  
Nor could the antient injuries digest,

Nor *Paris* judgement rooted in her breast;

That high affront of Beauty so disgrac'd,

Then the loath'd Stock, and *Ganymede* so plac'd.

More vex'd at these, *Trojans* through th' Ocean tofs'd,

Those poor remains, the conqu'ring *Grecian* hoast,

And stern *Æcides*, had left alive,

She through all Seas did far from *Latium* drive:

They wandred many years, inforc'd by Fate.

So great the Task to raise the *Roman* State!

'*Sicilia* yet in view, their Sails they hoys'd,

And, plowing up the foamy Sea, rejoyce;

When *Juno* said, who foster'd in her breast

Th' eternal wound, Vanquish'd shall I desist?

Nor yet this *Trojan* Prince from *Latium* turn:

The Fates curb me forsooth; could *Pallas* burn

And sink the *Grecian* Navy in the Sea,

For one Man's Lust, *Ajax* impiety?

besides the affection of her Husband, is, that *Jupiter* made him his Cup-bearer displacing *Hile* the Daughter of *Juno*. (d) *Æchilles*, so nam'd from his Grandfather *Æacus*. (e) *Virgil* thus, faith *Macrobius*, the Law of *Historians*, which obligeth them to begin from the original of the story, to follow the example of *Homer*, who first brought this method into poetry, which *Æschylus*, in *Pœtic*, commends; and *Horace*, de *Arte Poetic*. (f) Goddess of Wildome, born of *Jove's* Brain; by *Macrobius* *Saturn*, l. 17. mytholog'd, the virtue of the Sun deriv'd from the highest part of the Sky, and (as *Junonius* *asteris* *cælestis*) is allow'd Thunder as well as *Jove*, who is *medius æther*. Thence the brags in *Æschylus* his *Emmend*.

In me great *Jove* confides; to me alone,  
The *Mægætes* where Thunder lies, is known.

(where for *Æchilles* the sense requires *Idæus*) but *Juno*, as being *immortal*, hath not that privilege, which here the complaints of (d) There were two *Ajaxes*, One the Son of *Telamon* by *Hepione*, Daughter of *Lemædon* King of *Troy*; he was the strongest *Grec* next *Æchilles*, for whose Arms (after his death) he stood in competition with *Ulysses*. The other (here meant) was King of the *Ionians* in *Greece*, son to *Oileus*, wonderful swift and expert in handling his Spear. This Man, when *Troy* was sieg'd, did violate the Prophecies *Cassandra* in the Temple of *Pallas*; wherefore, as he return'd homewards, he and his Ships were destroy'd with Lightning.

S

She

(e) Meaning the *Æmilian* Family, descended from *Æmilian*, son of *Africanus*, of which was *Scipio Africanus*, who overcame *Carthage*. *Plutarch*, in *Cæsar*, observes, that the Family of the *Scipios* were fatal to that *Contra* *et*, *Africæ*.

(f) Three Goddesses, who dispos'd the lives of Men, and thence, faith *Agellus*, *Fortis* derives *Parca*, a personality, two of them being term'd *Nyxæ* *divina*, from the times of nature birth, the ninth or tenth month, as living power of Life; the other, *Astora*, as having power of Death; their common names and offices included in that old Proverbial Verse,

Clotho the Spindle holds, Lachesis  
guides  
The Thread of Life, which Atropos divides.

To which employment *Vulturn* here relates, as *videtur* and *accidit* with the *Grecis*.

(g) Once the chief City of *Peloponnesus*, betwixt which and *Athens* there was a common Temple dedicated to *Juno*.

(h) The story of the Golden Apple, for which *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* contended, and was by *Paris*, Judge of the Race, given to *Venus*, is at large related by *Calpurnius* in his Poem upon that subject, excellently rendered into English by *M. S.*

(i) By *Antigonæ* Daughter of *Læonidas* King of *Troy*.

—who serves  
For match'd beauty with the Wife of  
Jove.

[*Sandys*, *Æneid*, *Ovid*, lib. 6.]

and was, for her insolence, by *Juno*, turn'd into a Snake. This is the expiation of *Coronides*, better than that of *Servius* or *Donatus*, who confound this with the precedent cause of her hate.

(k) The *Trojans* descended from *Dardanus* their King and Founder, Son of *Jupiter* by *Elctra*, and in that respect justly odious to *Juno*.

(l) The story how *Ganymede*, son of *Tros* King of *Troy*, was snatch'd up by *Jupiter*, is sufficiently known: the chief ground of *Juno's* quarrel to him,

She cast *Jove's* winged Lightning from a Cloud,  
Dispier'd their Fleet with Wind, the Ocean plow'd ;  
Him, breathing Flames which through his Bosome broke,  
Stak'd with a Whirl-wind on a pointed Rock.  
But I, Heaven's Queen, Sister and Wife to *Jove*,  
So many years War with one Nation move :  
None will hereafter *Juno's* Power adore,  
Nor Suppliant at our Altars, Aid implore.

Such things revolving, fir'd with discontent,  
She to the Land of Storms (<sup>b</sup> *Æolus*) went,  
Coasts big with Tempests, where King *Æolus* reigns,  
And the rebellious Winds in Prison chains :  
But they, disdain'd their so close restraint,  
Round the dark Dungeon roar with loud complaint.  
In a high Tow'r, here sceptred *Æolus* stands,  
Calming their Fierceness by severe Commands ;  
Else in their rapid course they would not spare  
Sea, Land, high Heaven, but sweep them through the Air.  
*Jove* fearing this, them in a Cave immures,  
And under weight of mighty Hills secures ;  
And gave a King, who knows when to refrain,  
And, when commanded, how to loose the Reign ;  
To whom thus *Juno* Suppliant began :

The Father of the Gods, and King of Man,  
Impow'r'd thee, *Æolus*, I loods to calm, or raise :  
A Race, my Foe, now sail the *Tyrrhen* Seas,  
Bearing to *Latium* conquer'd Gods and *Troy* :  
Raise thou a Storm, and their craz'd Fleet destroy,  
Or through the VVaves their scatter'd Bodies send.  
Twice seven most beauteous Nymphs on us attend,  
The fairest, *Deiopeia*, I will join  
To thee in VVedlock, to be ever thine ;  
For this great service, the thy Bed shall grace,  
And make thee Father of a beauteous Race.

(L) There are seven Islands beyond the *Sicilian* Strait, nam'd *Æolian*, from *Æolus*; by *Pliny*, *Vulcanie*, and *Ephelesides*. *Hom.* acknowledgeth but one, and from him *Virgil*. In this only they differ, that one describes the Habitation of *Æolus* as a Palace, the other as a Prison: which though it may not improperly be understood of all the seven Islands, yet is by *Turpinus*, 21. 10. thought to agree best with the third of them *Strabo*, c. 112. call'd the House of *Æolus*. See also *Pliny*, 3. 9. and *Strabo*, lib. 6.

(i) King of the *Æolian* Islands; by the Clouds commonly imur'd over them, but chiefly by the Smoke, he foretold the change of Winds, and therefore was thought to have power over them, whence believ'd their G d.

(k) The *Tyrrhen*, *Tuscan*, and Lower Sea is all one, to which is oppos'd the *Adriatick*, *Ionick*, and *High-sea*.

(l) The Physical ground of all, is this, Tempests are begotten by the Clouds, over which *Juno* presides; they being agitated by the Winds, of which *Æolus* is Lord. His Image, as describ'd by *Albrius*, suits with this place; *Æolus* stood in a Cave, cloth'd in a Linen Garment, girt at the Feet, below; in either Hand, a Horn, which putting to his Mouth, he seem'd to blow; from each Horn issued six Winds: and because *Juno* is suppos'd to have bestow'd the Kingdom on him, he standing at his Right Hand, encompass'd with a Cloud, sat a Crown upon his Head; on his Left, a Nymph half-naked, arising out of the Sea, whom *Juno* promised to him for a Wife.

When

When *Æolus* said, 'Tis thy part to enjoy  
Commands, great Queen, but to Obey, is mine :  
Thou in this Realm and Throne didst me invest,  
And, by thy means, 'mongst Gods with *Jove* I feast ;  
Thou me o're Storms and Tempests didst advance.  
This said, he pierc'd the Mountain with his Lance ;  
Winds rush like Troops, finding themselves enlarg'd,  
And the whole World with one great Tempest charg'd.  
They take the Sea ; *Eurus* and *Notus* raves,  
And stormie *Africus*, from deepest Caves,  
Th' whole Ocean vex'd, tumbling vast Waves to Shore;  
The Sea-men clamour, Shrouds and Tackle roar :  
VVhen from the *Trojans* sight dark Clouds restrain  
Heaven and the Day, black Night broods on the Main ;  
The high Poles thunder, and thick darted Fire  
Inflames the Skye, swift ruine all conspire.  
Straight are *Æneas* Limbs benum'd with *Cold*,  
Who sighing, up to Heaven his hands did hold :  
Then said, 'O happy, more than happy, you,  
VVho near *Troy's* VVall dy'd in your Parents view !  
VVhy was not I by thee, *C<sup>d</sup> Diomed*, slain,  
Most Valiant *Grecian*, on the *Dardan* Plain ?  
VVhere great *Sarpedon* lost his Life, and where  
Bold *Hector* fell by fierce *Achilles* Spear ;  
Where, *Simois*, depriv'd of Valiant Souls,  
So many Heroes, Shields and Helmets rowls.

Then from the North a sudden gust did rise,  
Took them a Staies, and Waves advanc'd to th' Skies ;  
Oars break, about she hurries with the Tide,  
A Mountain raking o're her weather-side ;  
These hang on Billows, others, yawning Waves  
The Bottom shew, the Sand with breaches raves.  
By South-winds, drove on hidden Rocks, three fall ;  
Rocks 'midst the Floods, *Italians* Altars call ;

(m) *Turnus* and *Germanus* by *Africus* understand *Zephyrus*, the West-wind ; as not thinking it likely, that the Poet should name the same Wind twice : The North-wind comes in afterwards to compleat the Storm, and to drive them upon the *Africk* Coast, which was proper to him, and the intention of the Author. Therefore *Svevia* unjustly blames him. *Quod item in illa vice non habet Africus*. And again, with as little reason, for bringing contrary Winds in together; which need not here be understood diametrically opposite. Nor will any man deny the concurrence of contrary Winds in the main Sea, by which are occasion'd Whirl-pools, and the like, till at last the strongest gets the Mastery. Thus *La Cerda*; adding the testimonies of *Horatius*, *Alpharab*, *Svevia*, and others.

(n) So the Interpreters expound *Frigus* not fear of death, fifth *servitus*, for the dead he calls happy immediately, but of the manner, by *VVite*, for the Soul being conceiv'd to be of a fiery substance, was thought to be wholly destroy'd by the contrary Element.

(o) *Phlaech*, *Synp. o. reports*, That after the taking of *Corinth*, *Manassis* commanded some Boyes, that had been brought up in Literature, to write something whil't he look'd on them: whereupon one of those that were taken Captive, writ those Verses of *Hom.* (*Twice happy, &c.*) where *Ulysses* calls them Fortunate, that died with honour at *Troy* (which place *Virgil* here imitates) whereas *Atreus*, taken with the insignamy of the Boy, fell a weeping, and for at liberty all that were any way allied to him.

(p) Son of *Tydeus*; he wounded *Men* and *Pene* in the *Trojan* War: To prepare him for which attempt, *Pallas* gave him *Pat* and *Pat*, *Strength* and *Courage*. *Hom. Iliad*. 8. He wounded *Pene* as the rescued *Æneas*, who else had perish'd in Duel with *Diomedes*; to which *Æneas* here relates.

(q) Son of *Jove*, and King of *Lyca*, who aided the *Trojans*, and lost his life in their Quarrel.

(r) A River that doth wash his birth from the top of *Ida*, glideth through the *Trojan* Valleys, and dischargeth it into the *Hellespont*.

(s) There are nine Rocks that lie betwixt *Africk* and *Sardinia*, at which the *Romans*, in the first *Punic* War, made a League with the *Carthaginians*: And because such Covenants are commonly made in Temples, at Altars, these obtain'd that denomination, and were afterwards call'd *Aspropontis*. But *Joseph Scaliger* (*in Animad.*) affirms, that amongst Ancient Writers all *Crepidines* or *eminentie*, prominent places, have this name.

S 2

Rang'd

(f) There were two of these *Symes*, or Quick-lands, in the *Lilyda* Sea. *Pomponius Sabinius* understands *Vigil* of the G-eater, as being nearest *Carthage*.

(r) It seems he succeeded *Sarpedon* in command over the *Lycians* at the *Trojan* War; and accompanying *Aeneas* in his Travels, here perished.

(u) His name, *Lescaepis*, whom, with *Orontes*, *Aeneas* saw on the Banks of *Syrus*, when he went to *Elysium*, lib. 6.

(x) Son to *Saturn*, Procher to *Jupiter* and *Dæ*, God of the sea.

(y) Of the Origine of the Winds, see *Hesiod*, *Theogon*, *Boreas*, *Natus*, *Zephyrus*, and *Auster*, are of Celestial descent; the rest Terrestrial, from *Typhon*, with which lowliness *Neptune* here reproacheth them.

(z) *Maurum* ( say the Grammarians ) is that which is neither quick nor slow, but betwixt both; of which accurately *Agellius*, to, 11. *Macrobii*, 6. 8. But *Turnebus*, disclaiming this liberality, expounds *maurare*, *seclinate discedere*, *propereare*, to hasten; with whom agrees *Donatus*: his interpretation we follow.

Rang'd are their craggy Sholders 'bove the Sea ;  
 East-winds on Shoals, a woful fight, forc'd three,  
 Bilg'd them on Banks, and stuck in 'Beds of Sand.  
 That with 'Orontes' and the *Lycian* Band,  
 In his own view, a huge Sea from the North  
 Breaks o're her Stern, the " Master tumbled forth;  
 Pitch'd on his head : but she thrice hurried round,  
 With a swift Eddie in the Ocean drown'd.  
 Some few appear swimming in boysterous Floods,  
 With Arms, and Oars, and Planks, and *Trojan* Goods,  
*Iloneus* stout Ship now the Tempest tore,  
 Now bold *Achates*, next that *Abas* bore,  
 Then old *Alethes*, through ripp'd sides each takes  
 In treacherous Waves, and founder'd are with leaks.  
 \* *Neptune* mean time perceiv'd the Sea engag'd  
 With mighty Storms, and how rough Billows rag'd;  
 He much incens'd, and carefull all to save,  
 His fav'ring Brow lifts 'bove the highest Wave.  
 Tofs'd through the Floods, *Aeneas* Fleet he spies,  
 Distrest with Seas, and fury of the Skies ;  
 Straight he his Sister's Fraud and Malice finds,  
 When thus aloud he hails th' unruly Winds.  
 Have you such confidence of your , High Birth,  
 Without our leave to vex thus Heaven and Earth ?  
 How dare you raise such mighty Hills as these ?  
 Whom I --- But first swoln Waves we must appeale;  
 Nor shall I thus such Crimes hereafter spare.  
 With speed \* depart, and to your King declare,  
 Not the Sea's power, and mighty Trident, fell  
 To him, but me; let him in thy house dwell,  
*Eurus* 'mongst Rocks, in those Courts *Aeolus* may  
 Command, and in the Winds close Prison sway.  
 Sooner then said, he calms the Sea, then clears  
 The Skye from Clouds, the Sun again appears.



*Cymothoe* *Tryton* joyn, *Neptune* himself  
 Assists to clear them from the dangerous Shelf;  
 Op'ning vast Syrts, he calms the raging Tides,  
 And, with light Wheels, over the Surface glides.  
 As when great Cities with Sedition rage,  
 The giddy Vulgar furiously engage;  
 Madness makes all things Arms, Stones, Fire-brands fly  
 Then if some<sup>b</sup> grave religious Man they spy,  
 For worth renown'd, all list'n to what he says,  
 His Speech commands their Souls, their Passion sways:  
 So did his Presence calm the troubled Main.  
 Then through clear Skyes *Neptune* with gentle Reign  
 Wheels his swift Chariot, and well-manag'd Horse.  
 The *Trojans* wearied out, resolve their course  
 For the next Shore, and soon they *Libya* reach'd.

"Far within Land, an Isle, with sides out-stretch'd,  
 Did make a Port, which broke all Storms from Sea,  
 And cuts it self into a Land-lock'd Bay;  
 On each side Rocks, of which two threat the Skies;  
 Calm Water under their protection lies.

A trembling Grove the entrance pleasant made,  
 Where thicker Woods did cast a horrid shade,  
 And Nature, of arch'd Rock, a Cave had hewn,  
 Grac'd with sweet Springs, and Seats of living Stone,  
 The Nymphs' aboads: streft Ships within this Bay,  
 Safe without Cable, or sharp Anchors, lay.

*Æneas* with seven Vessels made this Port,  
 Thirteen being lost, the *Trojans* straight resort  
 To long'd-for Shores, and much rejoicing land,  
 Toreft their Sea-sick Bodies on the Sand.

Then first *Achates* Sparks strikes out of Flint,  
 And feeds the Fire with Leaves; dry nourishment  
 He next about the snatching Flame supply'd.  
 They weary'd out, such as they had, provide;  
 Corn with salt-water tainted: what they find,  
 They dry with Fire, and with a Stone they grind.

(a) *Tryton* is *Neptune's* son by *Amphitrite*, and his trumpeter, *Cymothoe*, a Sea-Nymph, Daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris*.

(b) There are many examples in this kind. *Thucydides*, a *Pharolion*, by his Rhetorick repref'd the *Athenians*, who were running up and down the City, ready to take up Arms, *Thucyd.* lib. 3. *Quintus*, the *Corioli*, did as much in a fray betwixt his fellow-citizens *Appius*, with whom the Nobility took part, and *Leitanius*, the Tribune, of whose side were the Common People, *Diogen.* lib. 5. The same, *Cicero* reports, of *M. Porcius*, the Consul, who hearing the insurrection of the *Philicians* against the senate, arriv'd as he was, in Robes for Sacrifice, came amongst them, and with his counsel and authority stopp'd the business.

(c) *Turonus*, and others, understand here, *Hippocampi*, Sea-Horses, *Stat. Theb.* 2.

*Illic Agas Neptuneus gurgite fissi  
 In portum dedit equos, prior hanc  
 habuerat  
 Ungula, pferens solentur in aqua  
 pisces.*

*Hippocampi*, River-Horses, are another species, perfectly resembling Horses with four feet; proper to *Nileus*.

(d) This description is in imitation of *Horace*, but some there are who apply it to a Haven of *Spain*, at new *Cartage*, which is by *Livy*, lib. 26. describ'd much after this manner.

(e) See *Id.* 3.

Mean while the Prince, earnest to view the Coast.  
 Ascends the Hill, if *Antheus* Tempest-tols'd,  
*Capys*, or any Sail he might discern,  
 Or stout *Caicus* Arms on his high Stern :  
 But not a Sail in th' Offin did appear,  
 When on the Shore he spide three straggling Deer ;  
 The whole Herd following after in a train,  
 Graz'd at their pleasure on the verdant Plain.  
 He stands, but snatch'd his Bow and Shafts before,  
 Which for his Prince faithful *Achates* bore ;  
 And first, their Leaders, as they nearer drew,  
 Their tall Heads crown'd with branching Crests, he slew :  
 Then picks the Vulture out, untill he drove  
 The rest, for safety, to the sheltring Grove :  
 Nor left, till Victor, seven fat Bucks he laid  
 Dead on the ground, which his Ships number made.  
 Returning then, these with his Friends he shar'd,  
 Wine good *Acester* had in Casks prepar'd  
 In *Sicily*, and gave his parting Guests,  
 The Prince divides, thus chearing their sad Breasts :  
 Dear Friends, for we have many Dangers past,  
 And greater, God these too will end at last ;  
 You scap'd fierce *Scylla's* rage, and deafning sound,  
 And through *Cyclopi*an Rocks a Passage found :  
 Chear up, Sad Thoughts lay by, this Story may  
 Delightful be to tell another day ;  
 Through great Disasters, and such strange Retreats,  
*Latium* we seek, where Heaven grants quiet Seats,  
 Where we *Troy's* Monarchy may new erect :  
 Live, and with Hope such happy Dayes expect.  
 This said, although oppress'd with weighty Care,  
 He shews glad Looks, and hides his deep Despair.  
 They take the Quarrie, and prepare the Feast,  
 Straight they unlace the Deer, and the humbles drest,

(f) Three Rocks in the Mountain  
*Aetna*, wherein the *Cyclops* lived,  
*Pliny*, 3, 8.

Some

Some pieces cut, which trembling spitted were ;  
 On Shore some *Boylers* place, and Fire prepare ;  
 Sitting on Grasse, strength they recruit with Food,  
 And with old Wine and Ven'son chear their Blood.  
 Hunger allay'd, and Boards remov'd, much they  
 Of lost Friends talk ; 'twixt Hope and Fear, much say,  
 If dead, and quite despair'd of, or alive ;  
 Much the good Prince doth for *Orontes* grieve,  
 And *Lycus* and *Amycus* cruel Fates,  
*Chonthus*, *Gyas*, much compassionates.

When *Jove* from his ætherial height surveys  
 The fixed Earth, and navigable Seas,  
 Shores and spread Nations, on Heav'n's Spire he stands,  
 Fixing his Eye upon the *Libyan* Strands :  
 To him revolving in his Breast such cares,  
 Sad, having drown'd her sparkling Eyes in tears,  
 Spake *Venus* ; Thou, who by Eternal Law  
 Rul'st Men and Gods, and do'st with Thunder aw,  
 How could my Son so highly thee incense  
 What was the wasted *Trojans* great offence,  
 That now for *Latium's* sake must no where plant ?  
 From *Teucer's* <sup>b</sup> Line, we had thy Royal Grant,  
*Romans* should spring, that all the World should sway,  
 And make both Sea and Land their Power obey :  
 What Information alters thy Decree ?  
 In *Troy's* Destruction this did comfort me,  
 When I cross Fate with Fate did counterpoyse ;  
 Yet the same Fortune still our Men destroys,  
 What time, great King, shall terminate our woes ?  
 Safe could <sup>i</sup> *Antenor* break through all his Foes,  
*Illyrick* Confines, and *Liburnian* Realms,  
 And, without loss, pass proud *Timavus* Streams : (raves,  
 Whence through nine Mouths, a Sea from Mountains  
 Which the whole Countrey drowns in fomy Waves.

(g) Not to boyl their Meat, but to  
 wash themselves before they eat :  
 thus *Servius* ; adding, that in the  
 old times of the Heroes, their Meat  
 was never roasted ; which *La Cerda*  
 disproves, but confesseth never so  
 dress'd by *Virgil*, who therein imitates  
*Hom.*, of whom *Plautus* and *Atheneus*  
 have observ'd the same ; which  
*Plato* saith, was, because boyl'd Meat  
 was soonest made ready ; *Athena-*  
*us*, because less delicate.

(h) *Teucerus* was founder of the  
*Trojan* Race, as *Dionysius* of their  
 City ; which is the reason the Poet  
 alwayes saith, the blood of *Teucerus*,  
 not of *Dardanius*. *Teucerus* came  
 first into the place where *Troy* was  
 afterwards built by *Dardanius*, who  
 had married his Sister, or, as others,  
 his Daughter.

(i) Some write, that *Antenor* be-  
 tray'd *Troy*, and that he gave the fig-  
 nal to the *Greeks*, by hanging out a  
 great Light, and open'd the Horse ;  
 others ascribe him, and render him  
 to be a most wise and religious Per-  
 son ; yet *Livy* saies, that he and  
*Aeneas* made the Peace, and restor'd  
*Helen*. *La Cerda*.

Yet

(k) *Padua*.  
 (l) Calling them *Antemuride*. *Patavium* it was afterwards call'd, upon the occasion of an Augury, which told *Antenor*, he should there settle himself; *Ubi ipse fugitia ævom petere*, Where he should hit a Bird, thence call'd *Patavium, quæsi, Patavium*.

(m) Not hung up his Arms, as no longer necessary in token of security, but as Monuments in the Temple (so *Mosses* to *Valentinian*) adorn'd with some *Elegians*, with *La Cerda*, as the Shield of *Abas* is suspended, *lib. 3*.

(n) Those of *Orontes* and *Amegens*, and others; for the whole Fleet that escap'd, reckoning those that got another way to *Carthage*, make not 20 Ships.

Yet here he fix'd, and on this very Ground  
*Patavium* Tow'rs did on the VVaters Found;  
*Trojans* new nam'd, and free from all Alarms,  
 Hung up now uselefs Consecrated Arms.  
 But we, thy Race, Heirs to thy Starry Throne,  
 Our Ships dispers'd, are, by the sight of one,  
 Strangely oppress'd, and drove from *Latium* Shore.  
 This Virtue's pay: thus dost thou Realms restore?  
 The Father of the Gods, and King of Men,  
 Smiling on her, with such a look, as when  
 He Clouds disperseth, and serenest the Skyes,  
 Kissing his Daughter, gently thus replies.

Fear not, my *Cytherea*; for the Fates  
 Stand firm for thine; promis'd *Lavinian* Gates  
 Thou shalt behold, and bear to Heav'n with thee,  
 Great-soul'd *Æneas*; I change no Decree.  
 I'll tell thee, since such Cares torment thy Mind,  
 VVhat in the depth of hidden Fate I find.  
 He shall by War the proud *Italians* tame,  
 Reform Religion, and their Laws new frame;  
 And shall three VVinters o'r the *Latins* reign,  
 And all *Rutulia* in three Summers gain.  
 But young *Ascanius*, now *Iulus*, late  
 Call'd *Ilus*, whil't great *Ilium* held her State,  
 Shall reign full thirty Years, with Months, compleat;  
 And from *Lavinium* shall transfer his Seat,  
 And next with mighty pow'r Long-*Alba* rear:  
 Here *Hector's* Race must rule three hundred Year,  
 Till *Ilia*, Queen and Priestess, shall bring forth,  
 Pregnant by *Mars*, two Children at one Birth.  
 Roab'd in his VVolf-nurse yellow skin, and Crown'd,  
*Romulus* shall *Mavortian* Bulwarks Found,  
 And after his own name the *Romans* call;  
 VVhose power, in unconfin'd Dominions, shall

• For



*Parce metu Cytherea:  
 Fata tibi: cernis urbem.  
 Magna, sublimemque  
 Magnanimum Ænean:*  
*manent immota thorum  
 et promissa Lavinii  
 feros ad sidera Celi  
 neque me sententia vertit.*

Honoratiff: D<sup>o</sup> D<sup>o</sup> A<sup>o</sup> Wentworth

Tabula merito votiva.

For ever last; the spight which *Juno* bears,  
Vexing the World with Jealousies and Fears,  
Shall turn to Love, and she, with us, imbrace  
The *Romans*, Lords of all, and the gown'd Race.

On gliding Lusters wing'd, the Time shall come,  
When great ' *Assaracus* House, commanding *Rome*,  
Shall stubborn *Greece* into subjection bring.  
From a fair Stock shall *Trojan Caesar* spring,  
The ' *Sea* must bound his Power, the Stars his Fame,  
' *Julius*, from great *Julus* comes that Name.

Laden with ' Eastern Spoils, him thou shalt see  
In state in ' Heaven, and worshipped with thee.  
Then Nations milder grow, and Wars surcease;  
Old ' Faith and ' *Vesta*, *Romulus* in peace  
Shall with his ' Brother reign, when Steel shall bar  
Dire ' *Janus* Gates: within sits impious War  
On cur'd Arms, bound with a thousand Chains,  
And horrid, with a Bloudy Mouth complains.

This laid, from Heaven, *Jove* ' *Maia's* Off-spring sends,  
That ' *Carthage*, *Trojans* might receive as Friends,  
Left *Dido* should, not knowing ' Fate, deny  
Them free access; he glides through th' ample Sky,  
And on swift Wings, soon touched *Libyck* Shores;  
His Charge perform'd, Mild grow the Barbarous Moors;  
And first, the Queen most graciously inclin'd  
To entertain them with a Bounteous Mind.

But all that Night the Prince being full of Cares,  
And restless, with the early Dawn, prepares

city. Thus *La Cerda* (a) Concerning *Vesta* (with the *Greeks*, *Vesta*, some think from the Hebrew, *Elco & fa*, quasi *Veni felix*) there is much controversy; most agree that it was a pure perpetual Fire, which *Æneas* brought with him from *Troy* to *Italy*: so *Æmilius* 2. — *Vestamque potentem & Eternamque, aditis esset penetralibus ignem*. *Æneas* having built *Lavinium*, consecrated a Temple to *Vesta*, *Alcæus* did the same at *Alba*; afterwards others did as him at *Rome*: to whose service were dedicated certain choice Virgins of noble Families; the Figure of her Temple was round. See what *Lappæus* hath written in an express Treatise upon this Subject; *Angustus* increased the Privileges of the *Vestal Virgins*, and was himself Pontifex Maximus. Sueton. (x) Alluding, with *Æmilius*, to a brazen Statue in the Forum at *Rome*, representing *Romulus* and *Remus* suck'd by a She-Wolf. *La Cerda* refers the words to *Romulus* his appeasing his Brothers Ghost after he had kill'd him: For a Pestilence ensuing, the Oracle advis'd *Romulus*, that whensoever he appear'd in Publick concerning Affairs of State, he should bring along with him in a Chariot, the Image of his Brother *Remus*, with a Scepter, Crown, and all other Royal Ornaments, that so he might seem to enjoy the Dominion of which he had depriv'd him. (y) The Gates of the Temple of *Jove* were, by *Numa*, made the Index of Peace & War (so *Livy's* expression) shut in time of Peace, & open'd upon denunciation of War. They were shut up in *Augustus's* time (some say, thrice) there being Universal Peace at our Saviours coming upon Earth, which the *Romans*, not knowing the true ground, ascrib'd to their Emperor. An Inscription to this effect is cited by *Brissotinus*, l. 1. Form. ORBE, MARI, ET TERRA, PACATO, TEMPO JANI CLAUSO. (z) *Mercury* son of *Maia*, God of Eloquence, sent to persuade the rough *Carthaginians*, *Jupiter*, with *Cornutus*, takes notice of his Mother, because he was by her allied to the *Trojans*, *Maia*, and *Eletra* Mother of *Dorion*, being Sisters, as if he had said to *Venus*, I will send one a kin to thy *Æneas*. (a) In allusion to the Etymologie of the name, *Carthage*, in the Phœnician Language signifying New City. Which *Servius* observes out of *Livy*. See also *Salmus*, c. 40. (b) Not knowing the will of *Jove*, that *Dido* might be assur'd there was not any Treachery; for they who were directed by Fate to *Italy*, would not tittle in *Africa*; others expound the Calamity of the *Trojans*, which drove them upon that Coast, the better to move *Dido* to compassion.

(a) The *Trojan* Family. *Assaracus* was Son of *Trus*, Brother of *Gany-mede* and *Ilus*; he begot *Cappus*, *Cappus*, *Anchises*, *Anchises*, *Æneas*; of whom the *Romans* were descended. The Poet particularly names *Myene* and *Pitius*, in respect to *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, two Greek Princes born there, who were most fatal to the *Trojans*. But by these two Cities he understands, that all *Greece* shall be subdu'd; which *Servius* understands of *Mamminis*, *Turnibus*, of *Pantus*, *Æmilius*, *Nasimbodius*, of *Therius Nere*, and *Drusus*, Son-in-law of *Augustus*, who, as *Florus*, lib. 136. attests, subjugated all *Greece*. This occasion the poet takes to flatter *Augustus*.

(p) Alluding, with *La Cerda*, to the Dream of *Acia*, *Augustus's* his Mother, that she conceiv'd him by *Apollo* in the shape of a Serpent, and that her Bowels were rais'd to Heaven, and extended over all the Earth. Whether *Vergil* here means *Brianus* or *Hercules* Pillars is largely discussed by him.

(q) *Turribus* refers this to *Augustus*, but *La Cerda* more naturally to *Julius Caesar*, of whom *Vellius Paterculus* of the most noble Family of the *Julii*, and which was by all Antiquity confest, he deriv'd his pedigree from *Anchises* and *Venus*; and *Apian*, lib. 2. speaking of the same, Sacrificing at midnight, he invoc'd Mars and *Venus*; for the Family of the *Julii* seems to be descended of *Æneas*, and his son *Julus*, as the name implies: thus he. But whether this *Julus* were the same which *Æneas* had by *Cressa*, and brought from *Troy*, or his son by *Levinia*, afterwards begot in *Italy*, is controverted: Our Author constantly means the first; But *Livy* and *Clæmus Alexandrinus* are alleg'd by *Tuinus*, lib. 6. to prove the *Julii* deriv'd from the other.

(r) *La Cerda* applies this to the *Pharissæus* Field, or to the *Pentick* Triumph, of which he said, *Veni, vidi, vici*. See *Sueton* cap. 39.

(s) See *Eclog* 6.

(t) Alluding to an Image of the Goddess *Faith*, erected in a Temple of great Antiquity, built by *Æneas*, or, as others, by *Numa*. The Goddess *Faith*, with *Cicero*, de Offic. l. 3. was consecrated by *Numa*, and our Ancestors plac'd her in the Capitol, next to the most benign and parent *Jove*. This *Cicero*. To her *Augustus* ordain'd Priests and Solemnities. She is here call'd *Antient*, in respect of her Age, Veneration and Sanctity.



*Cui Mater media sese  
Virginis os, habitumque  
Spartanæ: vel qualis equi  
Nephepepoluctumque  
Nempe humeris de more  
Venerit, dederatque co:  
Nuda genu, nudaque si  
Honoriat Do D<sup>a</sup> Arabella Wentworth*



*tulit obvia silva,  
gerens, et virginis arma  
os Theïda fatigat  
Juga prævertitur, Æbrum  
habilem suspendere arcum  
mas diffundere ventis:  
aus collecta fluentis  
Tabula merito votiva*

For new Discoveries of this unknown Land,  
If Men or Beasts the untill'd Soyl command;  
Then give his Friends account of what he found.  
Under a jetting Rock, and sheltred round  
With Wood, his Fleet lay in a gloomy Shade,  
Only *Achates* his Companion made,  
In's right hand shaking two broad pointed Spears,  
When his fair *Mother* in the Grove appears;  
The *Spartan* Virgins have such Arms, and Weeds,  
Such was *Harpalice*, whose swiftest Steeds,  
Or *Hebrus* could at highest speed out-go.  
For, as they us'd, she wore a handsome Bow,  
And to the wanton Winds expos'd her Hair;  
Tuck'd to her Knee her flowing Garments were.  
And first to them she calls; Have you, I pray,  
Seen any of my Sisters pass this way?  
In *Lynx* skins girt, they cast light Quivers o're;  
Or heard them hunting of the foamie Boar?  
Thus *Venus*; when her son reply'd, Not we  
Did any of thy Sisters hear or see;  
But who art thou? that Voyce, and beauteous Face,  
Not Mortal is; thou art of Heavenly Race;  
Or *Phæbus* Sister, or some Nymph. Be blest,  
Who e're thou art, and comfort us distress;  
Say, in what Country of the Orbed World,  
We, ignorant of the Men and Clime, are hurl'd  
By a prodigious Tempest, from our way,  
And *Hecatombs* I'll at thy Altars pay.  
For me such Presents are not, she reply'd,  
We *Tyrian* Maids bear Quivers by our side,  
And high our Purple Buskins on we lace.  
*Carthage* thou seest, built by *Agenor's* Race,  
But *Libyck* Coasts, where Warlike Men are bred;  
*Dido* reigns here, who from her Brother fled:  
The story's sad and long, but I'll in brief,  
Of many Passages select the chief.

(c) The constant Companion and Counsellor of *Æneas*. *Servius* derives the name, *as 7 470, from Sollicitudo*, than which, no Attendant more certain with Princes: Much of the *Agate Stone*, upon this occasion, is alleg'd by *La Cerda*, worth consulting.

(d) *Æneas* (saith *Scaliger*) is said to be son of *Venus*, because she was predominant in his Horoscope; and that with *Jupiter*, or both with *Mars*, Lords of part of the *Sun*, and *Athen*, and the Horoscope, which the *Arabians* in their Language call *Powerful*. Hence it came to pass, that he got safe from *Troy*, out of a *War* occasion'd by a *Woman*.

(e) The *Lacedæmonian* Virgins (by *Lycæus* his order) were brought up to all Manly Offices, as Music, Running, Wrestling, Riding, Hunting; whence the Mountain *Parthenus* there took its Name, being frequented with Virgins, who met there to hunt.

(f) A Virgin, whose Father being taken and carried away by the *Geta*, pursued and overtook their fleet Horses, her self being on foot, at the River *Hiber* in *Thrace*, and freed her Father.

(g) The Poet exactly describes the Habit of a Huntress.

(h) It being the Custom of Hunters to array themselves in the spoils of such Beasts as they took; especially the skin of a *Lynx* was esteem'd for its lightness.

(i) *Nempe* thinks that the Poet alludes to the old Custom of sacrificing to this Goddess, not blood, or Beasts, but incense and Flowers: For with the other she was not delighted. *Æneas* upon *Horace*, *Ode* 19.

(k) Proper for a Huntress, and in that respect given her by *Callimachus* alio *Hymn*. 3. *de Diana*, as by *Thesaurus* to *Atalanta*, *de Diana*, described by *Pollux*, lib. 5. amongst other properties of a Huntress, a kind of Shoe rising hollow to the middle bound with a strong band, which the *Æneas* here intimates, whereas the height of the other sort of *Buskins*, viz. the *Tragicæ*, was from the sole downwards, to seem more stately, as more high, not unlike the *Venetian Clippie*. This distinction I think true, though confounded by *Tacitus* upon these words.

(l) *Jupiter* begot *Æneas* by *Letitia* the elder, he *Agenor*, he *Theris*, he *Belus* the younger, Father to *Dido*, *Egyptian* and *Anna*. *Felix Carthago* therefore is call'd *Agenor's* Seat per *Antony*.

(m) The Poet softens the rougher names, making *Sicheus* of *Sicharus*; *Belus*, *Dido's* Father, *Metrus*.

(n) *Tyri*, adverbium, *Pygmalion*, whilst yet a child, was honour'd with a Crown by the People, and reigned 47 years. He was the 10th. from *Hiram*, who supply'd *Salomon* with Cedars towards the building of the Temple. From which *Hiram*, to the building of *Carthage*, *Scaliger* reckons 103 years, in *Prolog. de Ewend. Temp.*

(o) *Dido*, driven upon *Libys*, and ready to be turn'd away again by *Iarbas*, cunningly interested that she might buy of him (others say, that he would give her) so much ground as an Ox's Hide would compass; which he granting, she cut the Hide into so many small pieces as inclos'd twenty two *Stadia*.

Thus (saith *C Camden*) Our *Annals* record, that *Hengist* the Saxon, after he had vanquish'd the Picts and Scots, and receiv'd very large Possessions in other places, obtain'd also, in *Lincolnshire*, of *Vortigern*, so much ground as he could compass round with an Ox Hide cut into small Thongs, whereon he founded and built a Castle, afterwards call'd *Thong-Castle*: whence it is that one who hath written in Verse a Breviary of the British History, turn'd *Virgil's* Verses in this manner:

*Accipique solam, salti de nomine*  
*Thongum,*  
*Taurino quantum poterat circundare*  
*terga.*

A ground he took, which *Thong* he call'd,  
When first he did begin,  
As much as he, a Bull Hide cut, could  
will compass in.

As to the name, *Byrsa*, *Scaliger* (in *Festum*) observes, that it is us'd, by *Metaphrasis*, for *Byssa*; originally an Hebrew word, signifying a Tower, or Fortified place: for *Carthage* was a Colony of *Tyrians*, who spake Hebrew. But that this story is to be understood only of the Tower, nor of the whole City, which was afterwards added to it as they grew greater, we have the authority of *Apian*, in this more probable than *Livy*, who would understand it of all, *lib. 44.*

"*Sicheus* was her Lord, in Wealth beyond  
All *Tyre*, and she of him extremely fond;  
Whose Father with blest Omens gave a Maid:  
But "*Tyre* her Brother King *Pygmalion* swaid,  
Who far exceeds all those that e're engag'd  
To murder Princes, and with Fury rag'd.  
Mad, till her Husband's Gold he had enjoy'd,  
*Sicheus* at the Altars he destroy'd;  
Long hides the Fact, and did her Love despise,  
Yet cherish'd her vain Hope with flattering Lies.  
To whom in Sleep, her Husband un-interr'd,  
With a most Gaily Countenance appear'd,  
Dire Altars, and his wounded Bosome shews,  
And all her Brother's Treason did disclose:  
Perswades her, straight that she her Country fly;  
A Hoord of Gold, and Silver, to supply  
Her Voyage, he discovers under ground,  
Which made her way, and many Followers found.  
Those who did hate, or fear the Tyrant, meet,  
And suddenly they seiz'd a ready fleet,  
Transporting thence greedy *Pygmalion's* Coyn;  
A Woman Principal of this Design;  
And found those parts where now huge Walls, and new  
Tow'rs of aspiring *Carthage* thou may'st view:  
Call'd ° *Byrsa* from the Bargain, so much Ground  
Bought, as a Bull's hide might inclose round.  
But who are you? whence came ye? where d'ye go?  
To her inquiring, he, surcharg'd with wo,  
From a full Breast, drew these. Should I recall,  
O Goddess, things from their Original,  
And would you hear the Annals of our Woes,  
*Vesper* would first day in *Olympus* close.  
We from Old *Troy*, if e're you heard the name,  
Through many dangerous Seas, and Tempests came,

By

By Providence thus to the *Libyck* Shore.  
I am *Æneas* who from Enemies bore  
My Gods with me aboard; my Fame above  
The Stars is known; and sprung from mighty *Jove*,  
I seek my kindred, and great *Italie*;  
I twenty Ships launch'd to the *Phrygian* Sea:  
What course my Goddess Mother did ordain,  
And Fates, I have observ'd; scarce seven remain  
By Waves and Tempests craz'd; unknown and poor,  
Driven from *Europe*, and the *Asian* Shore,  
I wander *Libyck* wilds. Here *Venus* brake  
Off his sad Speech, and, interrupting, spake.

Who e're thou art, I judge that thou surviv'st  
Dear to the Gods, at *Carthage* who arriv'st:  
To the Queen's Palace therefore straight repair;  
For know, thy Friends and Fleet in safety are,  
And with chang'd Northern Winds be hither brought,  
Or me in vain my Parents Augury taught.  
Lo! twice six Swans, rejoycing in their march,  
*Jove's* Bird had chac'd through Heaven's ætherial Arch,  
Drawn out in Rank and File, on Earth they light,  
And now their taken Quarters seem to flight;  
Escap'd, they mount, clapping triumphant Wings,  
And round the Pole the Silver Confort sings.  
So to the Port thy well-mann'd Navy steers,  
Or in safe Harbour with full Sail appears.  
Then said, now Sirs, keep on the way you go,  
And turning, she her glorious Neck did shew;  
When her *Ambrosian* Hair a heavenly sweet  
Breaths from her Head, Robes flow beneath her Feet;  
Her garb a Goddess shews. He, when he knew  
His Mother, thus her flying did pursue.

Why cruel too, dost thou so oft deceive  
Thy Son with feigned Shapes? may we not give

Right

(p) He glanceth at a story; which the Lawes of Poetry would not permit him to bring in directly. *Varro*, lib. 2. *Div. reports*, that *Æneas*, from the first hour of his setting forth from *Troy*, saw every day the Star of *Venus*, till he came to *Laurentium*; where seeing it no more, he knew that was the destiny'd Ground.

(q) A Number fortunate in *Augury*, so many Vultures gave *Romulus* the Kingdom from his Brother *Remus*; to which perhaps the Poet alludes. The story is related by *Livy*.

Right hands, hear real stories, and reply:  
 Thus blaming her, he to the Walls drew nigh.  
 But *Venus* with Black Mists them walking shrouds,  
 And covers with a Cloak of fable Clouds,  
 Left any should or touch them, or discern,  
 And by delays, their cause of coming learn.  
 Then the pleas'd Goddess back to *Paphos* flew,  
 Her own dear Seats, and Temples to review;  
 Where crown'd with Garlands to her sacred name,  
 With Eastern Gums an hundred Altars flame.

(\*) *Paphos*, or *Palephatini*, a City on the East part of *Cyprus*, where *Venus* had a Temple with a hundred Altars, saith *Tacitus*, on which no Bloody Sacrifices were ever offer'd, as we already have said. Whence she is call'd by *Cassius*, *Sagittaria experta*.

(†) *La Corda* conceives that the Poet alludes to that Theater which was built at *Rome* by *M. Scævra* the *Edile*, which *Pliny*, 36. 15. saith, consisted of 360 Columns, the lower part Marble, the middle Gists.

But they mean time went as the path did lead,  
 And now ascend a Hill, whose rising Head  
 Did much or e-top the City, and look down  
 Upon the adverse Bulwarks of the Town.  
 The Prince, late Cottages, now lofty Spires,  
 Gates, busy Throngs, and paved Streets admires.  
 The *Tyrians* ply their work; some Bulwarks Found,  
 And Stones, to raise high Walls, dig under ground;  
 Others a place to build their House inclose,  
 Laws, Magistrates, and a Grave Counsel chose;  
 Some make the Port, others a Platform drew  
 For ' Theaters, from Rocks huge Pillar hew,  
 High Ornaments to grace the future Scene.  
 As Bees through Flow'ry Meads, the Air serene,  
 Work in the Spring, when hopeful Youth they train,  
 Or when they treasure their delicious gain,  
 And with the purest *Nectar* stuff their Hive,  
 Or ease the Laden, or imbattel'd, drive  
 The Drones, a slothful Cattel, from their Cells;  
 All work, of Thyme the fragrant Honey smells.  
 O you are happy Men, whose Walls are laid,  
 (Admiring their high Roofs) *Aeneas* said;  
 Wrap't in a Cloud, most strange, then marcheth in,  
 And mixing with the People, went unseen.

Amidst

Amidst the City was a shady Grove,  
 Where first the *Pæni*, by a Tempest drove,  
 Digg'd a ' Horse Head, which sign great *Juno* gave,  
 How well in War they should themselves behave,  
 And through all Ages be with Plenty fill'd:  
 Here *Juno's* Temple did Queen *Dido* build,  
 Wealthy with Presents, and the Goddess grace;  
 Brass' Portals mount with Steps on Beams of Brass,  
 On groaning Hinges Brazen Gates re-found.  
 Here first the Prince some light of Comfort found;  
 New Objects less'ning Doubts, he not despairs  
 Of better Fortunes to his sad Affairs.  
 For whilst, attending on the Queen, he staid,  
 And the high Temple round about survail'd;  
 Whilst he admires the Cities Chance, and strife  
 Of emulous Artists imitating life,  
 He saw the *Trojan* War most rarely done;  
 War, now by Fame through all the World made known.  
 He saw \* *Atrides*, *Priam* too was there,  
 And stern *Achilles*, unto both severe.  
 Weeping, he then, *Achates*, said, what State,  
 What Kingdom hath not heard of our sad Fate?  
*Priam* behold! Reward here Virtue finds;  
*Troy* Tears, and our Misfortunes pitying Minds:  
 Fear not, this Fame may bring some Help. This said,  
 On liveless Picture he his Fancy fed.  
 Sighing, then bathes his Cheeks in Streams of Brine,  
 To see how they near *Troy* did Battel joyn:  
 Here *Grecians* fly, and *Hector* presseth on,  
 Crested *Achilles* there, and *Trojans* run.  
 Next ' *Rhesus* Snowie Tents his Eye invite,  
 Whose Quarters *Diomed*, in dead of Night  
 Had beaten up, and dreadful Slaughter made,  
 And to his Camp their Fiery Steeds convey'd,

(\*) In digging the first Foundation (of *Carthage*) there was found the Head of an Ox, which was a presage of a fruitful Soil, but of a City, laborious, and always subsistent; in another part they found the Head of an Horse, which signified, that the People should become Warlike and Powerful, and gave the City a fortunate Omen. Thus *Justus*, lib. 18. Whence *Cælius*, lib. 18. 38. observes, That *Carthage* was of old call'd *Cuccæ*, which in the *Pænic* Language imports a Horses Head.

(†) *Servius* saith that *Virgil* alludes to an Edict in his time, which order'd, that (after the *Capitol* was betray'd by the *Tarpian* Virgin) all the Hinges should be of Brass, that the noise might give notice of any Treason.

(\*) We follow those who read *Atrides*, not *Atrides*; for though, as *Tacitus* pretends, they might be here taken for one Person, as being Sons of one Man, and so *Priam* and they come within the compass of the *ambibus*; yet how he will make good that *Achilles* was rugged and cruel to *Meneas* (as he was to *Priam* in the death of his Son, and to *Agamemnon* at the loss of *Briseis*) I know not. *Servius* confirms our reading, *Epist.* 104. where he makes *Cæsar*, the Victor *Agamemnon*; *Pempey*, the Vanquish'd; *Priam* *Cato Uticensis*, *Achilles*, Enemies to both, in behalf of the Commonwealth.

(†) *Rhesus*, King of *Thrace*, preparing for the aid of *Troy*, was told by the Oracle, that if his Horses ever drank of the River *Xanthus*, and eat *Trojan* Fodder, *Troy* should overcome the *Greeks*: But *Dæmon*, a *Trojan* Spy, being taken that very night that *Rhesus* fate down near *Troy*, by *Diomedes*, in the *Grecian* Camp, discover'd *Rhesus* his coming thither, so he was intercepted and slain. *Plautus* indeed reckoning three Fates whereon the safety of *Troy* depended, *Æneid* 4. 9. names not this: The first, *Signum ex arce spersisse*, the loss of the *Palladium*: *Alterum* *castrum off Troili muros*, the death of *Tróilus*: The last, *Cum patre Scælium superius finderet*, when the Walls were broke down to let in the Wooden Horse. But as to the story of *Rhesus*, it is excellently set down by *Homer* and *Enripides*.

Ere

(c) *Troilus*, though here call'd *Puer*, was, as *Hymus* and *Boccaccio* affirm, one of the eldest of *Priam's* sons; by whom, after the death of *Hector*, the *Trojan* Party was chiefly upheld, as having in one Skirmish slain 16 *Greek* Princes with his own hand: And when they cried out, that now *Hector* was dead, they need not fear any thing, *Diomedes* and *Ulysses* answer'd, that *Troilus* was no less valiant than *Hector*. He wounded *Meneleus*, *Diomedes*, *Agamemnon*, and *Achilles* himself, by whom he was slain, but the manner differently related; *Servius* saith, that *Achilles* betray'd him by putting some Stock-Doves in his way, in which he knew that he delighted; *Eusebius* saith, that he was kill'd by *Achilles* in the Temple of *Apollo*, others, that his Horse, being wounded, threw him in Fight, at which advantage *Achilles* slew him.

(d) *Inferibitur excavator*, *sculptor*, in allusion to the Steel point of the Style, wherewith they wrote in their Waxen Table-Books. *Symp. & Enigm.*

(e) The *Trojan* business succeeding to fill without the Walls, *Hecuba*, *Polyxena*, *Cassandra*, and the rest of the Ladies in the City, with loose Hair, beating their Breasts, after the manner of Suppliants, went up to *Mener's* Temple, to be commanded by *Hector* (not *Helenus*) who dedicated the mention'd Garment to her. In great perils, when they had recourse to the Gods, they did not only embrace their Images, but put on their Garments, in that habit believing they might the sooner obtain favour of the Deity, to whom it belonged. This *Turcius* observes, *lib. 14. c. 15*. *Polanus* is, according to *Servius*, properly a Womans Garment wrought with the Needle consecrated to *Minerva*.

(f) That *Priam* bought the body of his son *Hector*, of *Achilles*, is known from *Homer*, *Iliad. 24.* who saith, that he gave for it, *asphix* *corvus*, *Infinite Presents*, *Cedreus* *mith*, *Gold*, *Silver*, and *Precious Raiment*, which was afterwards required by the *Trojans*; for when he was thorowly *Paris*, the *Grecians* were fain to pay for his body the weight of it in *Gold*. So *Eusebius*.

(g) *Amor* falling in Love with *Troilus*, Brother of *Lamachus*, had a son by him call'd *Memnon*, who went to assist the *Trojans* upon the interest he had of affinity with them, but was slain by *Achilles*.

(h) *Eurolas* is a River of *Lacedaemonia* on whose Banks grew a Laurel sacred to *Apollo*. *Cymbus* is a Mountain in the Island *Delos*, fam'd by the birth of *Apollo* and *Diana*, thence call'd *Cymbus* and *Cymbia*.

E're they drank *Xanthus*, or near *Troy* had graz'd.  
 Poor *Troilus* disarm'd, here flies amaz'd,  
 Too weak for thee *Achilles*, backwards flung,  
 With Horses dragg'd, he by his Chariot hung,  
 Foul Earth doth his fair Neck and Tresses smear,  
 'Scribling the Dust with his inverted Spear.  
 When *Ilian* Dames, with Hair<sup>b</sup> dishevell'd, went  
 To angry *Pallas* Fane, and Robes present:  
 Beating their Breasts, her they implore with Cryes,  
 But th'angry Goddess fix'd on Earth her Eyes.  
 Here, thrice *Achilles*, *Hector's* pale Corps rowl'd  
 About *Troy's* Walls, and ransom'd it for 'Gold.  
 Then a deep Groan his Breast did almost rend,  
 When he the Corps, Spoils, Chariot of his Friend,  
 And *Priam* saw when naked Hands he rears.  
 He knows himself amongst the *Grecian* Peers,  
 Knew Eastern Squadrons, and black<sup>d</sup> *Memnon's* Arm,  
*Penthesilea* raging 'midst Alarms,  
 Her Crescent-shielded *Amazons* brought on,  
 Her naked Breast girt with a Golden Zone;  
 'Against whole Regiments she chargeth then,  
 And (a bold Virgin) dares encounter Men.

Whil'st on these things the *Trojan* Prince did look,  
 And, much admiring, with the Object took,  
 With a strong Guard, Queen *Dido*, the most fair,  
 To the high Temple did in State repair.  
 As on ' *Eurolas* Banks, or *Cymbus* Top,  
*Diana* Dances leads; a beauteous Troop  
 Of Mountain-Nymphs attend on every side;  
 Her Golden Quiver at her Shoulders t'ide,  
 Walking, she all the Goddesses excels,  
 Whil'st Joy *Latona's* silent Bosome swells:  
 Such *Dido*, who her self so nobly bears,  
 Hastning the work, to settle State-affairs.

In *Juno's* Porch, the Temples mid-arch, round  
 Guarded with Arms, on high the fate intron'd;  
 A Woman gave Men Laws, and Tasks assigns  
 In equal Portion, or by Lot enjoyns. (view

When straight the Prince did with great concourse  
*Anteus*, *Sergestus*, and *Claonthus* too,  
 And other *Trojans*, in the Tempest tost  
 By raging Billows, to another Coast,  
*Eneas* and *Achates* both admire,  
 Hope bids them on, Fear stops their rash desire  
 Timbrace their Friends; but still in doubt they throw'd,  
 Longing Spectators in the hollow Cloud,  
 To know what hapned to their Friends, and where  
 They left the Fleet, what business brought them there;  
 For from each Ship Petitioners were sent,  
 Which altogether to the Temple went;  
 After admission, and free audience had,  
 Undiscompos'd, bold *Ilioneus* said, (Tow's

Great Queen, whom *Jove*, to raise these stately  
 And curb proud Nations by strict Law, impow'rs;  
 Drove through all Seas, with mighty Storms distrest,  
 We miserable *Trojans* thee request  
 To save our Fleet from Fire, the Pious spare,  
 And nearer look into our sad affair.  
 Nor have we Landed in a Hostile way,  
 As Pyrats, on the *Libyck* Coasts, to prey:  
 Such Pride, such Courage, vanquish'd, we have lost.  
 There is a Warlike and a fruitful Coast,  
 The *Greeks* ' *Hesperia* call, whose famous Land  
 Th' *Oenotrian* People did of old command;  
 Call'd by Posterity, as goes the Fame,  
 ' *Italy*, from *Italus* their Princes name;  
 To these parts we were ' Bound.

B b

When

(f) *Italy*, so call'd from *Hesperus* Brother to *Atlas*, firnamed *Magna Hesperia*, to distinguish it from *Spain*; so call'd also from *Hesperus* the Star; yet not with respect to the bigness, but preheminance in excellency.

(g) *Oenotria* is a Maritime Coast of *Italy*, so call'd from *Oenotrus*, an *Arcadian*, Son of *Lycus*, who dwelt there; if we credit *Dionysius Halic.* and *Pausanias*: but *Cato* and *Pliny* say, from *Oenotrus*, King of the *Sabinæ* and *Hetrurians*: *Servius*, from ' *Oen* Wine, whence perhaps *Janus* by the *Grecians* is named *Oenotrus*; *Jain*, in Hebrew, signifying Wine, the use whereof in Sacrifices, and other Religious Offices, he first brought to *Latium*. *Nannius* observes, that by the *Greeks* they are call'd ' *Oenotri*, and therefore not here to be read *Oenotri*, but *Oenotri*, to preserve the quantity of the *u*, which he confirms by Manuscripts of *Virgil*.

(h) Concerning the Original of the Name, there are divers Opinions. *Drifus*, 7. *Pal.* saith, it was from *Italus*, a Commander there. So *Fabius Pictor*, *lib. 1. de Orig. Italiae*. *Italus* (saith he) taking into his train *Janus* and *Hetruria*, quite extinguishing all other names, from himself call'd all the Country on this side and beyond *Tiber*, *Italy*. To this derivation *Virgil* here inclines: Others there are that with less easiness derive it from *Atus*, a *Lydian*, quasi *Attalia*. Others from a Bull, call'd *Italus* by the ancient *Grecians*.

(i) This is the first broken Verse in the Book: Some think he left them so imperfect out of a kind of Glory, knowing no Man was able to supply them; Others, that he was taken off by Death, otherwise that he had made them up himself, which they argue from his *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*, which underwent his last hand, in which there is not any but entire. *Nannius*, *lib. 6. Mifcell.* produceth many of them completed; but with such success as might be expected after *Virgil*.

(k) *Orion* was son to *Jupiter*, *Neptune* and *Mercury*, slain by a *Scorpion* for his Insolence towards *Diana*; then assum'd into the number of Constellations, whereof one bears his name. The rising of *Orion* (which as well as *Arcturus*, and the *Pleiades*, prefig'd Storms, *Plin.* 18. 28.) is here said to be *ex improbo*, because he flesh in his magnitude many dates, whence his time is uncertain to the most skill'd Navigators, faith *Taumenus*: whereby *Ilioneus* here excuseth his Mariners. And though *Juno* rais'd this storm, yet the Poet, upon all such extraordinary occasions, observes the *fine Decorum* to suit them with their natural signs and causes.

(l) His story thus told by *Servius*; When *Laomedon* had deny'd *Neptune* and *Apollo* their promis'd Reward for building the Walls of *Troy*, *Neptune*, being angry, sent *Whales* to infest them: Whereupon, consulting the Oracle of *Apollo*, he likewise no less displeas'd, answer'd, That they should expose to them *Virgins* of Noble Birth; which being often done, a certain Man, nam'd *Hippotes*, fearing to lose his Daughter *Egelta*, (*Helen's* the Daughter of *Laomedon* the King having been destin'd for that purpose already) he put her into a Bark, committing her to the mercy of the waves, which brought her into *Sicily*, where, by the River *Crimilus* (which *Virgil* with Poetical liberty calls *Crimilus*) in the form of a Bear, others say of a Dog, she was got with Child of *Egeus*, by *Virgil* call'd *Acelles*, who built a City for the *Trojans*, which he nam'd after his Mother *Egelta*, afterwards call'd *Segesta*.

When moyst *Orion* with the Flood did rise,  
Then thundring Storms did suddenly surprize  
Us, and on dangerous Shelves prevailing bore,  
Only a few were driven upon your Shore.  
What a rude People's this: what barbarous Land  
Admits such Customes? from the common Strand  
Us they repulse, and as most deadly Foes,  
By force of Arms, at landing do oppose.  
If Men, and Mortal Powers you not regard,  
Yet know, the Gods both Right and Wrong record.  
*Aeneas* was our King, for Piety,  
Justice and Prowess, none more Great than he;  
Whom, if Fates grant ætherial Air to breath,  
Nor summon'd yet to dismal Shades beneath,  
There is no question, thou shalt ere repent,  
That him thou didst in curtesy prevent.  
*Sicilian* Cities we, and Arms enjoy,  
Where good *Acelles* governs, sprung from *Troy*.  
Grant we draw up our Navy, craz'd with Storms,  
Sheath in your Woods, and fit with Naval Arms;  
If of our King, and our lost Friends we hear,  
We may to *Italy*, and *Latium* steer:  
But, of our Safety, if no Tidings come,  
And thee, best *Trojan* Prince, the Waves intombe;  
Nor of *Ascanius* any hope remains;  
To Seats prepar'd, where King *Acelles* reigns,  
We shall return, and former Harbours find.  
*Ilioneus* said, the *Trojans* with one mind  
Gave loud Applause.  
Then *Dido* brief and modestly declares;  
O *Trojans*, fear not, and seclude your Cares:  
To settle our new State is found so hard,  
That we our Confines are forc'd to guard.

Of

Of *Trojans*, who? of *Troy*, who ignorant are?  
Those Valiant Heroes, and that bloody War?

*Tyrians* are not so dull, not yet the Sun's  
"Chariot so distant from our City runs.  
If great *Hesperia*, *Latium*, or if more  
You wish for *Eryx*, and *Acestes* Shore,  
Safe I'll dismiss you, and supply your want.  
Will you alike with us this City plant?  
This Town I build is yours: your Ships forsake,  
I'll twist the Nations no distinction make.

Would the same Wind your King had hither brought.  
But several waies he shall with Care be sought,  
Through all these Confines, to our furthest Coast,  
Should he in Defarts be, or Cities lost.

*Achates* and the King, with these words fir'd,  
Long since, to break the Gloomie Cloud, desir'd.  
When first *Achates* said, Great Goddess's Son,  
What do thy doubtful Thoughts now fix upon?  
All safe thou seest, thy Fleet and Friends are found,  
Only one lost, which we our selves saw drown'd  
Amongst the raging Billows; all proves true,  
That your blest Mother late fore-told to you.  
Scarce spake, when straight the circumfused Shade  
Dis-curtain'd, and the glorious Scene display'd,  
Where, shining in bright Air, *Aeneas* stood,  
His face, and gallant Person, like a God:

*Venus* his Tresses curl'd, his Cheeks she dies,  
And smiling Honour sprinkles on his Eyes.  
So polish'd Ivorie, or Silver, would,  
Or *Parian* Marble, shine in purest Gold:  
When to the wondring Queen, and all the rest,  
Suddenly spake an unexpected Guest;

*Trojan Aeneas*, whom you seek, you see,  
From dangers of the dreadful Ocean, free.

B b 2

(m) For the more Northern the Country is, generally the less civil, and less ingenious. *Lucan*.

*Quicquid ad Eos tractus mundique  
reparum  
Labiunt, emollit gentes elementia  
caus.*

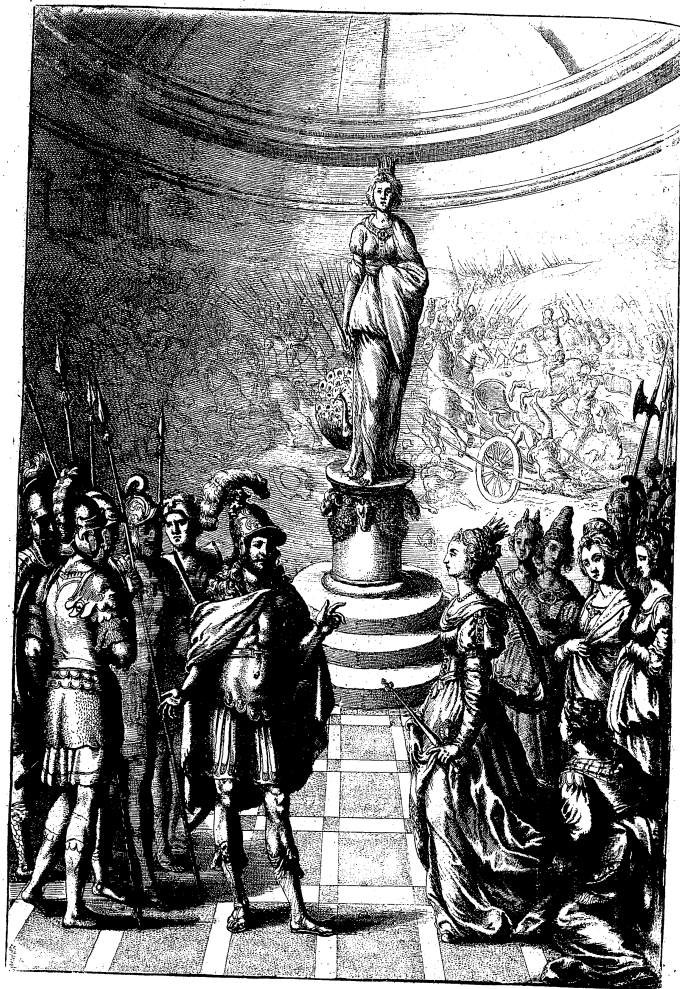
But *Servius* and *Donatus* here interpret *densa pectora*, Cruel, not Surpid; and refer it to the Fable of *Atreus*, who set his Sons before his Brother *Thyestes* to eat; at which horrid Act the Sun turn'd away his Face.

(n) *Eryx* was Son of *Venus* and *Buteus*, who being slain by *Hercules*, gave a name to the Mountain where he was buried, whereon his Mother built a great Temple (by the Poet ascribed to *Aeneas*, lib. 5.) whence she is call'd *Erycina*. In this Mountain of *Sicily*, *Anchises* also is said to have been buried. At present, call'd by the Inhabitants, the Mountain of *S. Julian*.

(o) *Turnebus* and *Julius Scæper* will have the Poet allude to the old fashion of the *Romans*, who wore their Hair very long.

(p) Of much account for such uses. *Pausanias*, in *Attica*, mentions a Statue of *Venus*, cut out of this Stone by *Phidias*.

O



O thou that onely pitiest suffring *Troy*,  
 And us, whom cruel *Greeks* could not destroy,  
 Spent with Misfortunes, and all kind of want,  
 By Land and Sea, with thee and thine would'st plant :  
 We no return; great *Queen*, nor all our Race,  
 Can pay, now scatter'd o're the wide *Worlds* face.  
 If any Providence Piety protect,  
 If any Justice on it self reflect,  
 They will reward : What Age did bring thee forth ?  
 What Parents mad'st thou happy at thy Birth ?  
 Whil'st Silver-footed Streames to th' Ocean march,  
 Whil'st Hills cast Shadows, whil'st Heavens Crystall Arch  
 The Stars supports, thy Honour, Praise, and Name,  
 What Land soe're invites me, Ile proclame.  
 Then *Ilioneus* hand his Right hand meets,  
 His Left *Sergestus*, *Gyas* next he greets,  
 And bold *Cloanthus*, then salutes the rest.  
 When wondring *Dido* thus her self exprest.

What dangerous Fate pursu'd thee, Goddess son ?  
 What forc'd thee on these Barbarous Shores to run ?  
 Art thou *Æneas*, whom fair *Venus* bore  
 To great *Anchises*, near swift *Simois* shore ?  
 I well remember *Teucer*, driven from home,  
 Seeking new Kingdomes, did to *Sidon* come  
 For *Belus* Aid ; my Father then did spoyl  
*Cyprus*, and Conqu'ror, tax'd the Wealthy Isle ;  
 Since then to me are *Trojan* Fortunes known,  
 The *Grecian* Princ:s Titles, and thy own.  
 He, though a Foe, the *Dardans* much extoll'd,  
 Boasting<sup>r</sup> himself deriv'd from them of old ;  
 Therefore bold *Trojans* to our Court advance ;  
 Through many Toyls, not much undiff'ring chance  
 At last compell'd me on these Shores to rest,  
 Taught by my Woes, to succour the distress,

(q) Of the Banishment of *Teucer*, why he was expell'd from *Salamis* by his Father, how he came from thence to *Sidon*, how by the help of *Belus* the younger, Father of *Dido*, he built a City in *Cyprus*, and call'd it after the name of his Country. See *Horat. Od. l. 7. Cicero, l. 1. 2. de Orat. Euripides de Helen. Plutarch. Sophocles, in Ajax, &c.*

(r) By the Mother's side he was descended from *Hesperus*, Daughter of *Lamædon*.

(f) *Indicit honorem* i.e. *Feriat*, that there might be a publick Congratulation, and the Favour of the Gods attend it; So *Corradus*: But *Servius*, thus, She commanded Supplications to be made: For *Feriat* are either *legitima* or *indictiva*: So likewise Sacrifices.

(t) Some read *Dii* for *Diti*, of which see at large *Agellius*, 9. 14. others rightly *Dii*, but apply it to *Nepotus*; whereas it is meant clearly of *Bacchus*, *Lætitiæ dator*.

(u) By *Servius*, and other Interpreters, expounded a thin kind of Garment us'd by Women, call'd *Cyclas*.

(x) The Work of *Leda*, as well as her Gift, if the Conjecture of *Nesimio*, may take place. *Leda* was enjoy'd by *Jupiter* in the form of a Swan, by whom she had Twins *Cassus* and *Pellus*, *Helen* and *Clytemnestra*.

(y) Whom *Homer* calls *Laudice*, *Iliad* 6. She, when *Troy* was taken, pray'd to the Gods, that the Earth might open and swallow her, to prevent her falling into the hands of the *Grecians*. *Calab. lib. 2.*

(z) *Germanus* observes, that amongst other Gifts of Hospitality, a Coronet was chief amongst the Antients, and in that sense here presented to *Dido*.

(a) The *Punick* Faith grew into a Proverb to express Treachery: Mr. *Sandys* gives this ingenious reason; They had it from their Ancestors the *Tyrians*; and so marvel, faith he, for their principal profession was *Mercenary* disfe.

This said, *Æneas* she to Court conveys,  
And the Gods / honours in the Temple payes;  
Then to his Fleet sends twenty Beeves, of Swine  
A hundred more, rough with a bristly Chine;  
Then with the Ewes, as many Fatned Lambs,  
And Wine, ' *Lyæus* joy.

But all within with Princely Pomp was grac'd,  
And, 'midst the Hall, a sumptuous Banquet plac'd;  
Wrought Carpets, with rich Scarlet did infold  
Proud Silver Tables, where, engrav'd with Gold,  
Her Grandfires Acts in a large Series stood,  
Drawn from so many Princes of the Blood.

The King (Paternal kindness never sleeps)  
Sent down in haft *Achates* to the Ships,  
And with *Ascanius* bids to Court repair;  
On his dear Off-spring's all the Parents Care;  
To bring Gifts sav'd from *Troy*; the long Robe, which  
Was purld with Gold, and with Imbroydery rich;  
The *Veil*, whose Margins bright *Acanthus* wrought,  
And *Helen* had from *Greece* to *Ilium* brought,  
When to a fatal Marriage she set forth,  
Her Mother *Læda's* Gift, of wondrous worth;  
The Scepter *Priam's* eldest Daughter bore,  
And Chain of Pearl, which once, *Ilione* wore;  
The *Coronet*, with Gold and Gems inach'd:  
For these *Achates* to the Fleet made haft.

But new Arts *Venus* tryes, new Counfels took,  
How *Cupid* might like sweet *Ascanius* look;  
How he with Presents might, to strange desire,  
Inflame the Queen, and set her all on Fire.  
False-hearted *Tyrians* fauning *Tongues* she fears;  
Night, and fierce *Juno's* Rage, increase her Cares.  
When thus wing'd Love she with sweet words persuades.  
Dear Son, from whom I boast my greatest Aids,

When

Who onely flight'ft great *Jove's* Gygantick flame,  
To thee I onely now a Suppliant am.  
How long thy Brother through the World hath been  
(My dear *Æneas*) tols'd by *Juno's* Spleen,  
Thou know'ft, who Tears oft to our Grief affords.  
Him *Dido* stays with her enchanting words.  
An entertaining *Juno*, I suspect,  
Will never Opportunity neglect.  
Some counter-plot may compass our desire,  
To catch the Queen in Love's intangling Fire,  
Ere *Juno* take her off; that she with me,  
May an Admirer of *Æneas* be.  
How this thou mayst perform, I shall declare.  
The Royal Off-spring, my especial care,  
His Father doth for *Carthage* now imploy,  
With Presents sav'd from Floods, and flaming *Troy*.  
In high *Cytherum* him I'll cast asleep,  
Or in *Idaliuni's* sacred Mansions keep,  
Let any should our Practices display,  
Or his Appearance should our Plot betray.  
Transform thy self to him one Nights short space,  
And thou a Boy, put on a Boy's known Face:  
Then when pleas'd *Dido* takes thee in her Lap,  
At Royal Feasts, crown'd with the chearing Grape,  
And, thee imbracing, shall sweet Kisses print,  
Insafe hid Fire, with deadly venome in't.  
His Mother, Love obeys, Wings laid aside,  
He takes in young *Ascanius* Garb a pride.  
But *Venus* through *Iulus* Limbs distils  
Soft Sleep, and bears to the *Idalian* Hills;  
There in sweet *Marjerom* the Boy she laid,  
Whose Flow'rs imbrac'd him with a pleasant Shade.  
To *Tyrian* Courts with Presents *Cupid* bends,  
As *Venus* bid, *Achates* him attends.

When

(b) Appositely; for *Cyprus* was the first Soyl wherein this Herb grew. The Fable is, that *Amaracus*, a Youth, Perfumer to *Cynarus* King of this Island, was turn'd into it. *Amaracanthum angustatum* is of excellent scent, to which the Poet alludes.



Postquam prima quies epulis,  
Crateras magnos statuunt,  
Nec non et Vario noctem  
Infelix Dido; longum  
Savide Baroneto  
Tabula merito votiva.

Domino Georgio Savide Baroneto

Tabula merito votiva.

When he came in, the Queen with mighty state,  
Amidst a Golden Bed in Glory sat;  
Then Prince *Æneas*, and the Trojan Guest,  
In highest places, on pure Scarlet rest.  
Water they brought to wash, <sup>a</sup>Chargers they fraught  
With finest Bread, and with fring'd Towels wait,  
Whilst fifty Dames serv'd up the Bill of Fare,  
And to the Gods did Sacrifice prepare.  
An hundred Maids, as many young Men more,  
Boards with fill'd Dishes, and full Goblets store.  
In ample Halls the Tyrian Nobles meet,  
And on imbroider'd Beds, commanded, sit.  
Th'admire *Æneas* Gifts, *Ascanius* Grace,  
His feigned Language, and his Heavenly Face;  
The Robe and Veil with rich *Acanthus* dy'de.  
But hapless *Dido*, never satisf'de,  
Destin'd to Death, her contemplating Eyes,  
The Boy and Presents equally surprize.  
When he about *Æneas* Neck had hung,  
And serv'd great love of a feign'd Father long,  
He courts the Queen, her Soul and Eye he charms;  
At last she takes the Wanton in her Arms,  
Not knowing what God th'unfortunate betray'd.  
He, mindful of his Mother, not delay'd  
To blot *Sichæus* out with Lively Love,  
And settled Resolutions to remove.  
After first <sup>a</sup>silent Feasts, and all took down,  
They mighty Goblets with full <sup>b</sup>*Bacchus* crown;  
Through all the Court are Noyes carried round,  
And echoing words through ample Halls resound:  
On Golden Roofs & Lamps cast reflecting light,  
And shining Torches vanquish sullen Night.

(c) Amongst the many Con-  
troverties arising hence, we choose  
the opinion of *La Cerda*. That the  
middle place of the Bed (for it held  
but three) was the most honourable  
recounted, at least in *Africa* (where  
our scene lies) as appears by *Silius*,  
who fifth, That *Æneas* was malign'd  
by *Adriatic* and *Hannibal* for assum-  
ing it. The next place in dignity  
was that on the right hand, assign'd  
here to *Æneas*. The lowest on the  
other hand, proper to Wives and  
children, in that they repos'd in  
the bosome of those who lay in the  
midst, here taken up by the supposed  
*Ascanius*. The Posture, lying, is known  
to be of general use; and that it was  
so amongst the *Africans*, may be  
evinced by *Julius*, who as an Ar-  
gument to doubt that *Hannibal* was  
not of that Country, urges, *That*  
*he never lay down at Supper*. I am  
here to excuse the Graver, who  
though he hath in this Figure en-  
deavour'd to follow that of *Lipius*,  
in *Saturnalia*, as to the Posture, ob-  
serves it not in the first Bed, in *Dido*,  
*Æneas*, and *Ascanius*, because it  
would take off too much from the  
grace of the Cur.

(d) Baskets for this purpose are  
mentioned by *Homer*, which *Athen-  
æus* reports to have been sometimes  
of Gold interwoven with Reeds,  
sometimes of pure Gold. *Diapn*,  
*lib. 6*.

(e) A great part of the Munifi-  
cence of the Feasts of the Antients  
consisted in the great number of At-  
tendants.

(f) The lesser sort of Cups which  
they us'd at eating were let by each  
man empty, and fill'd afterwards  
by the Servants, as the fashion is  
yet in some parts of Germany; *La*  
*Cerda* saith they were set in form of a  
Battalia.

(g) The interval betwixt the  
first and second Table is by *Virgil*  
properly call'd *Quies*, in which space  
the Dishes are taken away (so *La*  
*Cerda* interprets *Mensa remota*)  
and great Goblets plac'd in their  
room, fitter for their Comorations.  
He follows (saith *Servius*) the Cu-  
stom of the Romans, who had two  
Courses, or Tables, one for Meat, the  
other for Cups.

(h) Either with Grains, or  
filling the Cups to the Brim. The  
first explication is defended by Cu-  
stome, the other by imitation of  
*Homer*.

(i) A noise so proper upon this  
occasion, that *La Cerda* cites *Athen-  
æus* for distinguishing the Cups by it;  
which *Virgil* calls, the fifth Cup of  
the night.

(k) Nothing more noble at a  
Feast than these *Trichini lumina*, as  
from every side, which gave so great splendour, were dispos'd with such admir-  
able art, and ador'd, now in a Quadrangular form,  
as before a to be reckon'd among the chiefest Sights. *Laguaris* were either Branches to hold them let down from the  
Roof which *Pendens* implies; or Stands set upon the Ground; such as are describ'd by *Strabo* in *Cæsar's* Triumph, carry'd in  
the form of Elephants.

(1) The first *Edus*, King of *Aff-  
ria*.

(m) *La Cerda* (who on this  
place deserves much to be consulted)  
proves, That it was the Custom to  
give Musick at a Feast, and that  
commonly at the end thereof, as here:  
part of which was a Hymn sung;  
the Instruments various, but chiefly  
a Lute or Harp adorn'd with Gold;  
the Musician long-hair'd, as our *Lo-  
pes* here, whose name he derives from  
*us*, *Fox*, *Sons*, *Cytherea*. Some-  
thing more is whisper'd by Inter-  
preter: concerning this *Iopas*, that  
he was King of some part of *Africa*,  
one of *Dido's* Sisters, yet to please  
her, honour'd the Feast with his skill:  
But this is groundless; perhaps they  
mistook him for *Iarbas*.

(n) King of *Mauritania*, most  
skilful in Astronomy; whence arose  
the Fable, that *sepius videtur aliquis Cas-  
siopeæ* (so is that corrupt text of  
*Æschylus*, in *Prometh. Vinct.* to be  
restor'd) He supported Heaven with  
his Shoulders. He, as *Pliny* attests,  
made the Sphere first. From him the  
great Mountain in *Mauritania* took  
its name.

(o) Which *Hortensius* and *Sylphus*  
interpret *Eclipse*, *La Cerda* his  
Animal and Diurnal race, for which  
styl'd by *Homer*, *Ægeus*, *indefatigabile*.

(p) Perhaps the Fable of *Democ-  
lion* and *Pyrrha*, or of *Prometheus*: Of  
both see *Ætolog.* 6.

(q) That Rain was begot of Va-  
pours; Lightning and Thunder of Ex-  
halations: or that Vapours are con-  
dens'd into Rain in the cold Region  
of the Air, from whence presently it  
falls down; Lightning of the collision  
of Clouds.

(r) The reason of the shortness of  
the Day in Winter, and length of it in  
Summer. So *La Cerda*.

(s) Made, at *Amor's* request, by  
*Vulcan*, in which respect famous.

(t) *Diomed*, King of *Troace*, had  
very fierce Horses, which he fed with  
the flesh of Men. These *Hercules*,  
killing the Tyrant, brought to *Argos*.  
*Æneïd.* dedicated them to *Juno*.  
*Diomed* affirms, that the Breed con-  
tinued till the time of *Alexander* the  
Great, others, to the time of *Anthony*;  
of which was the *Equus Sejanus*, so  
unfortunate to his Masters, as it grew  
into a Proverb. *Agell.* 3.9.

(u) She enquires not after the  
Valour, but Stature of *Achilles*.

A Golden Bowl, whose sparkling Gems did shine,  
The Queen commands to fill with richest Wine,  
Which 'Belus' us'd, and all of *Belus* Race.  
Silence commanded, thus then *Dido* prays;

O *Jove* (for thou protect'st all Guests, they say)

Make to both Nations this a happy Day,

Which alwaies let Posterity record:

Glad *Bacchus*, and best *Juno*, blest the Board,

And *Tyrians* celebrate this Feast: she said,

And flowing Honour on the Table paid.

Then with her Lip she touch'd the Frothy Brim,

And gave the Bowl to *Bitias*, hast'ning him;

He straight obeys, turns the full Goblet up,

And drench'd himself in th'overflowing Cup.

Then other Peers; whilst curl'd " *Iopas* plays

Upon his Golden Harp great " *Atlas* Lays:

He changing Moons, and the Sun's ' Labours sung;

Whence 'Men & Beasts, whence 'Showres & Lightning

The Bears, *Triones*, Kids fore-telling Rain; (sprung;

Why Winter 'Suns rush headlong to the Main,

And what the tardie Night so long delays.

*Tyrians* and *Trojans* thunder out his praise.

But all that time unhappy *Dido* drove

Away with various Talk, and Drinks long-Love;

Of *Priam* asking much, of *Hector* more,

Curious to know what Arms black ' *Memnon* wore.

Next she enquires of stern ' *Titides* Horse,

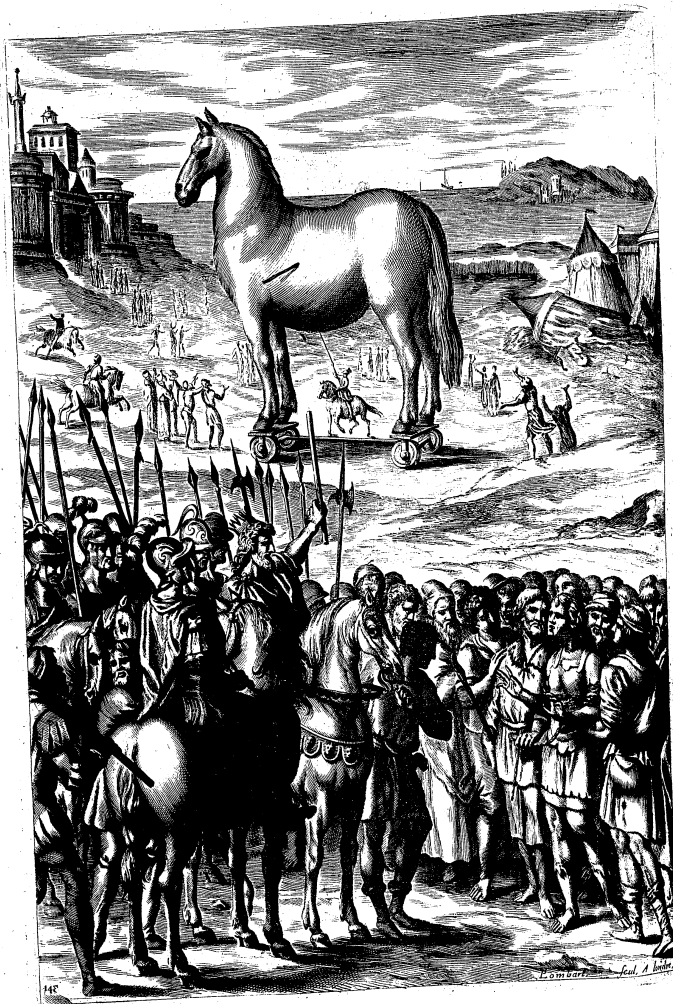
*Achilles* " Giant size, and mighty force.

Be pleas'd from first your story to relate,

Tell *Grecian* Treasons, and the *Trojan* Fate,

And your own wandrings, since now seven Years told

Through dangerous Seas, and drove to many a Coast.



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

## THE SECOND BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Apollo's Priest the Trojan Horse assails.  
 Sinon's false Story, with feign'd Tears, prevails.  
 Laocoon and his Sons by Serpents slain.  
 The Horse drawn in, the Greeks return again.  
 The City taken by their Stratagem.  
 Æneas riseth from a troubled Dream,  
 And gathers Aid; Resistance makes in vain:  
 The Palace burnt, Polites, Priam slain.  
 Through Sword and Fire Venus her Son conveys.  
 Glad Omens raise Anchises from delays.  
 Creusa lost, Æneas from Troy's sack  
 Ascends Mount Ide, his Father on his Back.*



ALL silent, and with deep attention  
 fate,  
 When thus the Prince spake from  
 his Bed of State:  
 A Charge, great Queen, thou layst  
 upon thy Guest,  
 Grievs to revive, that cannot be exprest;

How cruel *Greeks* did wealthy *Troy* overthrow,  
I saw, and acted in that Scene of Woe.

Which to recount, what *Myrmidon* forbears,  
*Dolop*, or Stern *Ulysses* Souldier, Tears?

Now from the Sky descends Nights Dewie shade,  
And swift declining Stars to rest perswade:  
But since you earnest are to know our Fate,  
And that I *Troy's* Destruction should relate;  
Though my Soul shrink, at what my Tongue must say,  
And flies the sad remembrance, I obey.

By long War broken, and inforc'd to yield  
To conquering Fate, at length the *Grecians* build  
A Horse, huge like a Mountain, by Divine  
*Minerva's* Art, whose Ribs with Fir they joyn;  
And, for their safe return, a Vow pretend:  
Which given out, they in vast Caverns penn'd  
By Night allotted Men, and full the large  
Sides, and huge Belly, with arm'd Souldiers charge.  
In sight lay *Tenedos*, of great renown,  
A wealthy Isle, whilst *Priam* held the Crown,  
Now a wild Road, where Ships in danger ride.  
They under these forsaken Shores abide.  
We thought them sail'd to *Greece*, at which all *Troy*  
Diffolv'd long Sorrow into sudden Joy;  
The Gates set open, with strange pleasure they,  
Forsaken Camps, and slighted Works survey.  
Here *Dolop*, there *Achilles* lay inrag'd;  
Here rode the Fleet, the Armies there engag'd.

(a) A People of *Thessaly*, who in this War serv'd under *Achilles*; Nam'd (as *Servius* upon the authority of *Evangelus* affirms) from their King *Myrmidon*: They were accounted the flower of Souldiers in the *Grecian* Camp.

(b) They were brought by *Phenix* (Educator of *Achilles*) to the *Trojan* Wars: So he affirms in *Homer*, *Iliad*. 9.

The utmost Bounds of *Pithia* possess,  
Ruling the *Dolopes*:

The fame is attested by *Pindar*, alleg'd by *Strabo*, lib. 9. in both which Testimonies the name is spell'd *dolopis*; according to which quantity here used by *Virgil*: Yet in *Ptolemy's* *Geogr.* where we find *dolopis*, we should not venture upon these Authorities to reform it, were it not written *dolopis* in a very ancient fair Manuscript, preserv'd by the Honour of our time, Mr. *Selden*.

(c) By some expounded, the Beginning; by others, the Latter part of the Night, which second interpretation seems the more apposite.

(d) *Pausanias* saith, it was not a Horse, but an Engine to batter Walls withal, which *Utrivivius* confirms; Some there are that will have it a Gate, over which was the Statue of a Horse, open'd by *Antenor* to let in the *Grecians*. Others, that the *Trojans*, after a great overthrow given by the Enemies Horse, fell into this misfortune. Some, that the *Greeks* lay in ambush in a Mountain firamed *Hippius*, and intercepting the *Trojan* Army, broke into the Town: This is observ'd by *Dionysius*: But in the common opinion, 'twas in the shape of a Horse, fram'd by *Epheus*, the Son of *Panopæus*, a great Architect, of whom see *Lycophron* and *Callistus*. On it was this Inscription, *DANAI MINERVÆ ILIADI DONO*, as *Pacuvius* in *Diphobus*; though *Servius* *Fulvius* will have it thus; *MINERVÆ DONUM ARMIPOTENTI DANAI ABEUNTES DICANT*.

(e) They give out a report, that that Horse was made in Vow and Offering for their safe return into their Country. The Poet reflects upon that old Custom of Vows made by Travellers, or any, upon expeditions, if they get safe home. See *Brissotius*, *Form. lib. 1.* (f) *Tenedos* is an Island behind the *Sigææ* Promontory. Many reasons are alleg'd by Interpreters, why it is said by *Virgil* to be so famous: Some referring to a Temple of *Apollus*, some to a Fountain, others to the Wealth: But the most memorable thing belonging to this place, is the strict Justice of a King thereof, nam'd *Teneus*, who made a Law, (saith *Heracleides*) that if any man took another in Adultery, he should kill him with a Hatchet; his Son being found so, and he that took him asking the King what he should do, he answer'd, Execute the Law. And for this reason, on one side of his Money was imprinted a Hatchet, on the other the face of a Man and of a Woman arising out of one Neck. From hence it is said of *Severe* *Allians*, to be cut with a *Tenedian* Hatchet: *Hiercho* *Heracleides*. By which Act we see the Island was famous even to a Proverb; and perhaps had its name from this King, whom for it they Deify'd, as seems to be imply'd by *Cicero*, lib. 3. de *Nat. Deor.* One of these Coins is produc'd by the late Learned Mr. *Greaves*, in his Discourse of the *Roman* *Denarius*.

Some

Some on chaste *Pallas* fatal Present gaz'd,  
And that stupendious Horse behold amaz'd.  
*Thymates* first, bids draw't within the Gates,  
Provok'd by Treason, or *Troy's* conquering Fates.  
But *Capys*, and the graver sort, desire  
To drown it in the Sea, or search with Fire,  
Or else with Steel anatomize the Steed.  
The giddy Vulgar Judgements dis-agreed.  
*Laocoon* first, follow'd with many Friends,  
Chafing, in haste the lofty Tower descends,  
And calls from far: What Frenzy can beset  
Mad men to think *Greek* Presents veil no Plot?

Or to suppose the Enemy is gone?  
What! is *Ulysses* yet no better known?  
Either the Foe within this Monster lurks;  
Or the huge Machin's rais'd against our Works,  
The Fort being view'd, the City to surprize;  
*Trojans* beware, within some Mischief lyes;  
Be what it will, *Greeks* bringing Gifts I fear.  
This said, with huge strength he a mighty Spear  
At the Beast's side, and crooked Belly flung;  
Trembling it stuck, the hollow Caverns rung,  
And dark Internals groan: Had Fates inclin'd,  
And we not been with our distractions blind,  
That Den of *Greeks* he had distain'd with Blood;  
Then *Troy*, and *Priam's* stately Tow'rs had stood.

Behold! mean while the *Dardan* Shepherds bring  
One bound, with mighty Clamours to the King,  
Who cast himself on purpose in their way,  
To work up his Design, and *Troy* betray;  
Bold and prepar'd, either to Face a Lye,  
Or without Mercy, in attempting, dye.  
To see the Prisoner, round about they flock,  
Whom scornfully the Youthful *Trojans* mock;

(h) A *Trojan* Prince, *Aeneas* *paternus cognominus*.

(i) This adds to the Glory of *Aeneas* his Family. *Laocoon* was Son of *Aecetes*, Brother of *Archifeer*, Priest of *Apollus*, who contrary to the command of that God took a Wife: Which Contempt *Apollus* punish'd; for as he was sacrificing upon the Shore to *Nepheus*, attended by his two Sons, *Apollus* sent two Dragons from *Tenedos*, which devour'd first his Sons, and then himself. This the *Trojans* interpreted as done in punishment of his striking the Wooden Horse, sacr'd to *Pallas*.

(k) From the Temple of *Pallas*.

Now

Now hear *Greek* Treachery, from this one Crime  
Let all beware.

For as amidst disarm'd, he trembling stood,  
And round about the gather'd concourse view'd,  
Woe's me, he said, what Land or Sea is free?  
What Refuge now remains for wretched me?  
*Greece* I'me excluded, and, the *Trojan* rage,  
Nothing but Blood and Vengeance can assuage.  
These sad words melt our Souls, all Pasion fell,  
His Stock and Countrey we desire him tell;  
How they might trust him, now their Captive made.  
Then casting off all Fear, at length he said,

I shall, great King, confess all Truths, nor I,  
That *Grecia* is my Countrey, will deny;  
Although hard Fortune *Sinon* wretched made,  
To be a Traitor she shall nere perswade.

If you have heard of '*Palamedes* Name,  
And Glory, spread through all the World by Fame,  
'Gainst whom the *Greeks* a forged Bill did draw,  
And th'innocent King, by an unheard of Law,  
Because he would not to this War consent,  
Condemn'd to die, whose loss they now lament.  
Me, my poor Father, under his Command,  
His Kinsman sent, when first we here did land;  
Whilst in his Kingdom he in safety reign'd,  
And by just Policy his Crown maintain'd,  
We then could boast some Title and Estate;  
But afterwards, by fly *Ulysses* hate,  
I speak things known, that he to pale Shades went,  
I my sad Life in Woe and Darkness spent,  
And there my Princes unjust suffering mourn'd;  
But could not rule my Tongue: If I return'd,  
If e're with Conquest touch'd my Native Shore,  
I vow'd Revenge. This whets sharp Malice more;

Hence

Hence sprung my Woes, on this *Ulysses* rears  
New Plots, and frights with Jealousies and Fears  
The Vulgar rout, and guilty, Arms did raise,  
Nor rests, till *Calchas*, who his Creature was—

But why such things recount I thus in vain?  
Wherefore delay I? since you entertain  
Us *Grecians* all alike, enough is told;  
Now let me suffer: this *Ulysses* would,  
This with much Treasure would *Atrides* buy.  
Then we grew earnest, to know how, or why,  
Suspecting no such Plots, nor *Grecian* Art;  
Who trembling, thus proceeds with feigned heart.

To raise their Seige, the *Grecians* oft desir'd,  
And *Trojan* Leaguers leave, by long War tir'd.  
(And would they had) oft Storms did us imbay,  
And cruell<sup>m</sup> Tempests terrifi'd from Sea;  
But more since we with mighty Beams did form  
This Horse, all Heaven hath thundered with a Storm.  
To th' Oracle *Eurypylus* we hast,  
Who this sad answer brought to us at last.

When first to *Trojan* Shores you *Grecians* stood,  
You, calm'd rough Tempests with a Virgin's Blood;  
With blood you must make your return again,  
And expiations of a *Grecian* slain.  
Soon as these words approach'd the Vulgar Ear,  
All were amaz'd, a stupifying Fear  
Shot through their Marrow, trembling they desire  
To know whom Fates, whom *Phœbus* did require.  
Here *Ithacus* his Prophet brought along,  
And *Calchas* plac'd amidst the clamouring Throng,  
Importunate to know the Gods Decree:  
Many in secret hinted then to me  
Of that grand Mischief-masters dire intent,  
And silently foresaw the sad event.

D d

VVithdrawn

(e) That Tempests were Religiously observ'd by the *Auents* as Warnings to prohibit the Design they were about, is not unknown. So when *Vulturnus* the Consul was ready to assault the *Ægei*, a sudden Storm, with Thunder and Lightning, said *Dionysius Halicarn.* lib. 9. diverted him from his Enterprize.

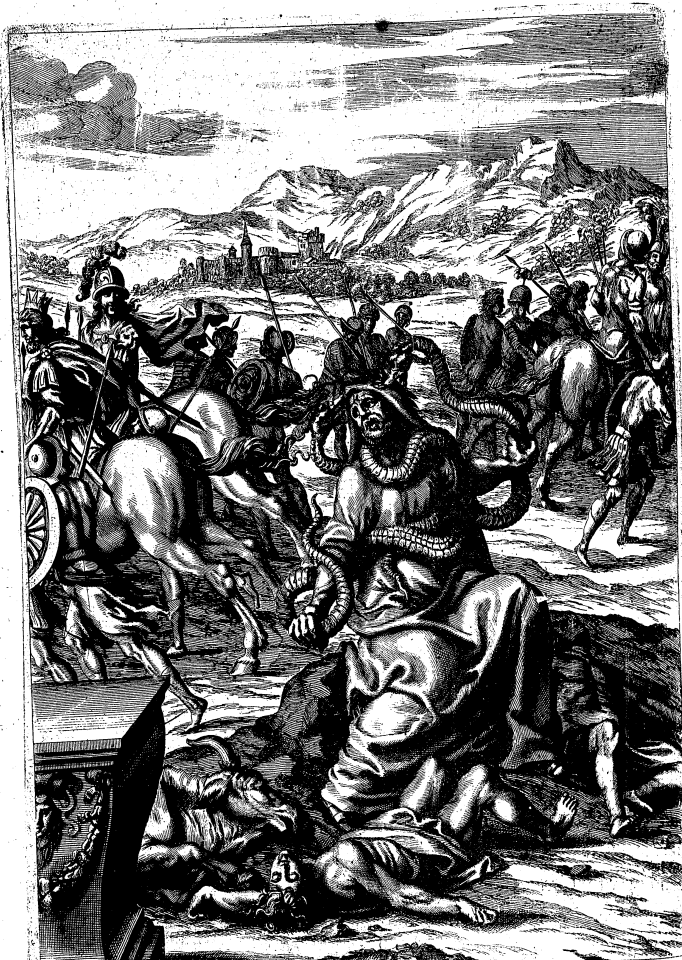
(f) Of whom see *Iliad.* a.

(p) *Agamemnon* whilst he was at *Aulis* (being in the *Trojan* expedition) sacrific'd a Hart, sacred to *Diana*; whereon the Goddess interced'd, detain'd them Wind-bound: The Oracle being consulted, answers, that the Offence must be expiated with the Blood of *Agamemnon*: They bring his Daughter *Iphigenia* to offer to the Goddess; who pitying the Maid, took her away from the Altar, and carried her to *Tauris*, where she waited on her; putting in her room a Hart, which the *Grecians* sacrific'd in her stead. Something differently is the story reported by *Pausanias*, in *Beas*. But the first relation parallel'd by *Plutarch* with another to this effect: When the *Africans* were about entering into a League with the *Sicilians* against the *Romans*, *Metellus*, chief Commander of the *Romans*, omitted sacrificing only to *Vesta*; who displeased the deities, sent them contrary Winds; C. Julius the *Ægeus* said, they would cease if the *Grecian* should sacrifice his own Daughter: Thus *Metellus* complied, brought her forth to offer her; but *Vesta* compassionate her, put a Cow in her room, and took away the Maid to *Lamulium*, and made her Priestess of the *Dragon* which is there worshipp'd.

(q) He alludes (saith *La Cerda*) to that which they call'd *Occentation*, which *Eschylus* interprets a singing an unacceptable Song to any with particular reproaches. Of this kind are those we call *Lampades*. Upon the words of *Plutarch*, *Scaliger* cites this old Law, *SI QUIS CARMEN OCCENTASSIT, QUOD ALTERI FLAGITIOUM FAVIT, CAPIT. LXVTO*. Whereby we see the reproaches inflicted in them were of so much malice and scandal, that they deserved a capital punishment. Such the *Greeks*, by the intiguation of *Ulysses*, are supposed to cast upon *Sinon*.

(1) *Ulysses*, to avoid going to the *Trojan* War, counterfeited Madness; and putting two different Beasts into a Plough, sow'd Salt; But his Imposture was laid open by *Palamedes*, who laid his son *Telemachus* in his way; and *Ulysses*, driving his Plough aside, discover'd his Plot. Thus he was engag'd against his will in that Expedition: During which time, being sent to *Troas* for Corn for the Army, he return'd without any; for which *Palamedes* much reprov'd him, and going himself, brought great store with him. These two accidents bred so much Malice in *Ulysses* against this excellent Captain, that he feigns a Letter as from *Priam* to *Palamedes*, as giving Thanks for his betraying his Countrymen, and intimating a sum of Gold sent for a Reward. This *Ulysses* carries to the *Greek* Commanders, who not believing the Letter, are brought by *Ulysses* to his Tent, where they find the Gold (hid there by *Ulysses*) and thereupon stone *Palamedes* to death.  
(m) This he feigns to make his story the better, but he was indeed a kin to *Ulysses*, as being son of *Aëtes*, who was Brother of *Amiela*, Mother to *Ulysses*.





Ille simul manibus  
Perfusus sanie vittas,  
Clamores simul hor-  
Quales mugitus, fugit  
Taurus, & incertam ex-

JOHANNI COITON Arm. Domini Thomæ Coiton de  
Villa nata maximo  
Tabula merito



tendit divellere nodos,  
atroque veneno:  
vandos ad sidera tollit  
cum saucius, arvis  
cussit ervice securim.

Canington Gm. Huntington Equitæ ac Baronelli  
votiva

Left you within your Walls the Present draw,  
And live protected by your Antient Law.  
But if *Minerva's* Gift you violate,  
Destruction (which may Heaven on them translate)  
On *Priam* will, and *Phrygian* Kingdoms fall :  
But if your Labour bring't within your Wall,  
*Aſia* shall war under our Cities Gates,  
And for our Off-spring wait your woful Fates.  
Thus perjur'd *ſimon's* Craft belief prepares,  
And vanquiſh'd theſe with Fraud and feigned Tears ;  
Whom neither *Diomed* ; *Achilles*, nor  
A ſhould Ships could tame, nor ten Years War.

But here a Spectacle of greater doubt,  
Did totally our ſtaggering Judgments rout.  
*Laocoon*, whom for *Neptune's* Prieſt they drew,  
A ſtately Bull at Annual Altars ſlew ;  
When two huge Serpents through the quiet Flood,  
(Whole mention curdles now my frightened Blood)  
With vaſt Infoldings briny Waves divide,  
And to our Shores from *Tenedos* did glide ;  
Their ſpeckled Breasts plow up the Frothy Brine,  
And bloody Crests o're curled Azure ſhine ;  
Their waving Sterns ſilver the furrow'd Main,  
Rouling long Backs with a voluminous Train.  
They land, with Volleys from the breaking Flood ;  
Their burning Eyes ſpeckled with Fire and Blood,  
Their hisſing Mouths they lick with brandiſh'd tongues ;  
Whiſt we a frightened fly from thence, in Throngs,  
But to *Laocoon* they direct their pace,  
And fiſt his two Sons ſeize in dire embrace,  
Coyld round about them, on the Wretches prey'd,  
And ſlender Bodies bloody Banquets made :  
Next him they ſeize, to reſcue them, prepar'd,  
And fetter, with their vaſt Infoldings, hard :

(f) He ſeems to mean all the Cities of *Peloponneſus*, and thence all Greece.

(g) The ſame number *Aſchylus* attells, in *Agamemnon*. *Euripides*, in *Andromachæ*, and others. *Homæ* reckons 1080. *Dares*, 1280. *Dares*, 1240. Theſe are reconcil'd by *Varro*, *Rei Ruſticæ*. 2. 1. If the number (ſith he) be not exact, as it is not when we ſay a Thouſand Ships went againſt Troy for the Government of Rome conſiſts in a hundred Men.

(h) So long the Trojan War liſted. *Dares* increaſeth this account by eight months, and twelve dayes. See *Thucydides*, lib. 1.

(i) Alluding to the manner of chooſing Prieſts; for when any ſail'd, another was choſen by Lot; which *Germanus* obſerves out of *Tacitus*, to have been the Cuſtome of the Romans. *Amal.* lib. 1.

Twice round about his Waist, his Neck twice round;  
 The Serpents with their scaly Cordage bound;  
 Then o're his Head their lofty Crests they rear.  
 He strives with all his Strength those Knots to tear;  
 His sacred Wreath, Blood and foul Poyson stains,  
 And to the Stars he dreadfully complains.  
 So roars a wounded Bull, from th' Altars broke,  
 VVhen on his Head glanc'd the uncertain Stroke.  
 But the two Serpents to the Temple glide,  
 And at the Feet of cruel *Pallas* hide.  
 Strange Terrour here surpriz'd us, yet all said,  
*Laocoon* for his Rashness justly paid,  
 Who durst his Arm 'gainst sacred Oke advance,  
 And wound the Present with an 'impious Lance.  
 They cry, The Gift to *Pallas* Temple draw,  
 And on the Goddeſſes call.  
 The Walls are levell'd, and a Breach is made;  
 All lend, to finish this good work, their Aid;  
 Some for the Feet ſtraight roul'g VVheels provide,  
 And to the Neck ſtrong Hempen Cordage ty'd:  
 Pregnant with Arms, the Fatal<sup>m</sup> Monster goes,  
 VVhom<sup>n</sup> Boys and beauteous Virgins round incloſe,  
 Singing ſweet Hymns; they hale the Ropes with Joy,  
 And menacing, at length it enters *Troy*.  
 O *Ilium*, where the Gods once Manſions found;  
 And, O you *Dardan* VValls, in VVar renew'd!  
 Four times, in th' entrance of the Gates, it hung;  
 As oft within, the claſh of Harnes rung:  
 Yet we beſott'd, draw with all our Power,  
 That curſed Monster to the ſacred Tower.  
*Cassandra* then, enſuing Fates foretold,  
 VVhom *Trojans* ne're believ'd, ſo *Phœbus* would.  
 But we that never muſt behold the Morn,  
 VVith Flow'rs the Temples of the Gods adorn.

(k) Under the Feet of the Statues of their Gods, the Ancients us'd to figure the Monsters overcome by them: So Callimachus (ſith *Tertullian*, de *Corona Mil.*) brought the Statue of *Pallas* into Argos, with a Lion's ſkin under her Feet. A Dragon always under that of *Pallas*. *Paulan. Att.* At her Feet a Shield, at the bottom of her Spear a Dragon. So likewiſe figur'd by *Phidias*, *Plat. de Iſid. & Oſtrid.* where amongſt others of the ſame kind, he reckons Dragons, as ſacred to *Pallas*.

(l) *Nascentius* ſuppoſeth the Poet to allude to that *Haſta ſecrata*, which, according to the Cuſtome of the *Romans*, the General, before the taking of any City, held out to the Enemy, to ſignifie their deſtruction.

(m) *Servius* ingeniouſly obſerves, that Horſes were thrice fatal to *Troy*; Firſt, when *Laomedon* deni'd the Horſes which he promis'd to *Hercules*; Secondly, when they admitted this Wooden Horſe; Laſtly, when the *Greeks* refus'd to let in *Cimna*, the third Conſul, into their City; at what time a Horſe being caught between the Gates, hinder'd them from ſhutting.

(n) *Varro* deſcribes, 7. ſith, that the Horſe is brought into the City with the ſame Religious Ceremonies which are us'd towards the *Thurſes* of the Gods, for which he cites *Aconius* upon 3. *Verr. Thuriſe* is a ſacred Chariot, a Proceſſion of the States and Sacrifices. Some think them ſo nam'd, from Divinity; others, a *ruſta loris*, which Springs every one thought himſelf happy that could lay hold of.

(o) *Calaber* mentions many other Prodiges which hapn'd whilſt the Horſe was brought in, viz. That the Sacrifices did not burn, the Fires went out, a bloody Smoke roſe from them, the Altars fell down, the Libations turn'd into Blood, the Images of the Gods ſhed Tears, and many of the like.

Mean while Night roſe from Sea, whoſe ſpreading ſhade  
 Hides Heaven and Earth, and Plots the *Grecians* laid;  
 About the Walls the *Trojans* ſilence kept,  
 And, reſting their tir'd Bodies, ſoundly ſlept.  
 The *Grecian* Fleet, now with a favouring gale,  
 From *Tenedos* to well-known Conſines ſail;  
 The ſilent<sup>r</sup> Moon did tacitly invite  
 Attendance on the Admirals leading<sup>r</sup> Light:  
 When *Simon*, ſav'd by ſpightful Fates deſign,  
 Privately open'd a cloſe Door of Pine,  
 And from the teeming Horſe deliver'd come  
*Greeks*, that incloſ'd lay in his diſmal Womb;  
*Tiſander*, *Sebenelus*, ſtern *Vlyſſes* broke,  
 And *Thoas*, joyful, from the hollow Oke;  
*Neoptolemus*, *Arbamas*, and *Machaon*,  
 With *Menelaus*, by long Ropes ſlide down;  
 And *Epeus*, who the Miſchief did deſign.  
 They take the Town, buried in ſleep and Wine;  
 They kill the Watch, and ſtraight at open<sup>r</sup> Gates  
 Receive their Friends, and joyn to their known Mates.  
 It was when Sleep, firſt ſeiz'd the Weary Soul,  
 And Heavens chief Bleſſing on poor Mortals ſtole.  
 VVhen in my Sleep, behold! to me appears  
 Moſt woful *Hector*, drown'd in Floods of Tears,  
 Dragg'd at a Chariot, foul with bloody Duſt,  
 And cruel Reigns through his ſwolln Feet were thruſt;  
 (How ſtrangely chang'd! ah me! how alter'd from  
 That *Hector* in *Achilles* Spoils march'd home;  
 Or when the *Grecian* Navy in his ire,  
 He fir'd with darted Flames, and *Phrygian* Fire)  
 Foul clotted Gore had ſtarch'd his Beard and Hair,  
 Shewing thoſe Wounds, which more than many were,  
 In *Troy's* defence receiv'd; I ſeem'd to weep,  
 And thought I ſpake thus Troubled in my Sleep.

(p) That *Troy* was taken at mid-night, the Moon being in the Full, is warrant'd by *Clemons Alexandrinus*, *Serm.* 1. 10. *La Cerda* adds, that the *Grecians* us'd for the moſt part to fight at that time of the Moon, as being moſt auſpicious to them: which he confirms by *Ariſtides*, 2. *Plat.* The *Lacedæmonians*, ſith he, either being engag'd in Fight with the *Meſſenians*, or that they waited for the Full of the Moon, could not do them. The Month and Day is, according to the *Marmara Arundiniana*, the 24. of *Thargelion*. The year, after the computation of *Scaliger*, 3531. of the *Julian* Period, before our Saviour's Inſurrection, 1184. *Petravius* accounts a year ſooner. The *Armenian* Stone 26 years more early.

(q) Torches, by way of ſign us'd by the *Grecians* upon Agreement betwixt them and *Helen*, or *Simon*, ſith *La Cerda*. Of this Cuſtome ſee *Æſchylus Agamem. Livy*, lib. 15. and others.

(r) *La Cerda* ingeniouſly obſerves the appoſiteness of theſe names and perſons; *Tiſander* implying a man detrouſed of Revenge; *Stenelus*, Courage and Military Strength (who *Philſtratus* ſith went unwillingly into this Machine, ſaying, that it was ſtealing a Victory, not ſtorming a Town) *Vlyſſes*, always pernicious to the *Grecians*; *Arbamas* and *Thoas* two eminent Commanders mention'd with Commendations by *Homer*; *Neoptolemus* (implying a young Warrior) Son of *Achilles*; *Machaon*, excellent for Chirurgery as well as Valour, Son of *Æſculapius*; *Menelaus*, the perſon to whom the injury, the occaſion of the War, was given; *Epeus*, who fram'd the Horſe. More there were, as is by the Poet imply'd. *Simeſy* (ſith *Tertullian* *Lyphron*) 50 or 300, or, as *Iſid.* 23 *Grecians*; which ſecond number ſeems to be miſtaken, perhaps for 30.

(s) As ſoon as they were within the Walls, ſith *Dutry*, l. 5. dividing theſe ſix into ſeveral quarters of the City, upon a ſignal given, they ſell with great eagerneſs on all they met with, and kill'd them in their Houſes and in the Streets.

Troy's chief Protector, *Ilium's* onely Aid,  
 What cros occasions thee so long delay'd ?  
 Whence com'st thou, dearest *Hector* ? from what Coast ?  
 After so many of thy Friends are lost ;  
 After such various Toyls of suffering *Troy*,  
 That we so tir'd, thee, so desir'd, enjoy.  
 Why is that Noble Face in Sorrow drown'd ?  
 Must I behold thee, thus all o're, one Wound ?  
 To my vain Questions, he made no Reply,  
 But groning, said, Fly *Venus* Off-spring, fly,  
 Escape from the Fire ; the *Greeks* possess the Town,  
 And *Dardani* lofty Tow'rs are tumbling down,  
 Enough is done for *Priam*, and this Land ;  
 Could Strength save *Troy*, I had with this Right Hand,

(2) In allusion to that Custom of the Antients (saith *La Cerda*) who when their Temples were on Fire, or in any other danger, brought their Sacred Things into the Palace or House of their Prince, as next the Temple, being the most secure Sanctuary.

(3) *Vesta* were of great esteem amongst them; these were the consecrated Veils of their Gods : From this place *Macrobins* argues, that *Vesta* was one of the *Penates*, or at least their Companions. The never-dying Fires of *Vesta*, preserv'd by Virgins appropriate to that Office, are not unknown : but *La Cerda* contends, that none of that Fire is here meant as brought to *Enna*, but only the Image of that Goddess who is taken for Fire it self.

Who now her Gods and Rites commends to thee,  
 Let these Co-partners of thy Fortune be ;  
 With these build Walls, which Spacious thou shalt raise,  
 After long Voyages through dangerous Seas.  
 This said, he brought me from great *Vesta's* Quire,  
 Her sacred \* Wreaths, and the eternal Fire.

Mean while, with various Cries the Walls resound,  
 And more and more (although in shade Ground  
 my Fathers house remote, obscurely lay)  
 Loud Noise draws near, and clashing Arms dismay ;  
 I shake off Sleep, and mount the Battlement  
 With speedy steps, and stood with Ears intent.

As Corn on fire, when furious Winds contend,  
 Or when swoln Torrents from high Hills descend,  
 Which Corn, the Oxens toyl, destroyes, which Woods  
 Hurries down headlong in impetuous Floods ;  
 Th' amaz'd Husbandman, on higher Ground,  
 Sits on a Rock, and wonders at the found :

But then the Truth too plainly did appear,  
 And *Grecian* \* Treacheries discover'd were.

(4) The *Grecian* Faith grown in to a Proverb, to expresse Treachery.

In

In conquering Fire *Deiphobus* Palace falls,  
*Eucalagon* next had flaming Funerals ;  
 The broad *Sigeam* Billows shine with Fire,  
 Loud Trumpets sound, and Clamours now grow higher.  
 Desperate I arm'd, gainst Reason rais'd a Power,  
 And with a Party, to defend the Tower,  
 We do resolve ; Fury our Judgement charms,  
 And we conceive it brave to dye in Arms.  
 But *Panthus* broken through the *Grecian* power,  
*Panthus Orriades*, Priest of *Phæbus* Tower,  
 With him our Gods, and sacred Reliques brought,  
 Amaz'd, the Shore with his young Nephew sought.

(5) To expresse the greatness of the burning, he saith, That the Waves of the *Sigeam* Promontory shone therewith in the darkness of the Night.

How stand things *Panthus* ? what Fort may we take ?  
 Scarce these I said, when with a Groan he spake ;  
 The *Dardani* last and dismal Hour is come,  
 We have been *Trojans*, once was *Ilium*,  
 And supreme Glory of the *Teucrian* state ;  
 All cruel *Jove* to *Argus* doth translate.  
 The *Greeks* now theirs the burning City call.  
 From that huge Horse standing within our Wall,  
 This cruel Brood of armed Furies came,  
 And haughty *Sinon* mingles Flame with Flame ;  
 Our double Gates are with strong Guards beset,  
 Never from *Greece* so many Thousands met.  
 Others the Streets and narrow Passes fill,  
 Who stand with glittering Swords, prepar'd to kill,  
 Those which our works did keep, surpriz'd in Night,  
 Could not themselves defend, retire, nor fight.  
 Stir'd up with *Panthus* words, and Heavens consent,  
 Through cruel Arms, and dreadful Flames, I went ;  
 Where sad *Erynnis* rag'd, where Groans, where Cries,  
 And echoing Clamours storm the arch'd Skyes.

Ec

Ripheus

Ripheus and aged Iphitus conjoin'd  
 Themselves to me, Dymas and Hypanis find  
 Us by the glimmering of the Moons pale Beam,  
 And young <sup>a</sup> Choroebus adds himself to them;  
 Who to the Trojan War, through all parts fam'd,  
 Extremely with Cassandra's Love inflam'd  
 A Suter came, and brought her Father Aid;  
 But Prophecies of the inspired Maid  
 Did not regard.

Yet when I saw a Fight they durst maintain,  
 Bold youth, I said, your courage is in vain  
 To save a City that is all on fire;  
 But would you dye, and gallantly expire,  
 You see your Chance; our Kingdoms Guardian Gods  
 Have left their <sup>a</sup> Altars, and their blest abodes:  
 Then let's encounter Death, and bravely on;  
 Vanquish't mens safety is to hope for none.  
 The young-mens Bosomes Furie thus possess't;  
 Like ravening Wolves in a dark night oppress't  
 With Hunger and Necessities hard Law,  
 Their whelps expecting with a thirsty jaw;  
 So we through weapons and th'opposing Foe  
 To certain Death on resolutely goe;  
 And to the Center of the City made,  
 Black Night furrounding with a hollow Shade.  
 Who can the Funerals of that dismal Night  
 With equal Tears be able to recite?  
 Th'old City falls, which rul'd so many years;  
 In every Street Slaughter in heaps appears,  
 In Houses, Sacred Temples, Bodies thrown:  
 Nor did the Trojans suffer Death alone,  
 The vanquish'd their Courages recall,  
 And now the Grecian Conquerors do fall.

(2.) Of this Choroebus it is said, that he was so foolish, that he would count the drops of the Sea, and grew thereby into a Proverb, *Mare fecisti* then Choroebus. *2. Calaber. lib. 13.* faith, that he was slain by Diomedes. So likewise Pausanias, though our Poet otherwise.

(a) Macrobius and Servius expound this of the Gods calling them away: But the more probable opinion is that of Turnebus, Marcellus, and Delrio, that the Tutelary Gods of every City, as soon as it was taken, left it, which more particularly is observ'd of Troy. *Æschylus: Sept. 44. ad Thebar*

— Do they not say  
 The Gods from Captive Cities haſt  
 away?

upon which words the Scholiast faith, that upon the taking of Troy, the Trojans ſaw their Gods bearing their own Images away, out of their Temples.

In all parts cruel Grief, in all parts Fear,  
 And Death in various Shapes ſeen every where.  
 Firſt of the Greeks, to us Androgeos bends,  
 With a great Troop, ſuppoſing we were Friends;  
 And kindly thus in gentle Language ſaid;

Haſt Sirs, make haſt, how were you thus delay'd,  
 Whilſt others ranſack burning Ilium?  
 Did you but now from our tall Navy come?  
 In ſpeaking theſe, he ſuddenly eſpy'd  
 (For in a doubtful manner we reply'd)  
 Himſelf to be engag'd amidſt his Foes,  
 And with the Word aſtoniſh'd, backward goes.  
 As one who on a Serpent, 'mong ſharp Briars,  
 Treads unawares, and trembling, ſtraight retires  
 From his rais'd Wrath, and purple ſwelling Head:  
 So at the fight Androgeos frighted, fled.  
 We charg'd, and hemm'd them in ſurpriz'd with Fear,  
 And ſoon defeat, not knowing where they were:  
 This our firſt ſervice Fortune pleas'd to aid.  
 When heighten'd with ſucceſs, Choroebus ſaid;  
 Dear Friends, the means by favouring Fortune ſhewn  
 For ſafety, take, as She commands, go on:  
 And now change Shields, in Grecian Armour go;  
 Who queſtions Fraud or Valour in a Foe?  
 Thus having ſaid, he makes Androgeos yield  
 To him his ſtately Creſt, and gallant Shield,  
 And claps an Argive Sword unto his ſide.  
 Thus Ripheus, Dymas, thus were all ſupply'd  
 With recent Spoils, and with the Grecian Power  
 We mix our Forces in a Fatal Hour;  
 Yet oft with Nights aſſiſtance on we fell,  
 And many a great-ſould Heroe ſent to Hell.  
 Some to the Ships and ſafe Shore fly with ſpeed,  
 Others aſcend, ſtruck with baſe Fear, the Steed,

(b) Servius ſaith, that on the Shields of the Grecians, Neptune was figur'd; on thoſe of the Trojans, Minerva; whence the Poet here ſaith, *haud namine noſtro*: *Naf.* adds, that the Grecians had likewiſe Letters for diſtinction, The Lacedæmonians A, The Peloponneſians H, So & on the Sicyonian Shields, Xenophon. *Gra. Hiſt. lib. 4.* which Cuſtome was thence deriv'd to the Romans; A Conſtellation ariſing betwixt the Souldiers of Marcellus and Sc. Cæſar about the Victory againſt the Cimbræ, they ſearch'd the dead bodies, and ſuch Darts as were from the Souldiers of Cæſar, had his name.



Ecce, trahebatur pas-  
crinibus à templo Cas-  
ad cælum tendens arden-  
lumina: nam teneras

156 Iohanni Fitz-Jam: de Lewe:

Tabula merito



sis, Priamēia virgo  
sandra, adytisque Minerva,  
tia lumina frustra;  
arcebant vincula palmas

Stone in Com: Dorsett: Arm: /  
votiva

And once again in the known Belly hide.

Ah! who may hope, when Heaven hath Help deni'd!

Here we beheld, from *Pallas*' Temple, fair  
*Cassandra* dragg'd by the dishevell'd Hair,  
Her sparkling Eyes lifted to Heaven in vain;  
Her eyes, for Cords her tender Hands restrain.

At this sad sight *Choræbus* much inrag'd,  
Amongst the Thickest desperately engag'd;  
We follow, and break through an Armed Throng.  
Here first by Darts from the high Temple flung,  
Our own destroy us, and sad Slaughter make,  
By change of Arms, and *Grecian* Helms mistake.  
Th'incens'd *Grecians* from all parts recruit,  
And sharply for the rescu'd Maid dispute;  
Then both th'*Atrides* all their Men draw up,  
Fierce *Ajax* charg'd, and the *Dolopian* Troop.

So Winds to Battail bring up all their Force,  
*Zephyre* and *Notus*, *Eurus* Eastern Horse;  
The Woods refound, incens'd *Nereus* raves,  
And with his Trident stirs up dreadful Waves.

Those we by stratagem had overthrown,  
And by night's help chac'd round about the Town,  
Again appear; their Fellows Arms they know,  
And by our wanting of the Word, the Foe.

O're-pow'r'd *Choræbus*, *Peneleus* slew,  
And *Pallas* Altars did with Blood imbrue:  
Next *Ripheus* fell, most faithful to his trust,  
Nor in all *Troy* none knew a man more just,  
Though it pleas'd Heaven that he should suffer too.

Their own Friends *Hypænis* and *Dymas* slew;  
Nor thy great Piety could save from Death,  
Thee *Panthus*, nor *Apollo's* sacred Wreath:  
*Troy's* Ashes witness, and last Flames of mine,  
If in your fall I Danger did decline,

(c) In great Extremities they us'd to fly to the Temples for Sanctuary, which had so much privilege, that they could not be forc'd away from thence; *Pausanias* in *Achaic*. Of this we need no other President than *Cassandra* her self, who being ravish'd in the Temple of *Pallas* by *Ajax*, the Goddess reveng'd it by Thunder upon the Ravisher. See before *lib. 1.*

(d) This is he we last mentioned, Son of *Oileus*, for the other, son of *Telamon*, kill'd himself before the taking of the City. See *Ovid. lib. 13.*

(e) *Nereus* is here, in the Opinion of *Parochius*, taken for *Neptune*: as by *Claudian. l. de Rapt. Prof.* Where he saith that *Nereus* divided *Sicily* from *Italy*, which *Dionysius* after attests to have been done by *Neptune* with a blow of his Trident. This is likewise here confirm'd by that Ensign of his Deity which is here attributed to *Nereus*.

(f) *Germanus* conjectures that *Ripheus* was, whilst he liv'd, very much a Friend to *Virgil*, who thereupon, in Gratitude, here brings his name, as *Homer* doth that of *Mentor* by whom he was cur'd of the infirmity in his eyes: So observ'd by *Herodotus*.

Or Grecian Force, Death, had it been my Lot,  
This hand had drawn; Thence off with us we got  
*Pelias* and *Iphitus*: *Iphitus* weak with age,  
And *Pelias* wounded by *Ulysses* Rage.

Next dismal Clamours us to Court invite:  
Here was a Conflict, such a bloody Fight  
As if there had no other Slaughter been;  
So fierce with Malice, and for Plunder keen,  
The *Æ* shelter'd *Greeks* we saw approach the Wall.  
Some Ladders mount, some up the Pillars crawl;  
Shields on their left hands gave their heads defence,  
Whilst with their right they seize the Battlements:  
*Dardans* resist; down Roofs and Towns they cast,  
And with such Arms, since they behold their last,  
Prepare to save themselves in Death's extremes;  
High Honours of old Princes, golden beams  
They tumble down; others with drawn Swords stood  
To keep the Gates, and with strong Guards make good:  
Something refresht, we to the Palace made,  
With our joyn'd Force the vanquished to aid.

There was a private but a well-known way,  
Which in the Court behind the Pillars lay;  
By these back-Stairs, oft the unfortunate  
*Andromache*, whilst *Priam* held his State,  
Did unattended young *Astyanax* bring  
To see her Mother and the aged King:  
Here to the lofty Battlements I pass,  
From whence vain Weapons woful *Trojans* cast.

There was a Tower erected wondrous high,  
Whose stately Bulwarks seem'd to kiss the Sky;  
On this all *Troy* accustomed to view  
Th' *Achaick* Camp, and *Grecian* Navy too,  
This with my Sword I loos'd, and on that part  
Where jutting Beams did from their Mortels start,

(c) *Troilus* is a military Engine, by the Greeks call'd *perote* likewise & *andromache*, which *Diodorus Siculus* saith was invented by the *Grecians*, in the *Trojan* Warr; to which *Turnebus* thinks that *Homer* alludes in these words, *Il.* 23.

Helmet to Helmet, Shield to Shield, and Man to Man is knit.

It consisted of many Shields joyn'd close together to defend the Soldiers underneath, from all that might be cast down on them. See *Livy lib.* 44. more of this *La Cordera*.

We gave a shove, when sudden from the height  
Thundring it fell, and on the *Greeks* did light:  
But fresh men still supply'd, nor any kind  
Of Battery seis'd.

Just at the Gate insulting *Pyrrhus* storms,  
More glorious than the Sun, in <sup>b</sup> Brazen Arms;  
So in the Spring a Serpent we behold  
Famish'd with want, and swoln with biting cold,  
His Skin being cast, from under ground appears  
In gallant Youth, and proud his Bosome rears  
In towry circles to the cheering South,  
Triple Stings brandish'd from his hissing Mouth.  
With him bold *Periphas*, and *Automedon*  
*Achilles* Squire and Charioteer came on;  
These, seconded by all the *Scyrian* Bands,  
Who on the Roof cast Fire and flaming Brands.  
Through strongest Gates bold *Pyrrhus* made a Pass,  
And from their Hinges tore down Beams of Brass:  
Then hews huge Pillars, cleaving knotty Oke,  
And a large Breach for a wide passage broke.  
The house within appears, long Halls unfold  
*Priam's* Bed-chamber and the Kings of old:  
The Entrance they might see arm'd Souldiers guard,  
But within Tumults and lowd skreeches heard,  
The arch'd Sielings howl with female cries,  
And clamours to the golden Stars arise;  
Then fearful Matrons run from place to place,  
They kiss the marble Pillars and imbrace.  
Strong, as his Sire, *Pyrrhus* maintains the Fight,  
Nor Guards nor Rampiers can resist his might:  
Gates with his battering Ram are overthrown,  
And from their Hinges Jaums lye tumbled down.  
They force their way, the first they meet they kill,  
And Royal Courts now basest Souldiers fill.

(b) *Magus Misellus*, 3. 3. saith, in expolition of these words, that Iron was so rare with the *Ancients*, as for that Reason they made their Armour commonly of Brass, sometimes of Tin: But wiald it is very certain, that with the *antient* Poets, especially the *Greek*, by Brass is meant Iron and Steel.

(c) Such was the manner of those that were going into Captivity, to take an eternal farewell of their Homes by kissing the Gates or Pavements. So *Dion. Cassius*, *lib.* 41. speaking of those who went with *Pompey* from the City, they invoked the Gods, such he, and kissed the Pavement. For *Turnebus* gives another reason, that they believ'd a Deity to be in the Gates, Hinges, Thresholds and Walls of their Houses; So as that Killing was aswell in token of Veneration and Religion; to this likewise is refer'd the solemn adorning them with Crowns and Garlands.

A fomie River not so fiercely goes,  
When breaking forth, his Banks he overthrows,  
And on the Plains with hostile Billows falls,  
Bearing along both Cattle and their Stalls.  
I did behold how bloody *Pyrrhus* rag'd  
To enter, how th' *Atrides* were engag'd :

*Priam*, the Queen, her <sup>4</sup> hundred Ladies view  
And hallow'd ' Fires which his own Blood imbrud;  
He <sup>7</sup> fifty Daughters did with Marriage grace,  
Such hopes there was of his Illustrious Race.  
Beams rich with <sup>7</sup> Gold, and Spoils, fall in their ire,  
And *Greeks* possess what's not possess'd by Fire.

But here thou mayst enquire of *Priam's* Fates;  
When he beheld *Troy* taken, his Court-gates  
Torn down, and *Greeks* through all the Palace rage.  
On th' old King girds, palsied with Feeble Age,  
Arms long unworn, and claps upon his Thigh  
A useless Sword, resolving so to die.

Amidst the Palace, in the open Air,  
An <sup>o</sup> Altar stood, an <sup>antient</sup> <sup>P</sup> Laurel near  
Embrac'd the Gods with a declining shade :

Here *Hecuba* and all her Daughters fled,  
As Flocks of Pigeons from a Tempest hast,  
And round the Statues of the Gods embrac'd.  
But when in Youthful Arms she *Priam* spy'd,  
O my most wretched Husband ! out she cry'd,  
What Counsel thee to put on Arms did move :

Into what danger dost thou run, dear love :  
These times no such Defenders will allow,  
No, if my *Hector* should be present now.

Draw near, this Altar may protect us all,  
Or here in Death we will together fall.  
Then she her Husband by the hand did bring,  
And plac'd in sacred Seats the aged King.

(k) *Centum viri* 100: Daughters-in-law to *Priam*, for he already said that *Priam* had but fifty Sons, unless, with *Laertes*, we allow every Son two wives; either expound it with *Tasman*, *Nona uxor*, ut *atatis* hoc *nomen* fit, non officiat.

(l) Upon that Altar of *Jupiter Hecuba*, which *Priam* was kill'd, there was continually maintain'd a sacred Fire, never suffer'd to go out. *Turneb.* l. 4. t. 5.

(m) So many Sons he is said to have, others number 51 *Higynus* 54. There are who say but five Sons, and three Daughters.

(n) *Phrygia*. The *Phrygians* abounded with Wealth and Gold, as well as the *Persians*, these two being the most wealthy Kingdoms: now it becomes *Aneas* to call his Country-gold barbarous, is evinc'd by *Germanus*. See likewise *Laertes*.

(o) *Jupiter Hecuba* is said to have three eyes, and so nam'd from his Altar, which was within the compass or enclosure (i. e.) of the Walls, yet as here describ'd, in the open Air, not cover'd at the top. So *Athenaeus*, lib. 5. *Homer*, sixth *lib.*, always placeth the Hall in open place, where was the Altar of *Hecuba* *Jupiter*. At this was *Priam* kill'd. *Tryphiodorus*.

At th' Altar of *Hecuba*, sick of breath,  
Bold *Pyrrhus* post the aged King to death.

Those who read there *Hermanus* *Jupiter* with *Orpheus*, and so in *Calaber* with *Germanus*, besides the Authority of our Poet, undervalue *Euripides*, *Ovid*, *Seneca*, and others.

(p) Which, as the story goes, was fram'd in the midst of *Priam's* Court by Mathematical Art; the Trunk whereof was pure Gold, in length 12 Cubits; the Top spread into such large branches as enroped all the House; the Blossoms, Boughs and Leaves, were partly Gold, partly Silver; amongst the Fruit, Jewels of great value. This Tree *Orpheus* and *Diomed* (or as others say, *Palamedes*) being sent *Embassadors* to demand *Helen*, beheld with great amazement.

Behold ! *Polites* one of *Priam's* Sons,  
To get away from bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs  
Through armed Foes, through Courts, and Halls about  
Wounded, to seek some sheltering Corner out ;  
Whom raging *Pyrrhus* fiercely did pursue,  
Now takes, and strikes him with his Javelin through :  
At last, where in his Parents fight he stood,  
Hefell, and pours his Soul out in his Blood.

Here *Priam*, though with Death beleaguerr'd round,  
Free passage both for Wrath and Language found.  
To thee for this, for this bold Act, he cry'd,  
The Gods, if any of the Deifi'd

Such Deeds observe, shall just Rewards ordain,  
That hast our Son thus in our presence slain,  
And with his Blood the Parents face defil'd.

*Achilles*, whom thou Father falsely stil'd,  
Was no such Foe to me ; he blush'd, when I  
Implor'd the Law of Arms, nor did deny  
*Hector's* pale Corps should have a Native Tomb,  
And me again sent with a Convoy home.

This said, th' Old Man a feeble Javelin threw,  
Which could not pierce his sounding Target through,  
But on the Margin hung the harmless Spear.

Then *Pyrrhus* said, this News my Father bear,  
My cruel Deeds remember to relate,  
And how that I, his Son, degenerate ;  
For thou shalt die. As soon as these he said,  
Through his Sons Blood, he dragging him, convey'd  
Trembling to th' Altars ; then his Hair he wreaths  
In his Left Hand, his Right his Sword unsheaths,  
Which to the Hilt he buries in his side.  
So finish'd *Priam's* Fates, and thus he dy'd,

F f

Seeing

Behold !



And now alone, in *Vesta's* Portal I  
Did *Helen*, taking Sanctuary, spy ;  
The mighty Fires which shone more bright than day,  
Discover'd her, where close conceal'd she lay ;  
She for *Troy's* ruine fears the *Trojan* Sword,  
The *Greeks*, and rage of her forsaken Lord :  
Who both the Scourge of *Greece* and *Troy* had been,  
Lay hid at th' Altar, fearing to be seen.  
I rage, and to revenge my Country, burn,  
That just Rewards I might with Death return.  
Shall safely she enjoy her Native Soyl ?  
A Queen in *Sparta* triumph in our Spoil ?  
Her Lord and Court, Children and Parents see ?  
Shall *Phrygian* Ladies her Attendants be ?  
Shall Steel destroy our King, and Fire his Seat ?  
Soft these Shores lie in a Bloody Sweat ?  
Not so. Although no Honour we can gain,  
Nor Conquest boast, to have a Woman slain :  
Yet such a ' mischief that hath ruin'd *Troy*,  
Will purchase Honour, if I should destroy,  
Quenching revengeful Flames disturb my Breast,  
And my Friend's *Aches* seat in quiet rest,

F f 2

This

(r) Some omit the 22 Verses next following, as being rejected by *Tucca* and *Favus*, to whom *Augustus* committed the revial and correction of this Poem, as well because it is unbecoming a Man of Courage to be angry with a Woman, as that there appears some contradiction to this in the sixth Book,

*Omnia Deiphobo selvist.*

But *Servius Fuldenſis* affirms, that theſe Verſes were not rejected, but forgotten by *Tucca* and *Varus*: they are evinc'd to be truly *Virgils* by *Erythraeus*, *Nafcimbanus*, and above all, *Scaliger*, *Poet.* 3. 11. and 3. 23. whom conſult.

(f) The *Phrygian* work was much esteem'd for curiousness, and consequently the slaves of that Country; which *Andromeda* complains of in *Euripides* his *Troed*.

(i) A term not improper to *Helen*, in respect of her many Wickednesses; first reviv'd by *Thetis*; then being married to *Meneleus*, the left him to run away with *Paris*: not was the constant to him; for will't fit the was in *Troy*, the was incestuous with *Ceryneus*, son of *Actis* by *Oeneus*: Her Loves with *Achilles* are celebrated by *Philopatrae*. And in respect of the ill fortune the brought along with her, this expression is well suits with her, as that of *Envy* who calls her, *μειλιχία*, *Melichia*, *Envidia*; and lastly, she was not Daughter of *Jupiter*, but *αδελφὸν δόττω δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν* Of *semellinarious* Devil, of *Envy*, of *Murder* of *Deceit*.

This said, spurr'd on with Fury, on I went;  
 When my blest Mother did her self present  
 In her full Glory, shining through the Night,  
 As 'mongst the Gods she casts Celestial Light;  
 Her Deity declar'd, she wrings my hands,  
 And from her Rosie Lips thus countermands:  
 What grief, dear Son, hath thee distemper'd thus?  
 Where is your Duty and Respect to us?  
 Consider first how thou mayst dis-engage  
 Thy Father, old *Anchises*, spent with Age;  
 Lives thy *Creusa*, or *Ascanius* yet?  
 Whom all the *Greeks* had every way beset;  
 Had not my ready Care their Rage withstood,  
 Or Fire or hostile Swords had drank their Blood.  
 Let not such Folly thy sad Soul inflame  
 'Gainst *Helen's* Beauty, nor yet *Paris* blame;  
 For the inexorable Gods destroy,  
 And from their deep Foundations ruine *Troy*.  
 Behold (for all these Mists shall vanish quite,  
 Which, interposing, hinder humane sight;  
 Nor fear thou to obey what we command,  
 Nor, what thy Parents shall advise, withstand)  
 These mighty Heaps thou seest, Stone rent from Stone,  
 And Ashes mixt with Smoke, are overthrow'n  
 By *Neptune*, his great \* Trident shook the Wall,  
 And, the Foundations moving, ruin'd all.  
 Now cruel *Juno* guards the *Scean* Gates,  
 And from their Fleet calls her confederates,  
 Girt with a Sword.  
 On a high Tower thou maist stern *Pallas* spy,  
 Shining through \* Clouds, her cruel *Gorgon* by.  
*Jove* the *Greeks* strengthens, and their Bosoms warms,  
 Muft'ring all Heaven against the *Trojan* Arms.

(a) *Neptune* was suppos'd to have the power of shaking, not the Sea only, but the Land, with the stroke of his Trident, *Ternub.* 26. 33. This is more particularly express'd here by the Poet, because about that time there was an extraordinary Earthquake which much shatter'd the Walls of *Troy*; The Gods, as was conceiv'd, conspiring to cast down what they had built; *Juno*, the Gates, whereof she was President; *Pallas*, *quas condidit arces*, the Towers; *Nep-tune*, the Walls which he erected.

(x) A Divine Cloud; *Nimbus*, saith *Servius Danielis*, is a sulcid (*Tanbman* reads, fluid) Light, encompassing the Head of any Deity. Some read, *Limbus*.

Fly Son, thy Labours finish, I'll be near,  
 And safe thee to thy Fathers Thresholds bear.  
 Then she her self in Nights dark shade conceal'd,  
 When cruel Shapes, great Deities, reveal'd  
 Themselves averse to *Troy*.  
 And now *Neptunian* *Troy*, and all her Spires,  
 Seem'd sinking, conquer'd in conjoyned Fires.  
 As where rough Swains, with many a sturdy stroke,  
 Hew in high Mountains down some aged Oke;  
 Cut round with cruel Steel, she threatens now,  
 Shaking her Tresses with a palsied Brow,  
 Vanquish'd with Wounds, at last she gives a Groan,  
 And brings a Ruine, being overthrown.  
 From thence, by \* Heavens assistance on I pass,  
 VV'weapons retreat, and horrid flames give place.  
 When to our Antients Seats I had retir'd,  
 My bed-rid Father, whom I first desir'd  
 To carry to the Mountain, did deny,  
 And, *Troy* destroy'd, more willing was to die  
 Than suffer Exile; You, he said, whose Blood  
 Runs in clear Channels with Youth's spritely Flood,  
 Save you your selves.  
 If Heaven would save my Life, these Seats for me  
 Had been preserv'd; it is too much, I see  
 One fall, once to out-live this \* City took:  
 Thus let, O thus the bed-rid be forfook.  
 I shall find Death, pitied by Foes, who shall  
 My Spoys seek: Lofs of Sepulcher is small.  
 Useless with age, and in Celestial hate,  
 I long expected my too lingering Fate,  
 Since Heavens great King, and Father of the VVorld,  
 Thunder at me, and dreadful Lightning hurl'd.  
 And thus his Resolutions he declares,  
 My Self, my Son, and VVife are drown'd in Tears,

(y) All Interpreters here understand, and truly, *Venus*, whom the Poet here calls a God, as the *Greeks* call their Goddesses *Deas*; sometimes, as well as *Deas*; *Cicero* cites this Verse as usually sung by the *Mabonians*, *ē sēs pallas xal ē pallas* *isē* *ē aqēstē dēis*, A God, a Goddess greater, and great, is *Venus*, *Servius*, *Macrobius*, *Suidas*, and others, mention a Statue of *Venus* with a Beard, having a Comb in her hand; it is more particularly describ'd by a late Author *De gli Imagini de gli Dei*; the reason is, her particular power in the union of both Sexes.

(z) This taking of the City, besides the Poets who speak much of it, is mention'd by *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, lib. 1. where he relates the coming of *Hercules* into *Italy*; and by *Arifides* in *Rhodica*, *Troy*, saith she, was twice taken, first by *Hercules*, then by the *Greeks*.



F. Clorn del.

W. Hollar fecit.

*Eccē autem complexa  
Hærebat parvumque  
Si periturus abis, et nos  
sine aliquam expertus  
hanc primum tulere domum  
cui later et Coniux quoniam*



*pedes in limine Coniux  
Patri tendebat Iulium  
rape in omnia tecum;  
simplicis spem penis in armis,  
cui parvus Iulius  
dam tua dicta, relinquor.*

Domino Simoni Fanshawe,

Equiti

Aurati.

Tabula merito votiva.

And the whole House, left whil'st on him we wait,  
We all together suffer in one Fate.  
Yet still he keeps his Bed, did still deny.  
I desperate arm, and am resolv'd to die.  
What Aid can Policy or Fortune give?  
That I would leave thee here, couldst thou believe?  
Can Fathers thus discourse? If these aboads  
Are destin'd to be ruin'd by the Gods,  
And thou wilt add to this unhappy Land  
Thy self and thine, Death's Gates now open stand;  
And *Pyrrhus* comes with *Priam's* Blood defil'd,  
Before the Parents Face he kill'd his Child,  
And at the Altar then the Father slew.  
Through Sword and Fire, this Spectacle to view,  
Didst me, blest Mother, bring? and where I shall  
Th' insulting Foe behold within my Wall?  
My Father, Son, *Creusa*, in a Flood,  
Lie weltring here, of one anothers Blood?  
Arm, arm, bring Arms, the last day bids us go;  
Dear Countreymen, let's once more charge the Foe;  
Let us renew the Fight, on bravely fall,  
We shall not perish unrevenged all.

Here girt I on my Sword, my Target brac'd  
Tomy left Arm, and to the Portal hast.  
When my dear Wife clung fast unto my Knee,  
And going out, held forth our Son to me.  
Goest thou to die? then let us go along:  
But if thou thinkst thy self sufficient strong,  
First save your House, your Son, your Fathers life,  
And mine, whom once you pleas'd to call your Wife.  
At this the House was fill'd with Groans and Tears,  
When straight wondrous Prodigie appears;  
Betwixt our Hands, in the sad Parents fight,  
Lo! from *Iulus*' Crown a Flaming Light

(a) Amidst the embraces of his Parents, as *Servius* *Daniels* well interprets, for *Iulus* was of greater age than to be carried in their Arms, as may be argued from his following afterwards on foot, *non passibus equis*; and that being five or six years older, he was both a Huntsman and a Warrior.

(b) There are three kinds of *pilæ* (or Caps) us'd by the Flamines or Priests of the Romans; *Apex*, which properly is *Virga lanata*, a little Wool wound up on the top of the *Pileus*; *Tutulus*, wholly of Wool, *meta figura*; and *Galerus*, made of the skin of some sacrific'd Beast. *Apex* therefore is properly the top of the Cap or Head. But *Virgil* here alludes to the story of *Servius Tullius*, to whom being a Boy, whil'st he slept, the same thing happen'd which here is reported of *Alcides*: A harmless flame seiz'd on his Hair, and so continued till he wak'd, which portended Rule and Empire. See *Livy*.

We

We saw arise, and harmless Fire did spread  
 With a soft touch, and round his Temples fed.  
 We frighted, haft to shake the flagrant Hair,  
 Water to quench the sacred Flame prepare.  
 But to the Stars *Anchises* lifts his Eyes,  
 His Voice and Hands advancing to the Skies.

*Jove*, if thou haft to any Prayers regard,  
 Look down and hear; if Merit find Reward,  
 Confirm this Sign, grant, Heavenly Father, Aid.  
 When with a mighty Crack, these words scarce said,  
 We 'd left hand Thunder heard, and through the Skies,  
 With a bright Train, a blazing Meteor flies,  
 Which we beheld o're the high Roofs to move,  
 And our Course marking, in the *Idæan* Grove  
 Conceal'd it self, then in a Furrow broke,  
 And with a Flash made all with Sulphur smoke.

Th' old Man, thus vanquish'd, rose, then first implores  
 The Gods, and their auspicious Star adores:  
 Haft, haft, he said, Ile go to any place.  
 You tutelar Pow'rs preserve our House and Race:  
 This is your sign, who *Troy* in us protect.  
 Dear Son, I go where Heaven shall thee direct.  
 This said, the crackling Fires we louder hear,  
 And from the Walls devouring Flames draw near.  
 Dear Father, get upon my shoulders streight,  
 Nor shall your Burthen be to me a Weight.  
 What ever chance, one common Danger we  
 Shall equal share, to both one safety be:  
 I shall *Ascanius* my Companion chuse;  
 My Wife must follow, but some distance use;  
 And you, my Servants, list to my Commands.  
 Near unto *Troy*, an Antient Temple stands,  
 Offlighted *Ceres*, an old Cypres near,  
 Kept by our pious Fathers many year;

(c) This he saith according to the Superstition of the *Romans*, who not contented with one Omen of Augury, desir'd more, to confirm their belief of the first; and if the ensuing were different, they took off the credit of the first. So *Servius* and *Turnebus*, 13. 16.

(d) The left side, saith *Servius*, as to Humane things is unfortunate, as to Celestial, prosperous: So intonuit lævum; because the left side of the Gods is the right to those that look on them. Varro otherwise; From the Seat of the Gods looking towards the South, the Eastern parts of the World are on the left side, the Western on the right: Whence the Omens on the right side are more prosperous than the left.

By several waies there wee'l together meet.  
 Dear Father, take our Countrey-Gods, unfit  
 For me to touch, return'd from so much Blood,  
 And such great Battails, till the Living Flood  
 Cleanse me again.  
 O're my broad Shoulders, on my Neck, this said,  
 Above my vest a Lions skin I laid,  
 And take the ' load; *Ascanius* did embrace  
 My hand, and follow'd with no equal pace,  
 My Wife behind, and through dark Streets are born.  
 I that but now did shows of Javelins scorn,  
 And thickest Ranks of *Greeks*, begin to fear  
 Each breath of Wind, and finallest Noise I hear,  
 Troubled alike both for my Load and Son.  
 The Gates I reach'd, and thought the business done,  
 When sound of Trampling Feet our Ears invades;  
 My Father spies them through the Gloomy Shades,  
 And out he cries, Fly Son, O fly, they're here,  
 Their shining Arms, and glittering Shields I appear.

Here know I not what unkind Power bereft  
 My Judgement; for whilst usual waies I left,  
 And by obscurer Streets, and nearer crost,  
 Ah, by sad Fate, I my *Creusa* lost;  
 Whether she dy'd, did stray, or tir'd gave o're,  
 Uncertain, but I saw her Face no more:  
 Nor look'd behind, nor mis'd her, till we come  
 To sacred Seats, and Antient *Ceres* Tombe.  
 Here we all met, one onely thus bereav'd,  
 Who me, her Father, and her Son deceiv'd.  
 What God or Man did not my Frenzy call  
 In question? what worse Chance since *Ilium's* fall?  
 My Son, my Father, and *Troy's* Gods I leave,  
 Which in a sheltring Vale my Friends receive.

G g

Troy

(e) This memorable piety of *Æneas* is related by *Ælian*, 3. 22. of which, thus an uncertain Author in the *Antiology*, lib. 3.

*Cæci ferret medius proles Cytherea per  
 hostes  
 Inopposita collo longuida membra patriæ;  
 Percussit, ait Danaï; levis est sone gloria  
 rapta:  
 At non crepto gloria patre levis.*

*Antoniæ Pius* had a Signet bearing the Image of *Æneas*, with his Father on his back. *Senecarius* hath an Epigram upon another of the same which he had, too long to be here inserted. We shall onely parallel the story with that of the *Catanis*, two Brothers, who carry'd away their Parents in the same manner, delivering them from the eruption of the Flames of *Ætna*. See *Cludian* upon that subject.



Troy I re-visit, gird on shining Arms  
 All Dangers to renew, through all Alarms  
 Ilium to search, and once more Dangers try :  
 The Walls I first, then gloomy Gates draw nigh ;  
 Obscur'd with Night, back, I my own steps trace  
 With searching Eye, and with a wary pace.  
 Horror each where, nay Silence strikes a fear.  
 Thence home I went, hoping to find her there.  
 But in the House the cruel *Greeks* I find,  
 And eating Fire rowl'd to the Roofs with Wind ;  
 Then Flames ascend, Smoke towreth in the Air :  
 To *Priam's* Seat and Palace I repair ;  
 There *Phoenix* and *Ulysses* guard the Spoils  
 In *Juno's* Temple, and forsaken Iles.

From all parts hither *Dardan* Treasure came,  
 Sav'd from the Gods, and Temples sunk in Flame ;  
 Goblets of Gold, rich Robes in <sup>a</sup> heaps are laid,  
 Youth, fearful Matrons, orderly array'd,  
 Stood round about.

Bold also, I the Streets with Clamour fill,  
 And call through Shades, ingeminating still.  
 Fondly again, again *Cressida*. Here  
 To me in quest, thus raging every where,  
 Appears her Shade, and sad similitude,  
 And her known Form a <sup>b</sup> larger Shape indu'd ;  
 Speechless I was, upright did stand my Hair,  
 When thus the spake, with words appeasing care.  
 Why so much pleaseth thee a task so vain,  
 My dearest Lord, since thus the Gods ordain ?  
 Neither must thou transport me from these Lands ;  
 The King of high *Olympus* countermands.  
 Thou shalt, long exil'd, plough vast Seas, before  
*Hesperia's* found, where through a fertile Shore  
 The *Lydian Tybers* gentle Waters glide.  
 Glad things wait there, a Realm, a Royal Bride ;

(f) By *La Cerda* expounded those from which Oracles were given.

(g) According to the Military Custom of gathering all the Prey together into one place, by which the Victor pleas'd the Souldiers with the sight of what their Labours had compass'd.

(h) This *Turnebus* refers to her *Apoteosis*, or Deifying ; For the *Amicus* ( faith he ) attributed a larger proportion of Power to their Gods than to *Mæn*. *Lipsius* and *Delrio* suppose, that she was not so indeed, but only appear'd bigger to *Aeneas* by reason of his fear. *La Cerda* observes, that the Apparitions of the Dead are greater than the Persons themselves were in Life.

Spare for thy dear *Creuſa* Tears; for ſhe  
*Dolops* proud Seats, nor *Myrmidons* ſhall ſee:  
I that to *Dardan Venus* am allid'e,  
Shall never wait on *Grecian* Dames.  
The Gods great Mother will for me provide.  
Farewel, Farewel; take of our Son a care.  
Theſe words being ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd into Air,  
And left me weeping, having much to ſpeak.  
Three times I ſtrove to cling about her Neck,  
Thrice her in vain my circling Arms entwin'd;  
She like a ſwift Dream flies, or nimble Wind.  
Then I my Friends re-visit, night grown old,  
Where numbers I admiring did behold  
Of new Associates, Men and Women found,  
Children and Vulgar, for ſad Exile, bound;  
From all parts met, willing to ſail the Seas,  
And venture Life and Fortune where I pleaſe.

When *Hesperus* from high-brow'd *Ida* roſe,  
Uſhering the Day, our Gates beſet with Foes,  
Nor Hope of ſuccour, I the Mountain take,  
Bearing my aged Father on my Back.



Accessi, viridemque ab  
Conatus, ramus, tenerem  
Florendum, et ductu video  
nam, que prima solo  
Vellit, huic atro lin,  
et terram, labo maculant,

Honoratissimo Dni. Domino  
Worlaby.



Tabula merito

humo convellere Sylvam  
ut frondentibus aris.  
mirabile monstrum,  
ruptis radicibus arbor  
quintur sanguine gutta

Johanni Bellasys Baroni de  
votua.



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Torn Myrtle bleeds; slain Polydor complains;  
Not from a Tree Blood flows, but from his Veins.  
His Rites perform'd, they leave the Thracian Shore;  
To Delos sail; Apollo they implore.  
Phœbus mistook, they plant in Crete: from thence  
Admonish'd by a Dream, and Pestilence,  
They launch again; a storm at Sea; The seats  
Of ravenous Harpies; Dire Celenos Threats.  
Helenus, Priam's Son, in Epire reigns,  
T'Andromache match'd, and Trojans entertains,  
He shews what Coasts of Latium they must steer.  
Ætna, the Cyclops, Polypheme appear.  
To sad Dyrrachium next Æneas bends,  
Thence drove to Libya, where his Story ends.



After it pleas'd the Gods the Asian  
State,  
And Priam's "guiltless Line" ex-  
terminate,  
Proud Ilium fall'n, Troy smoking on  
the Ground;

To strange Shores, divers Exiles we were bound,

By

(2) Virgilius saith, that Virgil al-  
ludes to a place in Homer, Iliad 4.  
where Jupiter confesseth, that he lov'd  
no Nation or City like the Trojans,  
Priam and his People.

For there (saith he)  
My Altars never without Incense are.

That City therefore deserv'd not  
Ruine, which was so observant of  
Religious Duties.

(b) *More within* (with *Strabo*, lib. 13.) is *Antandros*, over which a Mountain hangs, call'd *Alexandria*, where they report the *Goddesses* were judg'd by Paris.

(c) *Æstus pro Vere*: The beginning of the Spring, at which time the Seas are said to be open'd by the West winds.

(d) The first Voyage of *Æneas* was from *Antandros* in *Phrygia*, through the Hellespont, to *Thrace*, a Country commended as Martial; For there (saith *Arrianus*, lib. 4. upon the Authority of *Sophocles*) *Mars* was brought up; and (as *Homer*, *Odys.* 8.) as soon as he was free from *Vulcan's* Fetters, he went thither. As to the fertility of the Country, though deny'd by *Mela*, *Enripides* much commends it (in *Hecuba*) for both these qualities.

—Quitting the Trojan Strand,  
At *Thracian* Polymetor's *Seas* did  
Land;  
Who the fat *Globe* of *Chersonesus*  
call'd,  
And o're *flint* *Martial* Men the *Scep-*  
*ter* wield.

(e) King of *Thrace*, Contemner of the Gods, and particularly of *Bacchus*, fierce and eager of War.

(f) Most Interpreters here understand *Ænus*, a Town built by *Æneas* in *Thrace*, for, (according to *Pliny*, 4. 11.) there was the Tomb of *Polydore*. Some refer the allusion to another City built by *Æneas* in *Macedonia*, mention'd by *Livy*, l. 40. who calls it *Ænia*, adding that there every year they sacrific'd to their Founder *Æneas* with great Solemnity.

(g) *Æneas*, saith *La Cerda*, is frequently induc'd fecundifying by the Poet, according to the Custom of the Antients, with whom the Priestly Office was not seldom discharg'd by the Prince, See *La Cerda*, by whom this is observ'd.

By Aug'ries of the Gods; and Ships provide  
Near to *Antandros*, under *Phrygian Ide*;  
Uncertain where to plant, or what course run,  
Our Force we muster: Scarce the 'Spring begun,  
When old *Anchises* to set sail commands.  
Weeping I leave the Port, and Native Lands,  
Where *Troy* once stood, transporting through the Seas  
My Friends, my Son, *Lars* and great Deities.

Far off the 'Thracian plow a Warlike Land,  
O're whose vast Plains once 'stern *Lycurgus* reign'd:  
An antient League, and Household Gods conjoyn'd,  
They held with *Troy*, till Fortune us declin'd:  
Hither I came, and led by spiteful Fate,  
Built on curst Shores my first unlucky Seat,  
And it *Æneum*, by my own name call.

I sacrifice to *Venus*, and to all  
Those Gods that did our Enterprize approve,  
And slaughter'd a white Bull to mighty *Jove*.

By chance a Hill was nigh, whose swelling Brows  
Cornell and Mirtle crown'd with armed Boughs:  
To rifle Groves so flourishing, I hast,  
That th'Altars might with verdant Leaves be grac'd;  
When a most wondrous Prodigie I view:  
For, from the Plant which first from Earth I drew  
With broken Roots, Drops of fresh Blood distill'd,  
And trickling Gore in blushes stain'd the Field.  
Surpris'd with Deadly Fear, I trembling stood,  
Horror to Ice congeal'd my curdled Blood.  
Again I pluck'd another tender Bough,  
Abstruser Causes to discover now;  
And from this also flows a Stream of Gore,  
Much troubled, I the Rural Nymphs adore,  
And *Mars*, Protector of the *Thracian* Land,  
This Wonder might for a blest Omen stand.



Stat gravis Entellus: nixq' immotus eodem  
Ille sedat cessam oppugnata molibus urbem;  
Nunc har nunc illis altius, omnemq' pererrat



F. Cleya inue. Lombard sculpsit. Londini.  
Corporis tela mouens, atq' oculis uisitantibus exit  
Aut montana solet circos Castellis sub armis,  
Arte locum, & uarijs affulbus irrisus uiget.

233

Domino OLIVERO

Tabula

BOTELER Baronetto

merito uotiva

On a Third after my whole strength I try,  
 And with my knees, on Earth did struggling lie:  
 Shall I go on, or not? a Grone I hear  
 From under ground, and these words pierc'd my Ear:  
 Why rend'st thou me *Æneas*? dead men spare,  
 And to prophane thy pious hand forbear;  
 I born in *Troy*, no stranger was to thee;  
 Nor flows this purple from a senseless Tree.  
 Me, slaughter'd here, this crop of Javelins hides,  
 And sprouts with pointed Lances from my sides:  
 Fly then, ah! fly this avaritious shore,  
 Fly cruel Coasts, for I am *Polydore*.  
 But then I was surpriz'd with sudden fear,  
 Nor could I speak, erected stood my Hair.  
 This *Polydore*, with mighty summes of Gold,  
 Unhappy *Priam*, secretly of old  
 Sent to the King of *Thrace*: who, when he found  
 Our strength decay'd, and *Troy* beleaguerr'd round;  
 How with our wealth our Fortune us declin'd,  
 With conquering Arms and *Agamemnon* joyn'd,  
 All Laws of Nations breaks, the Prince destroys,  
 And so by unjust Right the Gold enjoys.  
 What dares not impious man for 'curst Gold!  
 My fear once o're, this Miracle I told  
 My Father, with some few, and Counsel crave:  
 All vote as one, those impious Shores to leave,  
 And from foul breach of trust, with fair Winds fly.  
 A Monument for *Polydorus*, high  
 We raise with Earth, and to the *Manes* plac'd  
 Altars, with purple wreaths, and Cypre's grac'd,

when they mourn: Blew is by the Ancients taken for Black: But blew *Vinea* (Fillets) in neer Funerals, especially of the Son of the Family, are us'd. So here *Polydore's* Funeral as a Child was such. (g) A Tree suppos'd under the tuition of *Dis* and *Proserpine*. *Servius* saith, because being once cut it never grows again, as a man once dead can by no means be restor'd: for which reason they us'd to throw the Bodies of the Dead with the Boughs thereof. *Varro* gives another Reason, because of the great smell it hath being burnt, which took away that of the dead Body, when cast into the Fire.

(i) Amongst the Laws of the 12 Tables was this, *Defuncti injuria ne effugiantur*: do no injury to the dead. And one of *Solon's* Laws was, *Let no man deface the Sepulchres of the dead, or violate them: let no man take out their bones, or cast down their Graves, or dig out their Ashes*.

(k) *Polysander* was of kin to *Priam* and the *Trojans*. *Plutarch* in his *Parallels* calls him *Priami yauoiois* Son in Law. But in *Socrates* words he was τὸν Ἀπολλῶνος ἀδελφὸν καὶ νεῖον ἐργάζων, more nearly all'd to wealth.

(l) *Servius* derives this expreffion from an old custom of the *Gauls*, and particularly the *Mossians*, who when their City was infected with Pestilence, caus'd some poor man to offer to the Gods, and to sacrifice: him for a whole year after they fed at the publique charge, then putting him on consecrated Velliments, and flux with *Ferret*, they carry'd him quite through the City, accompanying him with curses, that all the mischiefs might fall on him: hence sacred is taken for execrable, not as being really so, but that he who is sacred to the Gods is suppos'd to bear the Execrations of men.

(m) The Ghost of him who was not with all due Rites buried, was suppos'd to wander up and down; Hence *Æneas* not content with the first interment of *Polydore* (for he was rather overwhelm'd than buried, makes him a Sepulcher, and renews his Rites of Funeral, that his Ghost might be at rest. Thus *La Cæcilia*: confirm'd by what follows *Artemasque Sepulchra cadunt*, as if then his Soul were buried, and not before.

(n) This was the First of the Rites: The greater the *Tamulus* (or Hillock of the grave) the more Honour to the dead: as preserving them more securely.

(o) He intends two Altars, as *Turnebus* here observes, and *La Cæcilia* upon the fifth Eclogue.

(p) Women (such *Servius* *Dante*) are said to use blew Garments when they mourn: Blew is by the Ancients taken for Black: But blew *Vinea* (Fillets) in neer Funerals, especially of the Son of the Family, are us'd. So here *Polydore's* Funeral as a Child was such. (q) A Tree suppos'd under the tuition of *Dis* and *Proserpine*. *Servius* saith, because being once cut it never grows again, as a man once dead can by no means be restor'd: for which reason they us'd to throw the Bodies of the Dead with the Boughs thereof. *Varro* gives another Reason, because of the great smell it hath being burnt, which took away that of the dead Body, when cast into the Fire.



VVe terrifi'd fall prostrate on the ground,  
When to our ears approach'd this dreadful sound.  
That Land, bold <sup>d</sup> *Dardans*, did your Sires maintain,

The same with joy shall cherish you again :

Seek your old Mother, <sup>a</sup> there the *Trojans* shall  
For endless Generations govern all.

Thus *Phœbus*, then with joy they all demand,  
And Noise confus'd, where was that happy Land  
*Apollo* to the *VV*anderers had design'd.

My Father then calling old things to mind,  
Dear friends, he said, your hopes now entertain.

*Jove's* Birth-place, *Crete*, lies <sup>f</sup> circled in the Main,

There is Mount *Ide* the Nursery of our Race ;

A Hundred Cities hath this wealthy place :

Our Grandfire first, hath not my Memory fail'd,

*Teucus*, from thence to *Rhetian* Confines fail'd,

To plant new Kingdoms ; *Ilium* yet unbuilt,

And *Pergam* Towns, they in rich Vallies dwelt.

*Chorybantian* Sounds for <sup>g</sup> *Cybel* he ordain'd,

And silent Rites in *Idas* Grove maintain'd :

The Ladies Chariot is with Lions drawn.

Therefore, where Heaven commands, let us go on :

Implore the Winds, for *Gnosian* Kingdoms steer,

Which are (if *Jove* our Voyage favour) near ;

We the third Morn may ride in *Cretan* Rodes.

This said, he payes due Honors to the Gods ;

*Neptune* <sup>b</sup> a Bull, a white Bull *Phœbus* Right,

To Storms a Black Sheep, and fair Winds a White.

*Idomenus* from his Fathers Seat

Drove by his Subjects, had forsaken *Crete*,

And, as they fam'd, no Foe posselt the Land,

But empty Palaces neglected stand.

<sup>i</sup> *Orygian* Ports forsook, we plow the Floods,

By viny *Naxus*, and <sup>k</sup> *Donsan* Woods,

(d) The knot of the Oracle (unobserv'd by *Anchises*) lay in this word, for siluting them *Dardanians*, it pointed them to *Italy*, from whence came *Dardanus*, not to *Crete*, whence *Tener*. See *Macrobii* *Sonn. Scip.*

(e) This prophecy of the continuance of *Aeneas* his Empire (borrow'd from *Homer*) is much admir'd by Interpreters, as being in force still in the Remains of that Empire in *Germany*, and the house *Ashvia*.

(f) Either in the *Mediterranean* Sea, or fur from the Continent, or in the midst as we may say of many Seas; for according to *Salinus* it cannot be prov'd in what Sea *Crete* lies, partly lying on the *Libyan*, part on the *Ionick*, part on the *Egyptian*, part on the *Aethiack*.

(g) Wife to *Saturn*; Mother of the Gods.

(h) *Brissinus* from the Authority of *Plutarch* shews, that a Bull us'd to be sacrific'd to *Neptune*. See also *Agellius* 13. 25. and *Macrobius* 3. 10. A Bull faith *Homer's* Interpreter, alluding to the roughness of the Sea, black in respect to the deepness, which makes the waters thereof of that colour. Nor is a Bull an unfit sacrifice to *Apollo*, who is said to have kept the Herds of *Admetus*. To the Field; *Aeneas* sacrifices for his Voyage; to *Apollo*, for the direction of his Oracle.

(i) *Delus*, so first call'd faith *Solinus* from the many Quails first seen in it, which the Greeks call *ispyras*.

(k) *Servius* faith, from the colour of the Mable thereof, as *Paris*, in the same respect is presently after call'd white.

*Olearus*, *Chalkie Parus*, pass through Seas

Sow'd thick with Isles, and scatter'd *Cyclades* ;

The Sailors cheerful cry our people cheer,

We must for *Crete*, our Grandfires Kingdom, steer

When on our Stern attends the rising Gale,

And we at last this antient Country sail ;

Where I did build our long'd-for Cities wall,

And our new Town did *Pergamea* call ;

The Name our People pleas'd, whom I advise

To build fair Houses, and to Sacrifice.

And now our Ships lay dry upon the Sands,

Our Youth wed, plow ; I gave them Laws and Lands :

When on the sudden a most sad Disease,

By Heavens corrupted influence, did seize

Our People, Corn was blasted in the Ear,

Fruit in the Bud, a most contagious Year :

Either they dye, or walk in lingering pain.

Then scorching *Sirius* burns the steril Plain,

And the parch'd Earth denies the sickly Food.

My Father bids retrace back the Flood,

To th' Oracle of *Delphos* did perswade,

And there once more to beg great *Phœbus* aid,

When he would end their toils, where his command

Bids them they should address, and where to Land.

'Twas night, and Sleep each where did Mortals seize,

When <sup>a</sup> sacred forms of *Phrygian* Deities,

Which off I brought through *Trojans* flames and foes,

Appear'd to me then laid to take repose,

A clear full-orbed Moon gave me the sight,

Which through the windows shew'd a stream of light,

Who in these words vouchsaf'd to ease my care :

What *Phœbus* at *Otrygia* would declare,

Lo ! here he sings, and sent us to thy Gates ;

Who through *Troy's* flames thee follow, and thy Fates,

(l) These Gods (faith *Servius* *Davidi*) were Brought by *Dardanus* out of *Samotracia* into *Phrygia*, and by *Aeneas* from *Phrygia* to *Italy*: Therefore in the Opinion of some induced by the Poet advising him in sleep, for by their advice in the same manner he enter'd into League with *Latins*, and *Latins* with him : And he profess'd to see them sometimes in sleep, and to be advis'd by them.

We have with thee measur'd the swelling Seas,  
And to the Stars thy Progeny shall raise,  
And give thy City Rule; great Walls prepare  
For greater things, flight, nor long labour spare.  
Change Seats; *Apollo* not advis'd these Lands,  
Nor yet to plant in *Crete* the God commands.

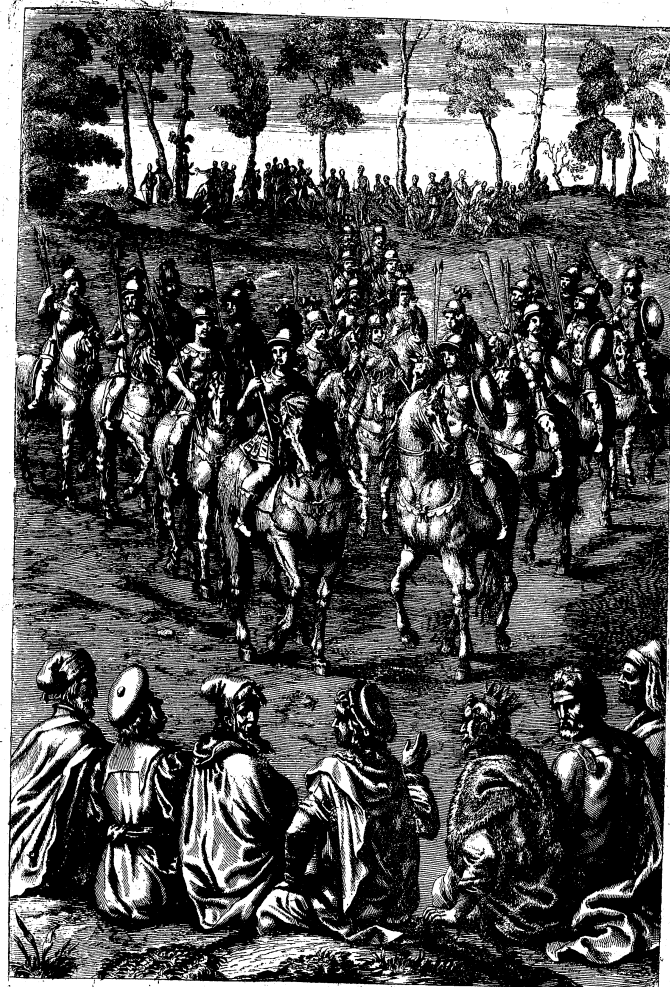
There is an antient and a fruitful Soil,  
Whose warlike Realms the *Greeks* *Hesperia* stile,  
By *Oenotrians* till'd; Posterity, they fame,  
Since call'd it *Italy*, from their Princes name,  
There seek establish'd Seats, where *Dardan*, first  
Of all our Princes, was with *Jafus* nurst.  
Rise, let thy aged father understand  
These Truths, and sail thou for th' *Ausonian* Land;  
For *Jove* in *Crete* grants thee no fixt aboads.

I lay amaz'd to see and hear the Gods,  
Nor did I sleep, I knew what Pow'rs they were,  
By their Celestial looks and veiled hair.  
And then I in a cold and trickling Sweat  
From scarce warm Couches suddenly did get,  
Lifting my Voice and Hand unto the Skies,  
I paid Propitiatory Sacrifice.

Due Rites perform'd, the business I unfold,  
And every circumstance *Anchises* told.  
He knew the double Stock, and doubtful Race,  
And his new error of the antient place.  
Who said, Dear Son busied in *Troys* affair,  
These things *Cassandra* did to me declare.  
Now I remember the of Realms foretold  
Belong'd to us, and oft *Hesperia* would,  
Of *Italy* name, but who could then believe  
*Trojans* must *Latium* seek, or credit give  
To what th' inspired Prophetess did say?  
Take the best Counsel, and the God obey.

(n) The Story of *Dardanus* receives as collected by *Mariana* Author of the Spanish History. l. 11. *Siculus* King of Spain, Son of *Atlas*, his Father going thence and shortly after dying, succeeded him in the Kingdom, came into Italy, as well to see the Kingdom where his father died, as to keep together the remainder of his Father's Army, and to reconcile the Differences of *Jafus* and *Dardanus*, who proved for the possession of *Hetruria* after the death of *Coritus*; *Jafus* who had the stronger Title and the weaker Arm, having solicited him by letters. Arriving there, he wrangle *Dardanus*, who had a strong Army of the Aborigines, to lay down his Arms, and commit himself to his Uncle's power (For *Electra* was the daughter of *Atlantis*, sister to *Siculus*, mother of *Jafus* and *Dardanus*, and wife to *Coritus* King of the *Hetrusci*) trusting in his own innocency and the equity of *Siculus*, by whose authority a League was made betwixt the Brothers, which *Dardanus* broke by killing *Jafus*. *Siculus* to revenge this injury overthrower *Dardanus* in a great Battail, and drove him into *Samoethracia*; whence passing the Hellespont he built Ilion in Asia. The Kingdom of Italy was deliver'd to *Coribantus* the Son of *Jafus*.

(o) A Town in *Hetruria*, so nam'd either from *Cavus* the Father of *Dardanus*, or according to *Servius* *Danile* from the Greek word signifying a Helmet. *Dardanus* being beaten by the Aborigines, and losing his Helmet, staid to recover it, and by that occasion his men resuming courage reingag'd with the Enemy, and got the Victory: Whereupon he gave the Town, where he lost his Helmet, that name.



Accepit roma: & patrium  
Troiaq nunc pueri tro-

Guilielmo Dño: Cavendish



hinc maxima Porro  
servavit honorem,  
unam dicitur agmen,

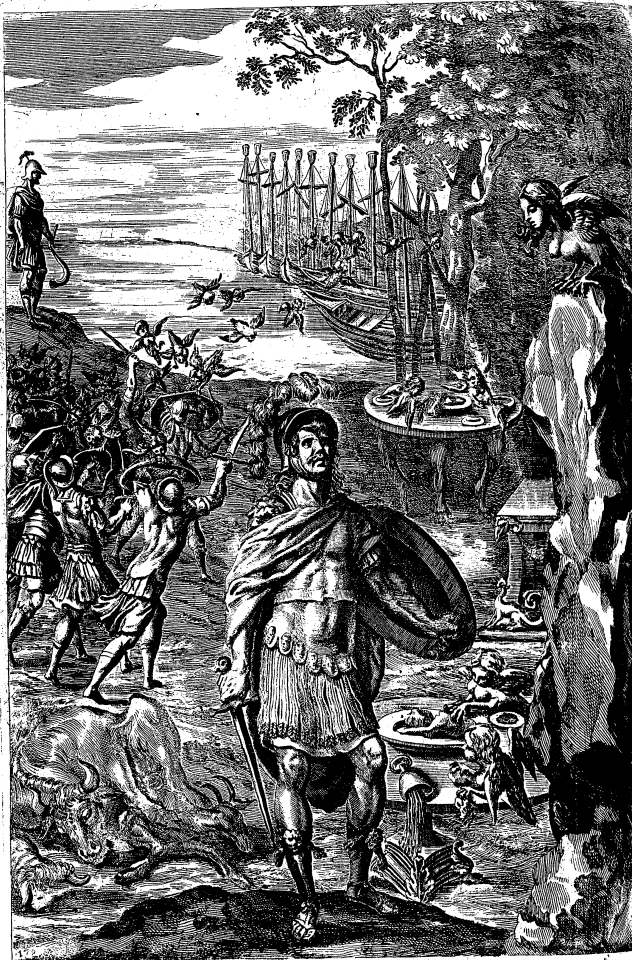
Tabula merito votiva,

Thus having said, all follow his Commands,  
And joyfully forlake new planted Lands;  
Some few being left, we hoise our Sails again,  
And plow with hollow Oke, the boisterous Main.

After our Ships so far had left the Coast  
Till all the World, but Sky and Sea was lost,  
A fable Cloud with Night and Tempest rose,  
And th' Ocean rough with horrid darkness grows;  
Imaged Winds make raging Waves more fierce,  
And through vast Floods us every way disperse;  
Whil' it fleeting Tempests muffle up the Day,  
All Heaven becomes too gloomy Night a prey,  
Perpetual lightning breaks from broken Clouds.  
Drove from our course, we wander through dark Floods,  
Nor *Palinurus* knows, in such a Sky,  
Day from the Night, or whither he should Ply.  
Three Sun-les Days, as many Nights we were  
Wandering through dismal Fogs, without a Star;  
But the fourth Dawn, we rising Land behold,  
And far off Hills, which misty Clouds infold,  
Sails struck, we row, our lusty Seamen sweep  
The azure Pavement of the briny Deep.  
After I scap'd the danger of the Main,  
First me the *Strophades* did entertain,  
Isles standing in the great *Ionian* Seas,  
And by the *Grecians* called *Strophades*;  
Where dire *Celano* other Harpies led,  
When frighted they from *Phineas* Table fled.  
No Monster like to these, no Plague more fell,  
Nor sharper Vengeance Heaven ere call'd from Hell.  
The Fowl have Virgins faces, and hook'd Claws,  
Still purging Bellies, alwayes greedy Maws  
With Hunger pale.

(\*) The Story of *Phineas* and the *Harpies* is thus related by *Eustathius*. When the *Argonautes* came to *Bithynia* they met with blind *Phineas*, King of that Province. The cause of his blindness was this: He had Sons by *Cleopatra* daughter of *Boreas*, who being rewarded, he married another, to which *Strophæcher* he deliver'd his Sons by *Cleopatra* to be put to death by an *Accusation*. *Jupiter*, being angry, gave the King his choice, to live blind, or die; he chooses to be blind. *Phæbus* interposed sends *Harpies* to torment him with hunger, by snatching his meat from him. The *Argonautes*, who sail'd with *Jason*, knowing *Phineas* to be a wise man, advise direction of him how to Sail by the *Symplegides*. He promises to do it, if they would chase away the *Harpies*; to which they oblige themselves: He asks them how swift their Ship was; they answer, that she sail'd as swift as a *Pigeon* flies; he bids them take a *Pigeon*, and let her fly through the *Rockes* when they were parted from each other; when she was through they should without fear sit still. The *Pigeon* is so swift through with this inconvenience only, that the *Rockes* closing tore off her Tail; being presently parted again, the *Argonautes* follow with the same speed, and get through safe with the loss only of the Stern. Hereupon *Letes* and *Calais*, winged youths, the sons of *Boreas*, which were with the *Argonautes* in this Expedition, drive away the *Harpies* from *Phineas* to the *Islands* *Plotæ*. There being warned by *Jupiter* they left the pursuit: and from their return these *Islands* were call'd *Strophades*. Thus *Eustathius* in *Odyss.* 12.

The



The Port being entred, as we nearer drew,  
Herds of fat Cattle in the Fields we view,  
And shaggy Goats, no Herdsman in the way,  
We draw our Swords, inviting to the <sup>9</sup> Prey  
The Gods, and *Jove*; on pleasant Shores we rest,  
And on high Beds magnificently feast.

But from the Mountains, with a speedy flight,  
On thundrings Wings Harpies themselves invite;  
Our Meat they seize, and with sharp Talons rend,  
And from foul Lungs forth dismal Skreeches send.

In a Recefs, again our Cloth we laid,  
Guarded with Trees that cast a horrid shade;  
Altars <sup>9</sup> once more with sacred Flames supply;  
When from another quarter of the Sky,  
A thundring Troop beleaguers round our Meat,  
And with arm'd Talons, spoyl, and tear, and eat.

Then I command our Men to take up Arms,  
War must be made with such pernicious Swarms.  
They at the word obey, in Grassy Fields  
Conceal their Swords, and hide their dazzling Shields,  
When feather'd Troops from winding Shores resound,  
*Myſenus* Signal gave on higher ground,  
*Trojans* with them in a new manner fight,  
Bickering with horrid Sea-fowl in their flight:  
But Steel soft plumage could not dis-compose,  
Nor were their Bodies liable to Blows:  
They wheeling off, swift through the Skies are born,  
And with foul Prints forsake the Prey half torn.

*Celano* then, perch'd on a lofty Rock,  
That fatal Prophetess thus silence broke.  
Raise you *Laomedontians* a War,  
For slaughter'd Cattle: and by Force prepare  
Innocent Harpies from their Realms to expell:  
If so, what I shall say, remember well:

I i

What

(9) It was a Custom amongst the Ancients, to vow the tenth part of the Prey and Spoil they should gain of their Enemies, to *Jupiter*, thence firnamed *Predator*, and to other Gods. So did *Camillus*, *Livy*, lib. 5. This Military Custom the Poet brings here apply'd to hunting. See *Eclg.* 7.

(9) *Strobus* and *Lilius Giraldus* (*Synonym.* 17.) observe, that these words have reference to that kind of Sacrifice which they term'd *Succidancum*, where at the first *Hoffia* *providencia* were not kill'd; but the second, *Succidant*.

What *Jove* to *Phæbus*, *Phæbus* me foretold,  
I greatest of the Furies now unfold.

That *Latium* which you seek for, you shall find,  
And the Port enter with a favouring Wind:  
But e're your City is with Bulwarks fenc'd,  
You for these Slaughters shall be recompenc'd

With 'Famine, which shall make you Trenchers eat.  
This said, on Wings to Woods she did retreat.

Cold Blood dis-animates with sudden Fears;  
No more with Arms, but now with Vows and Pray's  
Our heartless Souldiers seek to make a Peace,  
Be they foul Birds, Furies, or Goddesfes.  
*Anchises* then, raising to Heaven his hands,  
Implores the Gods, and Sacrifice commands:

You Powers, call in your Threatnings, ah forbear,  
And from such Punishments the Pious spare.  
Then he gave order straight we should un-moor,  
And loose our trembling Cordage from the Shore.

We with full Sails run through the fomie Seas,  
That course, which best, Winds and our Masters please.  
*Woodie Zacynthus* now from Sea arose,  
*Dulichium*, Same, high-clift *Neritos*;

*Ithacus* Rocks, *Laertian* Realms we fled,  
And curse the Shore cruel *Ulysses* bred.  
• *Leucates* Cloud-crown'd Mountains next arise,  
And *Phæbus*, which the Sailor terrifies.

From thence, we tir'd, to the "small City hast,  
And from our Prows, for safety, Anchors cast;  
Where we at length land on a dangerous Shore,  
And *Jove* with Vows and Sacrifice implore.

Naked our Youth practise on th' *Asian* Soyl  
Their *Ilian* Games, and wrestle, steep'd in "Oil.  
To pass so many *Grecian* Seats they joy,  
Proud thus through Foes to have transported *Troy*.

Mean

(v) The story to which *Virgil* alludes, and afterwards mingles with Fiction, is thus mention'd by *Strabo*, lib. 12. *Thence going into Latium, Æneas continued there; being advised by an Oracle to dwell in that place where he should eat his Tablets, which happen'd in Latium, near Lavinium; for there a great Loaf of Bread was accidentally brought in lieu of a Tablet, which, with the Meat set upon it, they eat. Servius* also, upon the Authority of *Varro*, affirms, that this Oracle was receiv'd by the *Trojans* from *Jupiter Dodonæus* at *Epire*.

(f) Of this name there is a Mountain in *Ithaca*, and an Island, both mention'd by *Strabo*, lib. 10. The Original of the name thus deliver'd by *Didymus* (or rather by the Scholast upon *Homer*, that goes under that name, for *Didymus* himself is there cited) *Odyss.* 1. The Sons of *Perilaus*, *Ithacus* and *Nerius*, deriv'd from *Jupiter*, inhabited *Cephalonia*. Leaving their own Country, they pass'd over into *Ithaca*. Having beheld the situation of the place fit to be inhabited, because higher than the adjacent Countries, they gave him the name from *Ithacus*, the Mountain from *Nerius*.

(g) See *Eclique* 6.  
(h) Not *Ambracia*, as *Servius* explains it, but *Adium*, according to *Levinus Torrentinus*; a Town very little before the Colony induc'd by *Augustus*. The Games which follow, were those Quinquennial *Asian* Games instituted by *Augustus* (*Sueton. Aug.*) in honour of *Apoll*. This occasion the Poet takes to flatter his Prince.

(i) Implying particularly a kind of sports the *Trojans* us'd (not running, or throwing the *Diskus*, or the like, but) wrestling, or that which is call'd *Pancration*, properly a kind thereof, to which Oil was requisite. *La Cœva* further urges, that the Author alludes to the Primitive Custom of Wrestlers, who us'd onely Oil and Water mix'd, to make themselves slippery, that their Adversary might with less ease fasten hold on them: But afterwards they had a Composition of Oil, Dull and Wax, call'd *Ceroma*, from which *Virgil* distingueth this by the *Epithite Labens*.

Mean while the Sun his Annual Course performs,  
And Icy Winter vext the Sea with Storms.

A Brazen 'Shield, which once huge *Abas* grac'd,  
On sacred Walls, I consecrating, plac'd;  
And what it signifi'd, this Verse explain'd,  
From conquering Greeks these Arms *Æneas* gain'd.

Then I command them row, and leave the Bay;  
Our Rowers cuff the Waves, and sweep the Sea,  
And straight *Phæacus* lofty Towers we hide;  
Then by the barren Shores of *Epire* glide;  
To the *Chaonian* Port our Course we bend,  
And high *Buthrotus* lofty Walls ascend.  
Here wondrous Tidings did my Ears invade,

That *Trojan* " *Helenu*s in *Grecia* sway'd:  
*Andromache* marry'd to a Prince of *Troy*,  
Who did with *Pyrrhus* Queen his Crown enjoy.  
I was amaz'd, and burn with strange desire  
To see the King, and further to enquire;  
And left the Fleet, where they in safety lay.  
By chance sad Gifts, and Annual Rites, that day  
*Andromache* paid *Athes*, and implores

At *Hector*'s " Tomb, near feign'd " *Simois* Shores;  
Before the Town, in Consecrated Woods,  
She rais'd his empty Monument of Sods,  
And, to pay Sorrow at, two Altars rear'd.  
When I to her in *Trojan* Arms appear'd,  
And she beheld me coming, the strange sight  
So wondrously her troubled Soul did fright,  
That down she falls, all Heat did her forsake,  
And long it was e're these few words she spake.

Is this thy Face? and dost thou still survive?  
Liv'st thou, O Goddes Son? if not alive,  
Where's *Hector*? then her Eyes with Tears she drown'ds,  
And all the Grove with her Complaint refounds.

(v) This was a Custom much taken up by the *Antients*, as appears by the *Gladiators*, who being made free, as we may call it (*Emeriti*) hung up their Arms consecrated to *Heracles* with an Elegy.

(z) *Andromache*, the Wife of *Hector*, was afterwards marry'd to *Pyrrhus*, by whom he had *Molissus*. *Pyrrhus* afterwards fell in Love with the Daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helena*, before espous'd to *Orestes*; and for that reason was slain by *Orestes* in the Temple of *Apoll* at *Delphos*. *Pyrrhus* dying, commands that *Andromache* his Wife should succeed in the Kingdom, and be marry'd to *Helenu*s the Son of *Præmex*.

(a) The Body of *Hector* was not left in the Tomb at *Troy*, but carry'd to *Thebes* (as *Pausanias* attests) upon this Oracle,

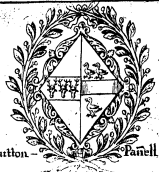
*Ten that inhabit Thebes, send Cadmus Town,  
if you with Blessings would your Country crown,  
Grant Hector's Bones from Asia hither bear,  
where by Hercules King his Rites appointed are.*

(b) The true *Simois* was a River at *Troy*, but *Helenu*s, in remembrance of his Country, below'd many of the old *Trojan* names upon several parts of the Kingdom which he obtain'd in *Egypt*. So *Æneas* call'd the City which he built in *Crete*, *Pergamene*. The same Custom is observ'd at this day in *America*, both by *Spaniards*, *French*, *Dutch* and *English*, that go to plant there.



*Vivo equidem, vitamque  
Nē dubita; nam vera vides  
Hec quis te casus daret  
Excepit aut que digna  
Hectoris Andromache,  
Deceat vultus, &*

Hono. Do. Dominæ Elizabethæ Hutton de Hutton.



*extrema per omnia duco.*

*etiam coniuge tanto  
Satis fortuna revisit:  
Pyrrhin' coniubia servas;  
demissa voce loquuta est.*

Tamell C5 Ebor. Tabula merito votiva.

I scarce to her, thus raging, answer give,  
And hardly speaking, said, Behold I live,  
And draw this Breath through all extremes of Fate;  
Doubt not; true things thou seest.  
But what's thy Fortune after such a Lord?  
Can any worthy Chance one Smile afford?  
Is *Hector's* Lady turn'd to *Pyrrhus* Bride?  
With Looks dejected, softly she reply'd;  
O thou of *Priam's* Daughters the most blest,  
That under *Troy's* high Battlements deceas'd  
On the Foes Tomb, not drawn by lot, nor led  
Captive, to touch the Conquering Masters Bed.  
We from our Countreys Flames, through all Seas born,  
Felt the proud Y ouths, *Achilles* Off-springs, scorn;  
Who after fair *Hermione* did wed,  
And, Fatal still, enjoy'd a *Spartan* Bed;  
And me to *Helenus* his Servant gave.  
But him *Orestes*, who did strangely rave  
For his lost Spouse, impatient, did pursue,  
Surpriz'd, and at his *Fathers* Altar slew.  
Thus *Pyrrhus* dead, part of the Kingdom yields  
To *Helenus*, who call'd these *Chaon* Fields,  
And from *Troy's* *Chaon* all *Chaonia* nam'd,  
And in these Streights this *Ilian* Palace fram'd.  
What Wind, what Chance, or rather favouring God,  
Brought thee, so great a Stranger, to our Road?  
Doth yet *Ascanius* breath ætherial Air?  
Whom *Troy* to thee —

Of his lost *Parent* hath he any Care?  
How doth his Fathers, or his Uncles Name,  
*Hector*, his Soul to gallant Deeds inflame?  
Weeping, she said, and spent much Tears in vain,  
When from the City, with a stately Train,

(c) *Hermione* was the Daughter of *Menelaus* by *Helena*, Grandchild of *Leda*. *Pyrrhus* falling in Love with her, and understanding that she was given to *Orestes*, goes to *Lacedæmon* to demand her of *Menelaus* in Marriage; who took her from *Orestes*, and deliver'd her to *Pyrrhus*. *Orestes*, engag'd with this injury, kills *Pyrrhus*, and regains his *Hermione*. The manner, according to *Euripides*, thus: *Pyrrhus* going to the Solemnities of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, *Orestes* likewise (unknown to him) went thither also, and whisper'd a report amongst all the Persons there, that *Pyrrhus* came only to destroy the Temple; this suspicion takes effect; an Ambush is laid for him behind the Altar; whilst he is at his Devotions, the *Arm'd* men rush forth, and fall upon him weapon'd as he was; he retires, seizes upon some Arms that hung up in the Temple, and therewith defending himself, demands of them what was the reason of their outrage, but is only answer'd with blows, at first he is too hard for them, but in the end, overcome with the Multitude, he falls, and is by them torn into pieces.

(d) *Patrias ad aras*, i.e. at the Altars of *Apollo*, at which his Father was kill'd. *Turneb.* l. 17. c. 6. Some interpret this of an Altar dedicated by *Neoptolemus* to his Father *Achilles*. Others refer it to *Apollo*, surnam'd *Uphagus*, or *Gemivorus*. *Servius* *Dan.* attests, that there was an Altar in the Temple of *Apollo* bearing this inscription, *ΝΑΤΙΟΥ ΑΘΑΝΑΓΟΕ*.

(e) *Cressa*, not of his Country, as some interpret.

The Heroe *Helenus*, *Priam's* Off-spring, bends  
His Courſe to us, acknowledging his Friends,  
And over-joy'd, conducts us to the Wall,  
Whilſt ſhow'rs of Tears, at each word ſpeaking, fall.  
Then marching on, I little *Troy* did view,  
And *Pergam* Tow'rs like to the Great ones knew;

(f) *Xanthus* and *Scamander* are the ſame river, as is attested by *Aristotle*, who adds, that it was ſurnamed *Xanthus* by *Homer*, by reaſon of the yellow Sheep that were there bred. *Hiſt. An.* 3. 12. *Homer* obſerves this difference, that it was call'd *Xanthus* by the Gods, *Scamander* by men. It is here ſaid to be dry, as being but a ſmall River, more for Delight than Navigation. *Lucan. lib.* 9.

*Inſcius in ſecco Serpentem pulvere vivum  
Transferat, qui Xanthus erat.*

(g) *Claudianus* will have the Poet here allude to the Cuſtome of the Antients, who plac'd their *Triclinia* in the miſt of their Rooms, that the Attendants might have the more liberty.

(h) Either meant of the Laurel which grew in the miſt of the Temple, and gave Oracles (mention'd before

— tremere omnia viſa repente  
*Liminaque laurusque Dei.*

by *Callimachus* alſo, *Hymn.* 2.) or a Laurel wreath which *Phœbus* himſelf, and the Prielt that gave the Oracles, us'd to wear. *Clavus* is an Iſland ſacred to *Apollo*, who was thence ſurnamed *Clavius*.

(i) This Verſe is by Interpreters obſerv'd to include all the properties of Augury, as likewiſe that of *Ovid*, *Triſt. El.* 1. 8.

*Linguaq; ſervate, pennate dixit avis.*

The Birds that gave the ſigns by their note, were call'd *Oſcines*; thoſe that by flying, *Alites*; if their flying were fortunate, *Præpetes*. See *Agel. lib.* 6. cap. 6.

I nam'd the narrower <sup>f</sup> *Xanthus* as I paſs,  
And *Scæan* Gates religiously embrace.

In their Associate City *Trojans* reſt.

Amidſt the <sup>3</sup> Hall the King receives his Gueſt:

Our Meat is ſerv'd in Gold, we chear our Souls,

In Royal Roofs, with Wine in Golden Bowls.

One day ſucceeds another, and fair Gales

Fiſt court, then pregnant make our ſwelling Sails;

When to the Prophet I my Sute preſerr.

Inſpired *Trojan*, Heavens Interpreter,

Thou *Phœbus*, *Tripods*, <sup>b</sup> Laurel, thou the Stars,

<sup>i</sup> Birds Language knowſt, ſwift Wings thy Augurers:

( Though all th' ambiguous Oracles agree

As one in this, our Voyage bleſt ſhall be;

And all the Gods in full conſent perſwade,

We *Latium* ſhould, and Promis'd Lands invade;

Yet dire *Celano* Judgement doth preſage,

Denouncing Famine, and Celeſtial Rage )

Advise how we ſuch Dangers may eſchew,

Or elſe ſo great Oppoſings to ſubdue.

Here *Helenus*, as was the Cuſtome, flays

Fat Steers, and, for the Gods aſſiſtance, prays;

Then takes his Fillet from his ſacred Head,

And to thy Threſholds, me, great *Phœbus*, led,

Strangely with Reverential Fear diſmaid;

When from inſpired Lips the Prophet ſaid;

Great Goddeſs Son, ſince thou muſt plow the Main,

This higher Powers make manifeſtly plain;



*Jupiter aut ardens evertit  
Sed te fata vocant: alii  
Vincere, nec duro pote-  
Si quicquam se nobis ille  
Ostendat nemore in*

THE ASHMOLE Arms, qui est Mercurio.



*Quos æquus amavit  
it ad aethera virtus  
ter non viribus ulti-  
ris convellere ferro.  
aureus arbore ramus  
tanto.*

philus Anglus. Tabula merito votiva.<sup>251</sup>

So Fate, and thus the King of Gods conclude,  
And the firm order of Vicissitude;  
Of many things, I must but little say,  
That better thou mayst reach th' *Ausonian* Bay:  
For Fates from *Helenus* the rest conceal,  
Nor will great *Juno* suffer me reveal.

In the first place, that *Italy*, which thou  
Supposest near thee, and art bound for now,  
Long unknown *Waves* divorce, with longer *Shores*.  
Before, *Sicilian* Floods shall bend thy *Oars*,  
*Ausonian* Seas must by thy *Fleet* be found,  
Th' infernal *Lake*, and the *Circæan* Sound:  
Then in safe *Lands* thy *City* re-erect,  
And this the *Omen*, which thou mayst expect.

When at an obscure *Stream*, much troubled, thou,  
Under an *Oke* shalt find a mighty *Sow*,  
With thirty *Pigs* new farrow'd, laid to rest:  
A white *Sow*, a white issue at her breast:  
There ends thy *Toyl*, thy *City* there erect.  
Nor let thy eating *Trenchers* thee deject:  
Fate and *Apollo* will, if thou implore,  
Find out a means; but shun this neighbouring *Shore*  
Of *Italy*, wash'd with our swelling *Tide*;  
In all those *Cities* cruel *Greeks* reside;  
*Naricians* here have *Locrian* *Bulwarks* rear'd,  
*Lydian* = *Idomeneus* *Squadrons* guard  
*Salentine* *Fields*: there *Melibœus* small  
"Petilia joins to *Philoctetes* *Wall*.

But when your *Ships* transported reach the *Bay*,  
And landing, you your *Vows* on *Altars* pay,  
Spread o're your flowing *Tresses* *Purple* *Hoods*,  
Left sacred *Flame*, in honour of the *Gods*,  
Damp'd by some hostile *Face*, disturb the sign.  
This pious use thou must impose on thine,

(k) *Turnebus*, Adv. 7. 14. affirms, that *Circe* was so call'd after *Homer's* example, from *Æa* a Peninsula in the River *Phasis*, where was once the chief City of *Colchis*; *Æa* (saith *Enslath*, in a. O. d.) is the same with *Colchian*, for *Æa* is a City of *Colchis*, according to *Lycophron*.

(l) Some say that *Lavinium*, not *Alba*, was built upon this *Omen*, and 30 years after (incited by the *Pigs*) the Kingdom was transferr'd by *Ascanius* to *Alba*. Others, that the 30 *Pigs* design'd the 300 years before the Sovereignty was remov'd from *Alba* to *Rome*. *Messala Corvinus*, who bore a Sow in his Coat of Arms, said, That *Travis* amongst the first *Latines* signifi'd a Sow, as the *French* at this hour, *Traye*.

(m) *Idomeneus* driven from *Crete*, planted himself in *Italy*. He was surnamed *Lydian* from *Lydus* a Town of *Crete*, whence he fled, mention'd by *Pliny*, 4. 12.

(n) *Petilia* was not first built, but inclos'd with a Wall by *Philoctetes*, the great Companion of *Hercules*, and Son of *Pæon*; who going from *Melibœa* in *Troas*, settled himself in that part of *Italy*. *Strabo*, lib. 6.

In this thy chaste Posterity instruct.

When favouring Winds to *Sicily* conduct,  
And straight *Pelorus* Bay shall disappear,  
By lar-board Seas, and Shores, long Courses steer:  
But to the star-board by no means be born.

These Coasts long since by a vast ruine torn,  
(Such wondrous Changes Time hath brought to pass)  
Divided were, Land that conjoyned was,  
A huge Flood did with Violence divide,  
Parting *Sicilia* from *Hesperia's* side;  
Cities and Fields retir'd, with swelling Waves,  
A narrow Sea their Margin interlaves.

° *Scylla* the right, *Charybdis* the left side  
Inexorable guards; the swelling Tide  
She at three soops doth from Hell's bottom drain,  
Disgorging it against the Sky again, (Waves,  
That Heavens bright Flames are storm'd with briny  
But *Scylla* lurks, hid in obscuring Caves,  
And sinks in rocky mouths up Ships distressed;  
A Female, with a comely Virgins breast  
Down to the middle, but beneath a Whales  
Body, with Wolvish wombs, and Dolphins tails.  
Better for thee to sail *Pabinas* Bay,  
And round about with a long course delay,  
Than once fierce *Scylla* in vast Caves descry,  
Or Rocks resounding with her blew Dogs cry.

If *Helenus* hath Prudence, if you find  
*Apollo* hath with Truth inspir'd his mind,  
One special charge I press, O Goddess Son,  
Again, again repeat, which must be done.  
Great *Juno* move with Prayers, and her adore,  
The powerful Lady with frank Vows implore,  
With humble Presents win, Conquerour at last;  
Then steer *Italian* Shores, *Sicilia* pass.

When

When thou shalt reach to *Cuma's* sacred Floods,  
And hear'st *Avernus* thundring through the Woods,  
A Prophetess inspir'd thou shalt behold  
Down in a Cave, who long hath Fate foretold;  
Which writ in Leaves, the Maid in order puts,  
And to secure, in hollow Marble shuts.  
They keep their Stations just as she design'd:  
But the Door opening, with the smallest Wind,  
The slender leaves do every way disperse;  
Nor more collecteth she the scatter'd Verse;  
So they who come to be resolv'd of Fate,  
Return displeas'd, and *Sybil's* Mansion hate.

But suffer thou with patience this delay,  
Although thy People murmur, and to Sea  
Thy pregnant Sails invite, the Wind being fair,  
And purchase Oracles of her with Prayer.  
Oh let her freely prophesie to thee  
Ensuing VVars, and what th' *Italians* be,  
And how such Toyls to wave, or else subdue;  
And honour'd, let her grant Success to you.  
These are the things I only must advise;  
Go, raise great *Troy* by prowess to the Skies.

After these hopeful words the Prophet said,  
By his Commands they to our Fleet convey'd  
Ivorie and Gold, and with a mighty mass  
Of Silver, load our Ships, and *Dodon* Brads.  
A Coat of Mail with Gold most richly wrought,  
And a brave Helm with flowing Plumes he brought,  
And, on *Anchises*, *Pyrrhus* Arms bestow'd,  
Horses and Grooms;  
Then did our Men with Oars and Tackling load.  
Mean while *Anchises* bids prepare our Sails,  
Left tardy, we should lose approaching Gales;

K k

To

(p) *Cuma*, a Sea-town of Italy, built by the *Cumæans* and *Chalcidians*, who went from *Eubœa* under the conduct of *Hippocles* and *Megasthenes*. But the Commanders had agreed betwix themselves, that the City should be call'd by the one Peoples name, and the Colony by the others.

(q) *Geop. Bezan. ex Hispaniæ*, lib. 4. Virgil (if any man else) most diligently observ'd not only in Homer, but in all other Poets and Historians, sent down his own *Æneas*, whom he compar'd of *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, and adorn'd him with both their perfections, unto Hell, near to *Cumæ* and *Baia*, at the River *Avernus*; where I have also enter'd the Cave of the *Sibyl*, and seen her Chapel, very admirable for its length and depth, in a Rock; at the farthest part whereof a hot Vapour was not a little offensive to those that enter'd. See of this more largely and exactly what Mr. *Sandy* hath said in his Journal.

(e) The story of *Scylla* (in which there is some difference amongst the Relators of it) is thus told by *Ovid*, lib. 14. *Glaucus*, a Sea-god, loves *Scylla*, goes to *Circe*, that by the help of her, and *Herbe*, he might be lov'd by *Sylla*. *Circe* dissuades him from *Scylla*, loves him her self. *Glaucus* refuses *Circe*. She is angry with her that is preserv'd, provides *Herbe*, poisons that place of the Sea where *Scylla* us'd to traile: who comes, as formerly, and so soon as she touch'd the Waters, sees her self transform'd with Sea-dogs. There she was turn'd into a Rock. The occasion of this Fable (according to the Scholiast of *Lycophron*) is, That at *Rhegium* in *Sicily* there is a Promontory floating into the Sea, in the bottom whereof are many great Rocks, full of Cavities and Dens, receptacles of Sea-monsters.



Accipe & hac, manuum  
Sint, puer, & longum  
Coniugis Hectoris: cape  
O mihi sola mei super  
Sic oculos, sic ille ma-  
Et nunc, adest tecum.  
136 Poimio ROBERTO HOIT de  
Aston Count Warwick Baronetto.



tibi quæ monumenta meorum  
Andromachæ testentur amorem  
dona extrema tuorum,  
Alyanactis imago:  
nunc sic ora ferebat,  
pubesceret tunc.  
Tabula merito votiva; 137

To whom the Prophet highly honouring, said;  
Thou, worthy to enjoy fair *Venus* Bed,  
Sav'd from *Troy's* ruine twice by favouring Gods,  
Sail to thy own *Ausonia* through the Floods;  
But to the Offspring ply, and leave these Lands:  
*Latium's* far off, whither the God commands.  
Blest with a pious Son, Farewell: why stay  
I thus, and calling Winds with talk delay?  
But sad *Andromache* departing, brought  
Garments with Golden Figures richly wrought;  
Presents *Ascanius* with a *Phrygian* Cloke,  
And honouring him with costly Gifts, thus spoke;  
Take these Remembrances my own hand wove,  
To testifie *Andromache's* long Love;  
Receive these Trifles, made by *Hector's* Wife,  
Thou, my Son's Picture, pourtraid to the Life;  
Such Hands, such Eyes, the self-same look had He,  
Who might in Youth have flourish'd now, like Thee.

Then I departing, thus with Tears begun;  
May you live happy, you whose Woes are done.  
Stern Fates, to Fates more cruel, us constrain;  
Whil'st you, at rest, need plow no boysterous Main,  
Nor alwayes seek *Ausonia's* flying Field.  
You *Xanthus* see, and *Troy* your selves did build;  
I wish it better Fortune and Success,  
And what shall be less obvious to *Greece*.  
If e're on *Tyber's* pleasant Banks I land,  
And Walls shall see, given me by Fates command:  
Then Seats alli'de, Nations one Blood with us,  
Having one Fate, and Father, *Dardanus*,  
*Latium* and *Epire*, both one *Troy* shall be;  
Nor shall our Off-spring change this firm Decree.  
We pass *Ceraunian* Mountains through the Sound,  
And a short Passage to *Ausonia* found.

K. k 2

When

(\*) He leaves this care of Concord betwixt the Cities of *Epirus* and *Hesperia*, to Posterity. This place, and the former, are excellently illustrated by *Nannius*, 7. *Miscell. ex Dionys. Hist. l. 1. Antig. Dionysius* saith, that the *Trojans* and *Aeneas* had some *Epirotes*, in their Voyage, and as it were Pilots, even into *Italy* (the Writer names especially *Parvus Thymus*.) By these therefore the *Trojans* were in a manner handed into *Italy*, and resettled by them. In memorial of this merit (these are the words of *Dionysius*) the Romans afterwards gave *Leucas* and *Anactorium* to the *Acarnanians*, when they had taken them from the *Corinthians*, and gave them Commission to recover the *Ænades*, and hold the *Echinades* Islands in common with the *Ætolians*. *Acarnania* is part of *Epirus*. See the care of their Posterity in accommodating the *Epirotes* for the benefit conferr'd up-  
on *Æneas*.

When the Sun set, and high Hills cast a shade,  
We, on the Earth's delightful bosom laid,  
Refresh our selves, and having ship'd our Oars,  
Sleep's gentle Dew our weary Limbs restores.

When hour-wing'd Night had scal'd the middle Skies,  
Then careful *Palinurus* did arise,  
And looks about, trying the Wind with's Ears;  
Each Star observing glides in silent Sphears.  
He did *Arcturus*, and the Kids behold,  
*Triones*, and *Orion* arm'd with Gold.

After in Heaven he fetled Peace surveys,  
His Light hung out, our floating Camps we raise,  
Out Canvass Squadrons are in order drawn,  
Whil'st rouled Stars fly from the blushing dawn,  
When low and obscure Hills far off we see,  
At which *Achates* first cries, *Italy*;  
A joyful hail to *Italy* goes round.  
*Anchises* here takes up a Goblet crown'd  
VVith generous VVine, and to the Gods thus prays,  
Plac'd on the lofty Stern.

Lords of the Tempests, ruling Lands and Seas,  
Grant us a happy VVind, and prosperous way.  
The wish'd-for Gale arose; and now the Bay,  
The Temple, and *Minerva's* Tower appear:  
Then striking sail, up to the Shore we steer.  
Bow-bent, the Port lay to the Eastern Flood,  
And wash'd with Brine; high Cliffs opposing stood,  
Mongst towry Rocks it doubled guarded lies  
Against all Storms; from Shore the Temple flies.

Here, our first sign, four Horses I beheld  
Grazing about, whose whiteness Snow excell'd.  
My Father said, Fair Soyl, thou War dost bear;  
Horse are in Battle arm'd, and threaten War:

(f) Alluding (with *La Cerda*) to the Cultome of the Antients, who built the Temples, not onely of Jupiter, but of all other Gods, in high places.

(g) *Virgil* implies (in the opinion of *La Cerda*) that these Horses were consecrated to *Pallas*; according to the Cultome of dedicating Beasts, which they mark'd with the name of that God or Goddess to whom they were made sacred.

But

But yet the Swift, in thundring Chariots joyn'd  
With curbing Reigns, of Peace I Emblems find.

To the great power then of the armed Maid,  
Who first receiv'd us, we devoutly pray'd.  
In *Phrygian* \* Veils we at the Altars stand,  
With care obeying *Helenus* command;  
And Honours next to *Argive Juno* pay.  
Our Vows in haste perform'd, without delay,  
Brought to our Yards, our Sails we brace, then bore  
From *Grecian* Fields, and leave that dangerous Shore.

*Herculean* \* *Tarents* Bay (if Fame be true)  
'Gainst which divine *Lacinia* we view;  
*Caulonia*, and Tow'rs, a Wrack had rear'd;  
\* *Trinacrian Ætna* then from Sea appear'd:

And we from far could hear the mighty groans  
Of battering Waves against the beaten Stones;  
Where, with the swelling Tides upon the Shores,  
And troubled Sands, a thundring Billow roars.

*Anchises* cries, This is *Charybdis*, hold,  
These Rocks so dangerous, *Helenus* foretold.  
Man well your Oars; all do as he commands,  
And *Palinure* first to the Lar-board stands:  
With Wind and Row'rs, so the whole Squadron stood.  
On high Backs mounted of the swelling Flood,  
At Heaven we tilt, then suddenly we fell,  
Watry Foundations sinking low as Hell.  
Thrice Marble Caves with dreadful howls resound,  
And thrice the Stars in briny Foam are drown'd.  
Mean while the Winds forsake us with the Sun,  
And to unknown *Cyclopiam* Coasts we run.

The Port was great, and calm, with sheltring Shores,  
But near, from horrid ruins, *Ætna* roars;  
There in black Whirl-winds pitchy Clouds aspire,  
With sparkling Cinders mix'd with blazing Fire,

And

(h) A kind of *Pallium*, nam'd (according to *Fulgentius*) *Tutulus*, wherewith the Priests, going to Sacrifice, us'd to cover their Heads: for that they us'd to sacrifice *aperto capite*, may be evinc'd from *Et capita ante aras velantur*.

(i) *Aristotle*, amongst his recital of Nature's Miracles, reports, that *Tarentum* was call'd *Herculeum* from *Hercules*, who subdued the *Tarentines*. To his relation (as fabulous) *Virgil* annexeth the Clause (*Si vera est Fama*) which in uncertain things he is observ'd by *Servius* always to insert.

(j) *Juno* so call'd, as her Temple *Lacinium*; which, according to the report of *Strabo*, was antiently very rich. There was a heap of Ashes upon the Altar of this Temple, which though it were constantly expos'd to the open weather, never was mov'd by any Wind, *Pliny*, l. 2. He adds, that the famous piece of *Zencus*, drawn from the five Virgins, was designed for this place.

(k) *Sicilian Ætna*. *Sicily* is call'd *Trinacria* from the three Promontories, *Lilibeum*, *Pelorus*, *Pachynum*. Though *Eusebius* say, from *Trinacra* Son of *Neptune*, who reign'd there. It was first (saith *Strabo*) call'd *Trinacria*, afterwards *Trinacris*, for the Sound's sake.

And Globes of Flame high as the Stars are born;  
 Out are the Mountain's Marble Entrails torn,  
 Then upward vomited, and melted Stones  
 Belch'd from his Stomack, hot with horrid Grones.  
*Enceladus* with Thunder struck, they tell,  
 Under the weight of this huge Burthen fell;  
 Above him was the mighty *Ætna* laid,  
 Whonow breaths Fire, through broken trunks convey'd,  
 And as he weary turns, a Thunder-crack  
*Sicilia* shakes, and Heaven is hung with Black.

That Night, we sheltering in the Woods, did hear  
 Dire Monsters skreech, not knowing what they were.  
 No twinkling Fires to light Heaven, Night allow'd,  
 But all the Sky was muffled in one Cloud,  
 Midnight the Moon had with long Darkness veil'd.

But now *Dayes* Eastern Ports *Aurora* scal'd,  
 And from the Pole dismiss'd the Gloomy Shade;  
 VVhen from the VVoods an unknown Person made  
 His course to us, lean, and extreamly poor,  
 And lifts his hands, a Suppliant, to the Shore.  
 We saw dire Filth hang on his Beard, unshorn,  
 And how his tatter'd Coat was pinn'd with Thorn;  
 The rest a *Greek* did shew, who did employ  
 Once Native Arms against beleaguerr'd *Troy*.  
 VVhen *Dardan* VVeeds and VVeapons he espy'd,  
 At the first sight something being terrifi'd  
 He made a stand, then doubling all his speed,  
 VVith Tears and Pray'rs did to the Shore proceed.  
 And thus he said: Now by the Stars I pray,  
 By all the Gods, and Heavens life-breathing day,  
 You *Trojans*, carry me to any Shore.  
 That I a *Grecian* am, and one that bore  
 Arms at the siege of *Troy*, I not deny;  
 But if th' offence seem off so deep a Dye,

In

In pieces torn, cast me in swallowing Seas,  
 If by Mens hands I dye, my Death shall please.  
 Thus having said, down falls he on his Knees,  
 Embracing mine: Of what descent he is,  
 And what his Fortunes were, we bid him say;  
 My Father his right hand without delay,  
 The Pledge of Safety, gave the woful man;  
 Who, casting off all Fear, at last began.  
*Ithaca* is my Countrey, and my name  
 Is *Achæmenides*; to *Troy* I came  
 With my poor Father, under the Command  
 Of *Ithacus*: Ah, had those Fates remain'd!  
 Here my Companions me with Terrour struck,  
 In *Polyphemus* dismal Cave, forfook:  
 The Den is strangely dark, and wondrous great,  
 Painted with Gore, and pav'd with bloody Meat;  
 But he so tall, he hits the highest Star;  
 You Gods, let such Plagues be removed far.  
 Cruel his Looks, uncivil are his Words,  
 Bowels of Men supply his bloody Boards.  
 I saw when he two of our stoutest men  
 Seiz'd in his mighty hand, and 'midst his Den,  
 Laid on his Back, against a Pillar brain'd,  
 And with foul Gore the sprinkled Pavement stain'd.  
 He would devour Mens bloody quarters raw:  
 In his Teeth the warm Flesh trembling saw.  
 But thus *Ulysses* took it not, nor yet  
 His own, nor his Friends dangers did forget:  
 For, as he, gorg'd with Wine and Meat, did lie  
 In his huge Cave asleep, his Neck awry,  
 Vomiting Gobbets mix'd with bloody Wine;  
 We take our Chance, imploring Powers Divine,  
 And round about beset him every where;  
 Then pierc'd his Eye with a sharp-pointed Spear.

'Midst

(a) *Namius* would have it *Agamemides* (*Miscell.* 7.) from his long stay in the Cave of *Polyphemus*; *αγαμέμνων* τὸ ἀγὰν πύκνω, whence *Agamemnon* (according to *Plato*, in *Cratyl.*) had his name likewise in relation to his long siege of *Troy*. But *Achæmenis* is by *La Cerda* deriv'd τὸ ἀχαιὸς & μένος, because left in a sad condition by his Companions.



*Monstrum horrendum, informe,  
 Ite, manum pinus re:  
 Saengeræ comitantur.  
 Solamenque mali, de*

*ingens, cui lumen ademptum:  
 sit, et vestigia firmat:  
 cecis, ea sola voluptas:  
 cello fistula pendet.*

*Tabula merito votiva.*

Guilielmo Iumper Londi. Genor:

Midst his stern Brow the Luminary lay,  
 Like a *Greek* Shield, or the great Lamp of day:  
 With this revenge we pleas'd our Friends sad Ghosts.  
 But fly, lost People, fly these dangerous Coasts,  
 Such and so huge a *Polypheme* doth keep,  
 And milks in dismal Caves his fleecy Sheep.  
 A hundred cruel *Cyclops* wander more  
 About these Mountains, and this winding Shore.  
 Three Moons their silver Horns with Light supply'd,  
 Whil'st I in Woods and wild Beasts Courts reside;  
 And these huge Giants from a Rock survey'd,  
 At their dire Voyce, and thundering Feet, dismay'd:  
 Trees, a poor sustenance, Berries, Stonie Fruits,  
 Afforded me, with Herbs and gather'd Roots.  
 Looking about, I saw when first this Fleet  
 Came in, resolv'd to fall down at your Feet;  
 It is enough to scape these Monsters, now  
 Kill me, O kill me, 'tis no matter how.

Scarce said, when from the Summit, 'mongst his Flock,  
 Swain *Polyphemus*, like a moving Rock,  
 We might behold acquainted Shores to find,  
 A horrid Monster, huge, deform'd, and blind.  
 To ease his steps, a mighty <sup>b</sup> Pine he bore  
 In his right hand, his fleecy Sheep before;  
 His Pipe, the onely comfort, and sole check  
 To rising sorrows, hung about his Neck.

After that he had touch'd the swelling Flood,  
 And from his lost Eye wash'd the putrid Blood,  
 Grinding his Teeth, he groans, then through the Tides  
 Stalks, whil'st rough Waves scarce reach his ample sides.  
 From thence we fly, and the poor Suppliant put  
 Aboard with us, and silent Cables cut,  
 Brushing with lusty Oars the Deeps profound.  
 He turns that way from whence our Voyces sound.

(1) *Uther* belongs what *Boccaccio*,  
 and *Magnum*, lib. 1. cap. 4. report of  
 the Body of a Giant found in a Cave,  
 with a *Strischer* in his hand, bigger  
 than the Mast of any Ship, the Lead  
 whereof out-weigh'd 1500 pound.

But when perceiv'd his matchless strength was vain,  
 Nor could out-strip Waves of th' *Ionian* Main,  
 He set a Throat up with a dreadful rore,  
 Which shook all *Italy* from Shore to Shore;  
 The whole Sea trembles with affrighted Waves,  
 And *Ætna* bellow'd from resounding Caves:  
 When the *Cyclopians* from the Woods resort,  
 And from the Mountains fill the spacious Port.  
 We saw the Brethren stand with threatening Eyes,  
 Their lofty heads advancing to the Skyes,  
 Where they a horrid Convocation call;  
 So stand Cloud-kissing Okes with Branches tall,  
 Or Cone supplying Cypresses, or *Jove's*  
 High Places, or *Diana's* sacred Groves.  
 To make us cut our Cables, Fear prevails,  
 And the Winds fair with speed to hoyle our Sails.

But nigh Death's jaws *Helenus* shew'd a way,  
 Which betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* lay;  
 That course we careful with turn'd Sails pursue:  
 When from *Pelorus* Streights the North-winds blew,

'*Pantagia's* mouths of Living Stone I clear,  
 And by *Megarus* Bay, and *Tapſus*, steer.

*Ulyſſes* Souldier all these Towns did name,  
 As back with me he by those Countreys came.

In the *Sicanian* Bay there lyes an Isle  
 'Gainst rough *Plemmyrium*, which our Grandfires style  
*Ortygia*: to this place (as they fame)  
 Under the Sea, through obscure Channels, came  
 'Alpheus, which, O *Arethusa*, laves  
 Thy Margins, now mix'd with *Sicilian* Waves.

Having ador'd the Genius of the place,  
 Fennie's *Elorus* Fertile Soyl we pass,  
 Straight at *Pachinus* Rockie Cliffs we are,  
 And never to be mov'd, appears from far,

(c) A River, call'd, as *Servius* divides, from the Noyle, q. *Pantagia*.

(d) A Town near *Syracuse*.

(e) An Island hard by *Syracuse*, lying so low, that it is almost level with the Waters: Deriv'd for that reason by *Hortensius* from *Ortygia*, as if buried in the Sea.

(f) See *Encl. 10.*

(g) This River (say the Interpreters) like *Nilus*, overflows its Banks, and makes the adjacent grounds fertile: The name impos'd by a King of the same, who made a Bridge over it; Or some *Elorians*, who going for *Argos*, were warn'd by the Oracle not to pass over a nameless River, which they neglecting, were here drown'd, and so gave it a name.

'*Camerina*, in sight *Geloia* came,  
 And 'Gela, call'd so from the Rivers name.  
 High *Agragas* huge Walls discover'd are,  
 The breeder once of Horses fit for War;  
 Palmie *Selinis*, thee we left behind,  
 And *Lilybaeus* Rocks and Shoals declin'd:  
 Next, me Port *Drèpanum* did entertain,  
 Drove by so many Tempests through the Main.  
 The ease of all my Care, on this sad Coast,  
 My dearest Father I, 'Anchises, lost:  
 There my best Parent, weary, me forlook,  
 Alas, in vain from so great dangers took.  
 Not *Helenus*, who did sad Fates unfold,  
 This Loss declar'd, nor dire *Celano* told;  
 Here his long Progress finish'd, and last Toyl.  
 From thence the Gods did guide me to your Soyl.

*Æneas* thus, whilst all attentive sate,  
 Declar'd Heavens pleasure, and the work of Fate.  
 His Voyage thus describ'd, then made a close,  
 And having done, he went to take repose.

observes, lib. 17. c. 20.) from the Customs of the Ancients of building Sepulchres of Excellent Men in several places; which he con-

(h) There is both a Town and Lake of this name; by the Lake (as the story goes) the Air was corrupted, which occasion'd a Plague: Whereupon consulting the Oracle, they were answer'd, *Μη σὺν Κελευσιν, ἀλλ' ἐν Σελινῶνι*. *Stir not Camerina, for it is irreparable.* But they contemning the Oracle, died it up: by which the Enemy passing over, reveng'd that contempt. Here are many quarrels rais'd against *Virgil* for making use of names which were not, at the time of the story he writes, in being. The same exceptions may be taken at the Map which we have prefix'd to the Book: but to vindicate the first, it is enough to remember that our Author is *Pater*, and may speak prophetically. As to the Map, if we should only have inserted the Names according with the Times for which it is intended, it must have been very thin; but the addition of later names gives much light to the placing of the more ancient.

(i) A City in *Sicily*, built (with *Thucydides*) by *Anaciphanus* a *Rhodian*, and *Entimus* a *Creteran*, who nam'd it from the River *Gela*.

(k) *Saturnus* having emasculated his Father, threw down the Skie, which lighted upon that part of *Sicily* which was thence call'd *Drèpanum*. *Apollon Arg.*

(l) Of the place where *Anchises* died, the Antients have spoken diversly. *Virgil* here says he died in *Sicily*; of which opinion were others, according to *Enstathius*. Some, that he died in *Phrygia*. *Pausanias*, in *Laconia*. *Cato*, that he came to *Italy*. *Marcus Germanus*, and others, are large upon this Subject. The difference arose perhaps (as *Rhodiensis*) from the variety of the names of the places; which he con-



agnosco vete:  
Sed mihi vel tellus op:  
Vel pater omnipotens adi:  
Pallentes umbras Erebi,  
Ante pudor, quam te violen,

Henrico  
Tabula merito



ris vestigia flamma:  
tem prius ima dehiscat,  
gat me fulmine ad umbras,  
noctemque profundam;  
aut tua jura resolvam.

Osborne Arm:  
votiva

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# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

## THE FOURTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**D**ido complains: Her Sister gives advice  
To cherish Love, and offer Sacrifice  
To favouring Gods. Juno craves Peace; her ends  
Venus perceives, and smiling, condescends.  
Æneas and the Queen to hunt prepare.  
A Tempest. Juno thunders through the Air.  
To one Cave Dido and the Trojan came.  
Stoln Love through Libya spread by impious Fame.  
Iarbas vext, his Father Jove implores.  
Hermes commands Æneas from those Shores.  
Eliza on the Trojan Sword expires,  
Quenching Loves Flame in her own Funeral Fires.

(\*) This fourth Book is observ'd by Macrobius to have been taken from Apollonius his description of the Loves of Jason and Medea; But so happily imitated by our Poet, that his Fictions hath gotten more credit than the true Story.

Pygmalion, the eleventh King of Tyre from Hiram, murder'd Sichæus, the Husband of his Sister Eliza or Dido, to be Master of his Wealth; which Dido privately slept away, and carry'd with some Friends into Aitick: There she purchas'd a piece of Ground of Iarbas King of the Mauritani, and built a Town which first they call'd Byrrha, (that was the name of the Fort) afterwards Carthage. The Voyage of Dido was made in the 7 year of Pygmalion, as Josephus testifies from the Records of the Phœnicians. Carthage is said to be built in the 144 year after the Temple was begun, which is the 316 year after the destruction of Troy, and the 869 before Christ; Therefore Dido liv'd almost 300 years after Æneas. For although Carthage, according to some of the Antiquaries, was built before the destruction of Troy, yet they did not take Dido, the Sister of Pygmalion, to be the Founder thereof: Yet because generally believ'd to be so, Virgil aspersed in her, obliquely Carthage is self, an enormous troublesome Enemy to the Romans.



Mean time the Queen wounded with  
deep desire,  
Bleeds inward, and consumes in  
hidden Fire.  
Much on his Birth, much on his  
gallant Deeds,

His Looks and Language her sick Fancy feeds:

Nor

Nor can her troubled Thoughts admit repose.  
 Soon as the beauteous Lamp of Day arose,  
 And from the Pole had chac'd Night's dewie shade,  
 To her lov'd Sister, thus perplex'd, she said.

Dear *Anna*, what strange Dreams disturb my rest?  
 How great a Person is become our Guest?  
 How Valiant, Wife, of what a Noble *Mine*?  
 I think (nor without cause) of Race Divine.  
 Fear speaks degenerate minds: Ah, by what Fates  
 Hath he been tofs'd? what Battles he relates!  
 Were I not fix'd, did not my changeless Vow  
 All thoughts of second Marriage dis-allow,  
 Since my first Love by Death deceiv'd me; were  
 Not *Hymens* name offensive to my Ear;  
 I had perhaps with this one "Crime comply'd:

(a) She calls second Marriage (saith Servius) a Crime, in respect to the old Rite, whereby such were repell'd from the Priesthood. Idem. *Fortunam muliebrem non coronantur his nuptæ.*

Valerius, lib. 2. Of old those Women who were contented with once marrying, were honour'd with a Crown of Cloisters, as believing that they who had the experience of more Marriage-beds, gave a testimony of a certain legal incontinence. Matt.

*Quæ nubis toties, non nubis, adultera leges est.*

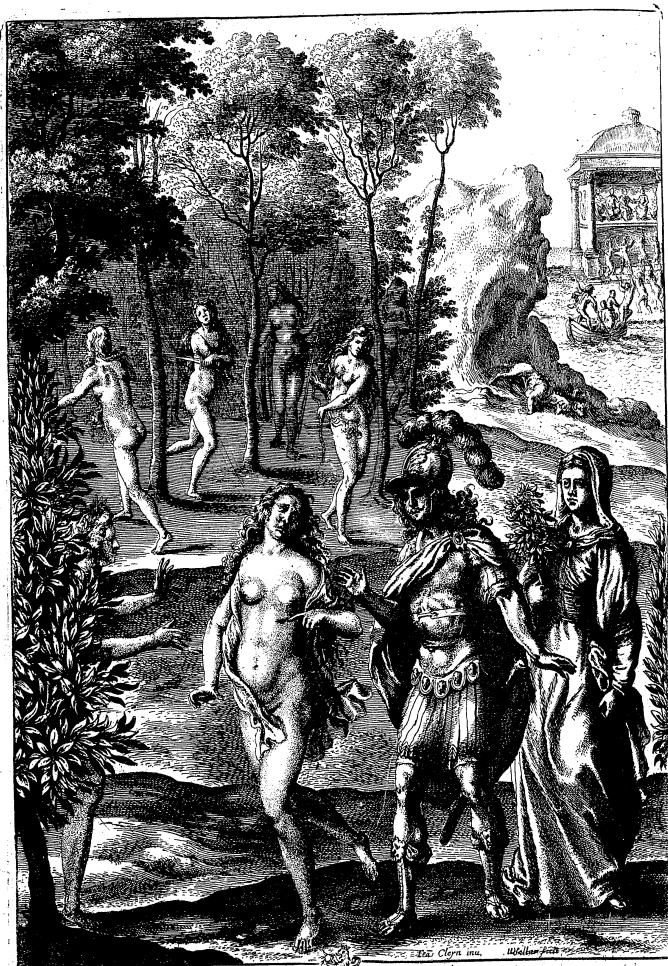
(b) *Iarbas* was King of the *Mauri*, *Sons*, and Son of *Jupiter*, by whose permission *Dido* built her City; When he understood the worth of the place, and of *Dido*, he sent Embassadors to treat with her of Marriage, and if she consented not, to threaten. The *Carthaginians* understand this first and are troubled, knowing that the Queen hated Marriage since the death of *Sichæus*: By degrees they discover to her the intention of *Iarbas*; After some trouble and weeping, she answers, That she would go whither her own and her Cities Fates should call her. She desires three Months respite, wherein she builds a Pyre, as if she intended to appease her Husbands Ghost; When that time was expired, she takes a sword, and gets up the Pyre, kills her self, and deludes *Iarbas*.

For I confels, since poor *Sichæus* dy'd,  
 Our Household-Gods by Faticide distain'd,  
 This Man alone my staggering Soul hath gain'd.  
 I feel the Sparks of my old Flame revive.  
 But may the Earth first swallow me alive,  
 Or *Jove's* dire Thunder sink me down to Hell,  
 Where Shades, pale Shades, of Night eternal dwell,  
 E're I with Shame, and those dear Ties dispense:  
 He who my first Love had, hath born it hence,  
 And in his Grave for ever let it rest.

With that a Flood of Tears her Speech suppress.

*Anna* replies; More lov'd than Light, thy Flow'r  
 Of Youth, shall Grief and Solitude devour?  
 Of Children and the joys of Love debarr'd?  
 This, think'st thou Dust intomb'd, or Ghosts regard?  
 What though thy sick Thoughts none would entertain,  
 Since thou lefst *Tyre*,<sup>b</sup> *Iarbas* didst disdain,  
 And other Kings which this victorious Land  
 Hath bred; yet wilt thou pleasing Love withstand?

Forget'st



*Infelix Dido: verus  
Venerat extinctam, feru-  
Funeris heu tibi causa  
Per superas, & si qua  
Invitus regina,  
Siste gradum teque*

Johanni Stanhope de Elvaston Com. Nott. Arm.



*mihi nuncius ergo  
rogo extrema sequantur,  
fui: per sidera juro,  
fides tellure sub ima est,  
tuo de visere celsi  
aspectu ne subtrahat nostro.*

Tabula merito votiva.

Enl. 252

Forgetst thou where thou art? on this side are  
'*Getulians*, People never foyl'd in War;  
To Desarts here and wild *Numidians* joyn'd,  
There by *Barcaans* and parch'd Sands confin'd.  
What need I mention <sup>d</sup> War may come from *Tyre*?  
Thy Brothers threats?

Sure some kind Powers, by favouring *Juno's* Aid,  
The *Trojan* Navy to this Coast convey'd.  
Oh Sister, what a *Circe* mayst thou see  
By such a Match! what may these Kingdoms be!  
The warlike *Trojans* once made our Allies,  
To what a height will *Carthage* glory rise?  
Go to the Gods, straight sacrifice and pray;  
That done, thy Guest with curtesy delay,  
Whil'st *Winter*, and *Orion* vex the Main,  
And stormie Skies his crazy Fleet detain.  
Thus did she fan her Sisters glowing Flame,  
Sooth'd up her wavering Thoughts, and banish'd Shame.

First to the sacred Temples they repair,  
And seek indulgence from the Gods by prayer;  
Where chosen Cattle, they, by Custome due,  
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and great *Phœbus*, slew;  
But before all, they Royal *Juno* move,  
The great disposer of the Bonds of Love.  
The fairest Queen in her fair hand turns up,  
'Betwixt a white Cow's Horns, the flowing Cup:  
Or else she <sup>z</sup> moves before the Marble Gods,  
And with fresh Offerings smokie Altars loads;  
Or in the Breasts of slaughter'd Cattle pries,  
Consulting on th' inspected <sup>b</sup> Sacrifice.  
But ah the ignorance of Priests! can Prayer,  
Blind Prophecies, or Offerings, ease her Care?  
Whil'st gentle Flames upon her Spirits feast,  
A secret Wound lyes rankling in her Breast.

Unhappy

(c) Africa was first (saith Salustius in Jugurth) inhabited by the Getulians, and rough, uncivilized Libyans, whose Meat was Beasts Flesh, and Grass, as Cattle. They were rul'd neither by Civility, Law, nor King. Wandering and straggling, where the Night took them, they lay.

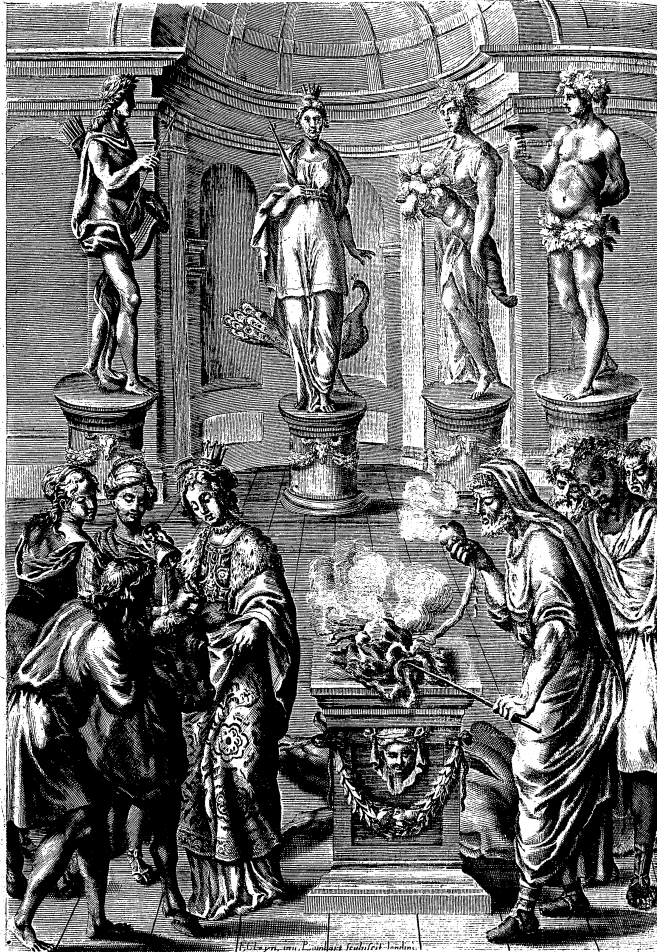
(d) Pygmalion (as the Writers of the Spanish Historie affirm) upon the death of Sicheu came into Spain, and at that part of the *Turduli* where the Town *Ammonium* is seated, built *Alex* or *Exis*. There having undertaken a Trade with those of the Province, and laden his Fleet with Spanish Goods, he returned into his Countrey. Having made this Voyage thrice, he is said to have posses'd *Calet*. *Marrian* l. 1. 15.

(e) The Conjugal Deities are five, *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Venus*, *Pitho*, and *Diana*. *Jupiter* and *Juno* (saith Dionysius Halicarn.) are the first conjunctive Deities: He is call'd the Father of all, the *Zygia*, because he joyns Man and Woman.

(f) They prov'd the Victim on this manner: which *La Cerda* affirms to be deriv'd from the Ancient Rites of the Egyptians. *Herod* l. 2. That *Dido* here offers a Cow; *Nascentius* faith is in allusion to the Law of *Namæ*, which (as *Pleto* faith) forbade any Woman to marry within ten Months after her Husbands death: But those that would marry within that time, should sacrifice a Cow with Call. *Wise*, for the better Omen.

(g) It was a Roman Custome for Matrons, holding Torches in their hands, to move before the Altars with a grave gesture, in the manner of a sober modest Dance. *Turneb* 23. 2. *La Cerda* adds, that they did this in the persons of several Goddesses.

(h) This is agreeable to the Roman Custome, which was, to tear out the Bowels whilst the Beasts were yet alive and breathing, that they might be consulted before the Blood was cold. They thought there was some power in the Intrails, of declaring future things; and according to the constitution and colour of them, judgement was made of dangers or success.



Unhappy *Dido*, restless in her Mind,  
Wanders the City, like a wounded Hind,  
Which, unawares shot in the *Cretan* Groves,  
By some sly Forrester in ambush, roves  
Through vast *Dilean* Woods, and Forrests wide;  
Fast sticks the deadly Arrow in her side.

Now with *Æneas* to the Walls she goes,  
Her rich, and her inviting City shews;  
Begins to speak, then off abruptly breaks,  
And stately banquets, Day descending, makes;  
Desires to hear *Troy's* War once more, then sips  
Again sweet Poyson from th' Inchanters Lips.  
When all were gone, and pale Nights conquering shade  
Suppress the Day, and Stars did rest perswade,  
Laid on his yet-warm Couch, alone she mourns,  
And sees, and hears, her absent Love's returns;  
Or keeps *Aſcanius* in her Arms, to prove  
If Likeness can delude her restless Love.  
Now Towers not rise, the Youth not muster'd are,  
The Harbour and strong Battlements for War,  
All those stupendious Works unfinish'd lye,  
And Rampiers ready to invade the Skie.

Which when discern'd by *Juno* from above,  
And that the Queen neglected Fame for Love,  
To *Venus* thus great *Saturn's* Off-spring says.  
You, and your Boy, sure purchase Noble Praise,  
Eternal Fame, and glorious Trophies won,  
That two such Gods one Woman have undone.  
I know your Fears and Jealousies reflect  
On *Carthage* lofty Towers, which we erect.  
But why is all this difference? on what ground?  
Let us, to settle Peace, a Match propound;  
You to the height have feasted your desire,  
And *Dido* burns in Loves tormenting Fire.

M m

These

(1) *Æneas*, post: illa mirorū in  
quibus sunt propugnatores, hostibusque  
minantur; quæ ad emissum telorum  
sequestrata sunt.

(k) *Servius* believes the Poet to allude to that kind of Marriage which was perform'd by Co-emption, where by the Wife became so much subject to the Husbands power, that she was in the condition of a Servant to their own Children.

These People we may rule with one accord,  
And let the Queen obey a Trojan Lord;  
Her wealthy & Dowrie, *Tyrian Carthage*, take,  
*Venus* perceiving on what drift she spake,  
That the *Rome's* power to *Libya* might transfer,  
Thus gave consent: Who could so strangely erre,  
That would not War for happy Peace decline?  
If Fortune please to favour your Design.  
But who can tell, if Fate, if *Jove* will blest  
These Propositions with desir'd success,  
And to the *Tyrians* and the *Trojans* grant,  
Though differing Nations, they one City plant:  
Thou art his Wife, and knowst when to perswade:  
I'll second thee. Then Royal *Juno* said;  
Leave that to us; and how we may effect  
Our great Design, listen, and I'll direct.  
*Aeneas* and fair *Dido*, plung'd in Woe,  
Resolve, a hunting in the Woods to go,  
When early *Titan* first, with Golden Rayes,  
The Dusky Body of the Earth displays:  
Whil'st 'Nets they lay, and Horse the Thickets scow'r,  
Commix'd with Hail, I'll raise a hideous Show'r,  
All-Heav'n shall Thunder, Lightning be their Light;  
Their Troops shall fly, conceal'd in dismal Night;  
The Trojan Prince, and *Dido*, take one Cave:  
I will assist, and if I License have,  
There *Hymen* shall the Royal Couple joyn  
In sacred Wedlock, to be ever thine.  
To her Desires, *Venus* assented straight,  
But yet she smil'd, discovering the Deceit.  
When from the Ocean rose the blushing Dawn,  
To the Court Gates up Gallant Youth were drawn,  
With Toyls, Nets, Spears, and strong Relays of Hounds,  
And brave *Massilian* Horsemen scow'r the Grounds.

(l) *Dum trepidant ala-*  
The *Formido* was a large Line, compos'd of many colour'd Feathers, which frighted the Deer into the Toyl by their quavering with the Wind. Of which this Verse is a description; strangely mistaken by all the Interpreters. See the *Georg.*



Tum Saturnius hac  
Fas omne est. Cytherea  
Unde genus duces merui  
Compressi, & rubem  
Iungit equas curru, geni  
Fides fides manibusque  
Honoratiss. Do. Edoardo Watton.  
Baroni de Rockingham.



domitor maris edidit alti:  
meis te fidere regnis,  
quoque: saepe furoris  
lunam, cœlique, marisque,  
tor spumantiaque addit  
omnes effundit habenas.

Tabula merito votiva.

Encl. 1 s

The *Tyrian* Nobles in the Presence staid,  
 Whilst in her Chamber the fair Queen delay'd:  
 Her Horse in Gold and Purple interknit,  
 Tramples the Ground, and champs the fomie Bit.  
 VVith a great Train, guarded she comes at last,  
 Her *Tyrian* Habit a rich Border grac'd,  
 Her Quiver guilt, Gold did her Hair infold,  
 The Button of her Purple Vestment Gold.  
 The *Phrygian* Lords march with *Ascanius* on;  
 Then Prince *Æneas*, parallel'd by none,  
 The Body fils, and joyns his Troop to theirs.

Returning from cold *Lycia*, so appears  
*Phœbus*, when he to native *Delus* goes  
 His Progress, and revives neglected Shows;  
*Dryopes*, *Cretes*, py'de *Agathyrsians*, round  
 Altars in Anticks, make the Skye refound;  
 He walks on *Cimthus* Downs, soft Leaves infold  
 His flowing Tresses intermix'd with *Gold*;  
 His quiver'd Arrows at his Shoulder ring.  
 Such Majesty adorns the *Trojan* King.

(Wood,

After they reach'd high Mountains cloath'd with  
 They might behold wild Goats, affrighted, scud  
 Ore shelvie Rocks; on th' other side appear,  
 In open Champain, Troops of routed *Deer*,  
 Who forc'd to quit their high-land Quarters, shroud  
 Their flying Body in a Dusty Cloud.  
 But glad *Ascanius* in the Valley prides  
 In his swift Steed, now these, now those, out-rides;  
 Wishing 'mongst timorous Beasts a salvage Boar,  
 Or else to hear a Mountain-Lion roar.

(rebell,

When 'gainst Heavens Peace loud murmuring Clouds  
 And, mix'd with Hail, a sudden Tempest fell.  
 The *Tyrian* Nobles, and the *Phrygian* Train,  
 With *Venus* Nephew, scatter'd through the Plain,

M m 2

Seek

(m) *Tyrian*, either as brought from *Tyre*, or in respect to the colour; for amongst the *Tyrians* the use of Purple was first found. This habit which *Virgil* calls *Chlamydeus*, is by *Pellius* describ'd a Venatory Garment; the use thereof being, that upon occasion it might be wrapt about the left hand, and serve for a Shield against the assaults of the Beast.

(n) The opinion was, that *Apollo* did many times make a Progress, and shift his Seats, as from the Island *Delus* to *Lycia* in *Asia*. *Servius* saith, that he us'd the six Winter Months to give Oracles at *Pateara*, a City in *Lycia*, and the other six Summer Months at *Delus*.

(o) The *Dryades*, according to the testimony of *Pausanias*, inhabited *Parnassus*, &c.

(p) *Apollo* was believ'd to delight in Gold more than any other God. See *Callimachus*, *Hymn*. 2. *Virgil* here alludes to the *Roman* dress, who bound their Hair in with Golden Rings. *Marcell.*

*Unius de toto peccaverat orbe comaribus*  
*Annulus, incerta non bene fixus*  
*æna.*

(q) *Virgil* is by some reprehended for supposing Deer in *Africa*; but may be justified by the Authorities of *Oppian*, *Cynog.* 2. *Philostrophus*, and others. Upon those words of *Pliny*, 8. 33. *Africa* is almost the only Country that brings no Deer. *Dalchamp* notes, *Though Aristotle, as well as Pliny, affirm the contrary, yet it is well known that there is store of Deer in Africa.*



*Speliuncam Dido, dux et Trojans eandem  
Deveniunt*

GULIELMO SWAN Armigero  
200 Tabula meritis votiva.

*Pama malam, quo non aliud velocius ullum,  
Mobilitate vivet, viresque acquirat, cupido.  
Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,  
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.*

Seek several shelters, Floods from Mountains rave :

' The *Trojan* Prince, and *Dido*, take one Cave.

' Earth, and contracting *funo*, gave the sign,  
VVhilst Fire, and Air, in guilty Blushes shine.

The ' Mountain-Nymphs with Skreeches this foreshow  
Thy day of Death, and Fountain of all VVoe :

For neither Form nor Fame did *Dido* move,

Nor counts the stoln Delights unlawful Love ;

Her Crime she justifies by VVedlocks name.

Through *Libya's* ample Cities straight flies Fame.

' Fame far out-strips all Mischiefs in her course,

Which grows by Motion, gains, by flying, Force ;

Kept under first by Fear, soon after shrouds,

Stalking on Earth, her Head amongst the Clouds.

Vex'd by the Gods, th'all-parent Earth brought forth

This Sister last of the *Gygantick* birth ;

The huge foul Monster, swiftly goes, and flies ;

So many Plumes, as many watching Eyes

Lurk underneath, and what more strange appears,

So many Tongues, loud Mouths, and listning Ears.

Through dark mid-Regions of the Air she flies

Sounding by Night, soft Sleep near seals her Eyes :

By day, a Spie, on Princes Towers she lights,

Or Noble Roofs, and mighty Cities frights ;

Busying the People still with something new,

Relaung what is false as well as true.

Fancies, and Truths, alike by her are fung ;

How one *Aeneas* from the *Trojans* sprung,

*Dido* vouchsaf'd to marry, and now spends,

In Luxury, Long Winter, nor attends,

Took with foul Lust, the businels of her Throne.

This every where had the dire Goddefs blown.

Thence straight to King *Larbas* Court she came,

And more did former Discontents inflame.

(7) The Critics accuse our Author for leaving the Queen without any Attendant : but *Ascanianus* vindicates him by the command of *Juno*, and *Aristotle's* Poetica.

(8) Why Earth gives the Sign, is not certain : she was believ'd to preside over Marriage, to whom Virgins upon their Weddings sacrifice'd. Nor was any thing more ominous upon those occasions than an Earthquake. That she gives the first Sign here, is (according to *Germarius*) because she hath the priority amongst all that give Signs or Oracles ; thence call'd by *Aeschylus*, *γῆραςφασα*.

(9) Which *La Circe* conceives to have been the Furies, whom the Lovers deceiv'd by their Marriage-joys thought Nymphs.

(10) VVith this celebrated description may be conferr'd that of *Ovid*, *Met.* 12.

*Amid the World, between Air, Earth, and Seas,  
A place there is, the Confines to all these ;*

*Where all that's done, though far removed, appear :  
And every Whisper penetrates the Ear.  
The House of Fame : who in the highest Tower*

*Her Lodging takes. To this capacious Bower*

*Innumerable ways conduct ; no way Bars'd up ; the Doors stand open night and day.*

*All kind of ringing Brags throughout resounds :  
Things heard, reports, and every word rebounds.*

*No rest within, no silence, yet the Noise Not loud, but like the murmuring of a Voice :*

*Such as from far by roiling Billows sent,  
Or as Jove's fainting Thunder almost sent.*

*Hither the idle Vulgar come and go ;  
Multitudes of rumours wander to and fro ;  
Lies mix'd with Truths, in words that carry still.*

*Of these, with News unknowing Ears some fill,  
Some carry Tales ; all in the telling grow ;*

*And every Author adds to what he knows.*

*Here dwells rash Error, light Credulity,  
Dejected Fear, and vainly-grounded Joy ;  
New-raid'd Sedition, secret Whispering,  
Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful things.*

*All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fane survives ;  
And through the ample World enquires of News.*

*Mr. Sandys.*

(11) *Teuchus* was Son of the Nymph *Garonia*, by *Jupiter* *Hemmon* taken away from her Father *Garonia* (son of *Apollo*) and ravish'd.

(1) Either an uncertain number for a certain, or with respect to the great Mysteries of the Centenary number.

(2) Plutarch. de defect. Or. Having been lately at Jupiter Hammon's Temple, he said, that he admir'd nothing so much as a light perpetually burning, with obscurity.

(a) Servius and Turnebus think the Poet alludes to the Epicureans, who were of opinion, that Jupiter did not send Thunder. Likewise amongst the Antients, by Lightning without Thunder was signified vain fear. Artemidor. 2. 8.

(b) Mitra is a bending Hat (as Servius describes it) by which kings a Covering for the Cheeks. The Lydians and Trojan Women onely us'd that fashion, it being infamous for Men, as effeminate. Hence it is that Paris is described with a Hat here by Virgil, and by Calchas; though at that time, as Eustathius attests, Hats were not worn by the Grecians.

This Prince, *Jove's* Son, by ravish'd *Garamant*,  
Could in vast Realms, a hundred Temples vaunt,  
And Altars to Heavens King he had prepar'd,  
With <sup>2</sup> Vigil fire, the Gods eternal Guard.  
Slaughter the Ground made rich with Purple Shows,  
The Porches flourishing with various Flow'rs.

He, vex'd extremely, at this bitter news,  
Before the Altars raging, did accuse  
His cruel Fates, and thus a Suppliant stands,  
To *Jove* complaining with erected hands.

Great King of Kings, whom *Mauritanian* Lords  
Honour with Wine, feasting at stately Boards:  
Beholdst thou this? or Father, are our Souls,  
When thou dischargest Thunder from the Poles,  
Frighted in 'vain? when dreadful Lightning tears

Black Clouds with horrid Noise, are fond our Fears?  
A wandering Woman to our Confines to's'd,  
Built a small City at a little cost;  
I gave her Lands, for Love she gives me Hate,  
Investing Lord *Aeneas* in her State.

This *Paris* and his Coward Crew hath got  
Her with his powder'd Hair, and tottering Hat:  
Whil'st on thy Altars our Oblations flame,  
And fondly we adore an Idle Name.

*Jove* heard him thus, holding the Altars, pray,  
And looking down, the Palace did survey,  
Where Lovers now did better Fame neglect.  
Then *Hermes* calling, spake to this effect.  
VVith all speed Son, take up the Western VVind,  
And to the Trojan Monarch bear our Mind;  
Who *Tyrian Carthage* now resolves to plant,  
Not minding Cities which the Fates did grant.  
This Message bear through Crystal Orbs, be gone:  
His beauteous Mother not for such a Son

Engag'd

Engag'd to me, and past her honour'd word,  
Him twice preserving from the *Grecian* Sword:  
But for a Prince that should great *Latium* sway,  
Groaning with War, expecting every day  
Her Empires birth; from *Teucer's* Loyns must spring  
A Race, the VVorld shall to subjection bring.  
But if such Glory hath no power to raise  
His meaner Thoughts, and if no sense of Praise  
Moves him to high Attempts, yet why should he  
Deny his Son the *Roman* Dignity?  
What's his Design? What hope invites his stay?  
Or why 'mongst Enemies doth he delay,  
His Stock forgetting, and *Hesperian* Lands?  
He must hoyft Sail, and fly. Bear these Commands.

About his Father's business *Hermes* goes;  
And first he buckles on his Golden Shoes,  
VVith which being wing'd, o're Sea and Land he flies,  
A swift VVind counterpoysing through the Skies;  
Then takes his charming VVand, whose power pale  
Calls up, or drives to miserable Coasts, (Ghosts  
Gives, and breaks Sleep, and 'Seals up dying Eyes:  
VVith this he routs the Clouds, and clears the Skies.  
And now the craggie Tops, and lofty side  
Of *Atlas*, which supporteth Heaven, he spi'de.  
A shaft of sable Clouds the temples binds  
Of Pine-crown'd *Atlas*, beat with Rain and VVinds;  
Snow cloaths his Shoulders, his rough Beard is froze,  
And from the Old Man's Chin a River flows.

Here first, with fanning Wings, *Cyllenius* stood;  
From thence descending, shoots down to the Flood.  
Like Foul, that Fishing, from the Rocks do sweep  
The furrow'd Visage of the frowning Deep.  
Thus from his Mother's Father, *Hermes* finds  
A way 'twixt Heaven and Earth, and through the winds,

(c) Once from *Dionides*, another time from *Attilus*.

(d) About his Rod, or *Caduceus* (saith Macrobi. Sat. l. 1. c. 19.) are wreath'd two Serpents, knit together in the middle, from whence the upper parts making a Circle, meet with a kiss at the upper end of the Rod. In like manner the Tails meet below with two Wings. Which arguments of the *Caduceus* the Egyptians draw to the Nativity of Man, saying, Four Gods concur therein as Presidents, The *Genius*, *Fortune*, *Love*, and *Necessity*. The two first are the Sun and Moon: For the Sun, Author of Breath, Heat, and Light, is the Author and Preserver of Humane life, and is therefore call'd the *Genius* or God of him that is born. The Moon is *Fortune*, for she is President of Bodies, which are to's'd with such variety of chances. *Love* is signified by the Kiss, and *Necessity* by the Knot: Whereto are added Wings, because we believe *Mercury* hath the power of the Mind.

(e) Spoken from the *Roman* Custom, which was, to open the Eyes of the Dead upon the Funeral Pyre, which were shut at home. *Pliny* l. 11. c. 57.

(f) *Mercury*, bred in *Cyllenius*, a Mountain of *Arcadia*. *Festus* derives the name from Eloquence, which doth all things without any force of hands; for such as do any thing without hands, are call'd

To



*Fundamenta locas  
Extruis. heu Regni  
Ipse deum tibi me clamo  
Regnator; calum &  
Ipse hac ferre iubet*

203  
Henrico Howard Filio  
Howard Comitum Arundell



*Tu nunc Carthaginis alte  
pulchramq; uxoribus urbem  
rerumque oblite tuarum;  
demittit Olympo  
terras qui numine torquet;  
celeros mandata per auras*  
nato secundo Henrici  
Tabula merito votiva



*Hic Vir, hic est tibi quem  
Augustus Caesar, dixit  
Vincula: qua ruptis  
Saturno quondam, super  
Proferet Imperium.*



*Promittit sapius audis  
Genus: aurea condet  
latis regnate per arua  
& Garaphanthia & Indos*

Hon: Du: lob: in Tyrrell Equitibus et Dea: Tyrrell de  
Hearne houlé TARTITA MERITO VOTIVA Com: L: sen.

To sandy *Lybia* a speedy flight.  
 Soon as the winged Deity did light,  
*Eneas* neer the Palace he could view  
 Raising Foundations, and designing new.  
 His Sword all Starr'd with sparkling Jasper shone;  
 Of *Tyrian* die, a Mantle, loose upon  
 His shoulders hung, which wealthy *Dido* made,  
 And with fine Gold the Woof had interlaid.  
 And thus he suddainly accosts him; Thou  
 Who deep foundations for high *Carthage* now  
 A stately City laist, thy own affairs.  
 Ah! though a Crown, excluded from thy cares.  
 The great Director of the world, who swaies  
 All by his power, whom Heaven and Earth obeys,  
 Commanded me to cut the yielding Air,  
 And from the Sky to thee this Message bear:  
 What's thy Design? what hope invites thy stay?  
 Why thus on *Libyan* Shores dost thou delay?  
 But if such Glory hath no pow'r to raise  
 Thy meaner thoughts, and if no sense of Praise  
 Moves thee to high attempts, yet cast thine eies  
 On young *Ascanius*, and the hopes that rise  
 To him from *Latium* and the *Roman* Land,  
 Which Destinies design to his command:  
 Here breaking off, from thence *Cyllenius* flies,  
 To thin air vanishing from mortal eies.  
*Eneas*, struck with Terror at this sight,  
 Stood speechless, and his hair did stand upright;  
 Now all on fire to leave those happy Lands,  
 And pay Obedience to the Gods Commands:  
 What shall he do, or with what Prologue win  
 A patient Audience from the raging Queen?  
 His active Soul a thousand waies divides,  
 And swift through all imaginations glides;  
 But this with wavering thoughts did best agree.  
*Mnestius*, *Sergestus*, stout *Cloanthus*, he

N n

(g) Cic. *Tulc.* 1. There is not any swiftness which can compare with that of the Mind, which being incorrupt and like itself, must necessarily be so transported as to penetrate and divide Heaven. This was first the Assertion of *Phalaris*. See *Plutarch*, in his Banquet of the seven wise men.

Bids

Bids private rig the Fleet, with Arms bestor'd,  
Pretend some cause, and get their men aboard:  
Himself, whilst noblest *Dido* did not hear,  
Nor Breach could in so great Affections fear,  
Would visit her, and for a Licence move,  
At some soft time Auspicious to Love.  
Of these Commands nothing undone they leave.  
But *Dido*, who a Lover can deceive:  
Building suspicion on the smallest ground,  
Their Plot discovers, at first motion found  
Their whole Design, then impious Fame declar'd  
The Navy ready, they to sail prepar'd.

Through all the Town, distracted *Dido* goes,  
And raging, like incens'd *Thyas* shews,  
When the Gods Statues shake at frantick Rites,  
And dire Triennial *Bacchus* loud invites,  
*Cithæron* thund'ring with <sup>b</sup> Nocturnal calls.

At last th' inrag'd, thus on *Aeneas* falls.  
And could'st thou hope, perfidious, to deceive  
Me thus: and secretly our Kingdom leave?  
Could Love, nor plighted Troth, nor *Dido* neer  
A miserable end, detain thee here?  
Rigg'dst thou thy Fleet in 'Winter' and the Main  
False man, wouldst trust, when Winds & Tempests reign.  
What if no forein Land, or unknown Seat  
Thou hadst been bound for? if old *Troy* stood, yet  
Wouldst thou seek *Troy* through Storms? or flit'st thou me?  
Now by these Tears, by this Right hand I thee  
(Who now unfortunate can boast no more)  
By our late Vows, our Nuptial Rites implore;  
If e're I did oblige, if ever please,  
Take pitie on a falling Houfe; And these  
Designes, if Praier may yet find rome, lay by.  
Of <sup>k</sup> *Libyan* Peers, and of my Subjects, I  
For thee am hated, for thee quitted Shame,  
My Reputation, and Star-climbing Fame:

(b) Alluding to the Rites of *Bacchus* call'd *Nyctelia*, because perform'd in the Night in the Mountain *Cithæron*. For the mythologicall reason whereof consult *Anton. Clar. in leg.*

(c) *Brissotius* supposeth the Author to allude to the Roman Customs, who, after the Calends of November never put to Sea, as conceiving the Season not fitting for Navigation, and the Sea to be shut up.

(k) The *Nomades* or *Nomides*, a People of *Africa* so call'd and so called by them from feeding; for they had no certain place, but wandered along with their Flocks; their Houses were Chariots and Tents.

To whom me dying leav'st thou oh my Guest:  
Since now for Spouse that name doth onely rest;  
What must I stay until *Pygmalion* sack  
My Town, or me *Iarbas* Prisoner take:  
Yet hadst thou left a Child, and in my Court  
Could I but see a young *Aeneas* sport,  
Resembling thee in nothing but his look,  
I should not seem so lost, or quite forlook.

But with fix'd eyes he *Jove's* Commands obey'd,  
And, his Rebellious love suppressing, sayd:

Great Queen, I not denie the summ'd-up Charge  
Of all those Favours your Deserts enlarge;  
And whilst a Soul supports this mortal Frame,  
I never shall forget *Eliza's* name;  
But to my Cause; Think not that my intent  
Of leaving thee, to hide I ever meant.

I nor thy Husband am, nor made thee Vow;  
For if the Gods would some release allow:  
To that Disquiet which my Life attends,  
Then *Troy*, and the poor Remnant of my friends  
I would restore, and *Priam's* Tow'rs rebuild:  
New *Troy* should Harbour to the vanquish'd yield.

But *Phœbus* me for *Italy* enjoins,  
Me *Italy* the <sup>m</sup> *Lycian* Lot assigns;  
This is my Love, my Countrey; if the Site  
Of *Carthage*, though a *Tyrian*, thee delight,  
Why may not *Trojans* on the *Latian* Shore  
Their dwellings plant, and Forein Lands explore?  
Oft, as on Earth Night her moist shadow spreads,  
And Heavens <sup>n</sup> bright Fires desert their waterie Beds,  
My Fathers troubled Ghost disturbs my sleep;  
And from his destin'd Realms my Son I keep;  
And but just now, cutting the liquid Air,  
From *Jove* himself, the Gods Interpreter

(?) Five Torches were carried before the married couple; which office amongst the *Grecians* was perform'd by their Mothers. The reason *Varro* gives, is, because Marriages were celebrated in the Night, and afterwards when they chang'd the time, they retain'd the Custom.

(m) *Antipater* the Stoick writes, that *Apollo* was call'd *Lycius* *αἰνῶ* *τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ αἰνῶ* *τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ αἰνῶ*, because all things look white when the Sun shines. This Appellation *Dionysius* refers to one *Lycus*, who when he came into *Lycia*, built a Temple to *Apollo* neer the River *Xanthus*. Otherwise *Pausanias* in *Corinth*, *Danaus* call'd *Apollo* *Lycius* for this reason; when he was come to *Argos* he gave for the Kingdom with *Gelanor* the Son of *Stenelus*, and when both of them had spoken many probable things to the people, and such as were agreeable to Law, the cause was refer'd to the morrow, because what *Gelanor* said seem'd not left just. The next day, as soon as it was light, a Wolf (amongst a Herd of Cattle feeding without the Town) set upon a Bull. The *Argives* compar'd *Gelanor* to the Bull, and the *Lyons* to *Danaus*; because as a Wolf is a Creature no way familiar with a man, so neither had *Danaus* been with them; wherefore when the Wolf had kill'd the Bull, the *Argives* adjudg'd the Rule from that event to *Danaus*. Then he conceiving that the Wolf was sent by *Apollo*, built a Temple to *Apollo* *Lycius*. Thus *Pausanias*, That Oracles of old were given by way of Lot. See *Alciat. Parerg. 5.22.*

(n) The Stars are by the major part of Philosophers in *Diogenes Laertius* suppos'd to be of a fiery Nature; whose temperate commition gives birth to all things upon the Earth, and thence they believ'd them fed with Exhalations out of the Earth, as the Sun by Vapours out of the Sea, the Moon by Springs and Rivers. In pursuance of this opinion, some averring, that when this Moisture shall be consumed, the whole World shall be set on fire: and in this respect is *Apollo*, *Deus mæsticus*, *Agell. Vespere*, *Apollo Toror* (i. e. *Calvus*) worshipp'd at *Rome*, *Sacerdos* 2. 70. *Palæphatus* faith the same of him, *Quod Mundi hujus apparatus confusum humorem asserens, & desiccatum ac confusum substantia extendendo ac dissolvendo.*

To

N n 2

With

(c) *Jupiter and Mercury*: others expound *utrumque caput*, *mentem & sensum*. Nor was it unusual to swear by the Heads of men. See *La Cerda*.

With these severe Commands did visit me:  
 • I swear by both our lives, the Deitie  
 I saw within these Walls, his Voice did hear;  
 Longer to vex thy self, and me, forbear;  
 I seek not *Latium* willingly.

Rowling her scornful eyes, as these he said,  
 A more exacter view of him she made  
 With silent looks: then thus th'inrag'd begun.

Thou art not *Venus* nor *Anchises* Son,  
 Thee *Caucasus* on Marble did beget,  
 And fed, perfidious, at some *Tygers* Teat.  
 Why am I mild? why thus from Passion keep?  
 For more disdain? Sighs he to see us weep?  
 Or turns his eye, or vanquish'd sheds one tear?

Or to a woful Lover bends his ear?  
 What shall I say? great *Juno* from the Skies,  
 Nor *Jove* beholds our Cause with equal cies.  
 True faith is lost. To him in extreme want,

Cast on our Shore, I did my *Kingdom* grant;  
 His Ships from fire, his friends from Death did save.  
 Ah how transported, I with Furie rave!

Now *Phœbus*, *Lycian* Lotts, now angry *Jove*  
 Sent the Gods Emiffarie from above:

Yes, sure those Pow'rs all convocated are,  
 And the Dead vext in ordering your Affair.  
 I will not force, nor yet perswade thy stay;

Go to your promis'd Kingdom through the Sea;  
 Sure (if the Gods have any Pow'r at all.)  
 Split on a Rock, thou shalt on *Dido* call,  
 Whilst I make ready my revenging Fire:

And when my Soul shall in cold Death expire,  
 I'll haunt thee wretch: thy Tortures I shall know,  
 By Fame convey'd me to the Shades below.

Thus 'midst her Speech, she falling off withdrew,  
 And sick, removes her self from Publique View,

Leaving

(p) Here (saith *Servius*) is mention of the Ceremonies induc'd. It was a Custom among the Antients, that the Priest and Priestess should marry by Consecration: They had two Chairs linked together, and covered with the Skin of the Sheep which was sacrific'd. There they sat with their heads cover'd in Consecration. This *Dido* alludes too, complaining that she was forsaken by *Aeneas* contrary to the Law of Wedlock, *Regni domini in pariter locavi*: For a Wife is said to be *Locata* when she sits with her Husband at the Consecration.

(q) *Socrates* in *Plato's Phædo* affirms, that impure polluted Souls, for some time after their parting with the Body, wander about it, and haunt the Sepulchre, The Reason perhaps of this Opinion is, because they conceive it unwilling to leave the Body, to which it hath so particular an affection, all her delights being Sensual and Corporeal: Whereas other Souls, that desire in life nothing more than this separation, and imitate it by Philosophy, retire willingly to their place of rest. Some ground from hence *Natural Magic* takes for Suffumigations, in which they conceive the Soul of a man violently kill'd (for some time after) may be seen: But a better Reason *Aristophanes* gives in *Nub.* *Smoke and Clouds* are form'd into any shape: the belov'd fancie.

Leaving him much amaz'd, whilst he at large  
 Was forming of his Answer to her Charge:  
 Her Women to the Marble Chamber led  
 The swooning Queen, and laid her on her Bed.

Pious *Aeneas*, though he wish'd relief  
 Might be imparted to her desperate Grief,  
 Vollying out Sighs, almost with Love ore-swaï'd,  
 Yet to his Fleet he went, and *Jove* obey'd.  
 The busie *Trojans* toyl, to Sea they got  
 Their gallant Navy, well caulk'd Vessells float;  
 Oars green with Leaves, Oke knotty as it grew,  
 Mad to be gon, they bring.

Each where thou might'st removing *Trojans* view.  
 So cheerful 'Ants plundering a heap of Wheat,  
 And minding Winter, to their Granges get;  
 The black Bands march; a Convey guards the Spoil  
 Through narrow Tracts, some with joyn'd forces toil  
 To bear one pondrous Grain, whilst others beat  
 The tardy Troops; all paths with Labour heat.

What thought'st thou *Dido* in that dismal hour?  
 How many Sighs, when from a lofty Tow'r  
 Thou might'st behold the Sea, and all the Shore,  
 Vext with lowd clamouring Mariners to rore?  
 Die Love, to what doest thou poor Mortals force!  
 Again to Tears and Prayers she hath recourse,  
 Suppliant again Loves Fetters to receive,  
 Left ought she dying unattempted leave.

*Anne*, seest thou how they hasten to the Shore  
 From every part: their Sails fair winds implore;  
 Their lofty Sterns with joyful Garlands crown'd.  
 Sister, had I the least suspicion found  
 Of this sad chance, it better had been born:  
 This one request grant me, thus much forlorn;

From

(r) *Germanus* ingeniously observes, that as Bees resemble or rather are a Monarchical estate, Palmires are a Popular. *Arist.* lib. i. de Hist. affirms they are driv'n by their *without a Leader*.

(f) That they us'd to crown the Poop of their Ships before they put out to Sea, is eminent from *Plato's* description of the Solemnity of the Ship which went yearly with an Offering to *Dido*: till the return whereof no condemn'd person might be put to death: In *Plutarch's* *La Cerda* observes that they were crown'd both at going forth, and at their return home.

From the false Wretch thou didst great favour find,  
 To thee he hath unbofomed his Mind:  
 Thou when he is most pliable dost know.  
 Sister petition thus the haughty Foe.  
 I never swore at *Aulis* to destroy  
 The *Trojans*, nor ere sent one Ship to *Troy*,  
 Nor from *Anchises* ' Tomb his Bones did tear:  
 Why stops he then to my complaints his ear?  
 Let him this last, a woful Lover grant,  
 Then may he not fair Winds nor Passage want;  
 Nor sue I former Contracts, which he brake;  
 Let him fair *Latium* have, and Kingdoms take;  
 A little time I ask, a short Reprieve,  
 Whilst my own Fortune teach me how to grieve;  
 Which if thou dost, I shall contented die,  
 And leave to thee a grateful Memorie.  
 Too and again her woful Sister bears  
 These her Complaints; but he's not mov'd with tears,  
 Nor yields to any Arguments of Love;  
 His willing Ears are stop't by *Fate* and *Jove*.  
 As when loud Tempests their whole furie spend,  
 Drawn from all quarters, some old Oke to rend;  
 At once the loud-mouth'd thundrers charge her round,  
 Strewing with boughs and scatter'd Leaves, the ground;  
 Fix'd on a Rock to heaven her Branches shoot,  
 And down to Hell extends her spreading Root:  
 So daily she the *Trojan* Prince invades,  
 Now with these Reasons, now with those perswades;  
 Though his great Soul felt Love's unequall'd pain,  
 Yet fix'd he stands, and Tears are spent in vain.  
 Troubled at *Fate*, sad *Dido* plots to dye,  
 And now abhors to view the arch'd Skye;  
 To which these Omens stir'd her more: when they  
 On smoking Altars did sweet Incense pay,

(c) At *Aulis* a City in *Boeotia* the Greeks upon their expedition against *Troy*, made a solemn League and Conjurat[i]on (saith *Pausanias*) that they would never give over the quarrel, but either ruin the City, or lose their Lives in the *Ilion*. *Hor.* *Od.* 15.

*Quam multo repetet Græcia militis  
 Conjurata tuas rumpere Nuptias.*

(n) *Servius*, citing *Varro*, conjectures, that *Virgil* alludes to the injurious Act of *Diomedes*, who digg'd up the Bones of *Anchises* in *Phrygia*, and carried them along with him: Yet soon after being warned by the Oracle, and many Calamities, restor'd them to *Æneas*; *La Cerda* interprets it only verbally, it being esteemed the greatest impiety to violate Sepulchres: Believing that the Manes or Ghosts of the dead *Heroes* rested with the Bodies in the Tombs, and those being taken out and torn, the Souls suffer'd the same.

She saw the Sacred Milk grow Black, and, strange,  
 The purple Wine to fable Gore did change.  
 None, nor her Sister, heard of this a word.  
 Then in the \* Temple to her former Lord  
 Of Marble built, which she with high respect  
 Honour'd with Wreathes, and snow-white Fleeces deckt,  
 She heard, when Nights black Carpet spread the ground,  
 Her Husband calling with a doleful sound;  
 And on the Roofs the Owl alone complains,  
 In death-presaging, and sad Funeral strains.  
 Besides the many Prophecies of old,  
 Which to th'affrighted, dreadful things foretold;  
 Cruel *Æneas* troubles her in Dreams;  
 And alwaies to be left alone she seems,  
 In a long Progress, her Attendants lost,  
 Seeking the *Tyrians* on a desert Coast.  
 So Troops of \* Furies raging \* *Pentheus* shuns,  
 Amaz'd to see two *Thebes*, two dazzling Suns;  
 Or like *Orestes* flying o're the Stage,  
 To scape his Mothers persecuting Rage,  
 Arm'd with black Serpents, and a blazing Brand,  
 Revenging Furies at the Entrie stand.  
 Rage, and her Sorrow's instigations, great,  
 Resolv'd to dye, the time and manner set:  
 To her sad Sister cheerfully she went,  
 And veil'd, with joyful looks, her sad intent;  
 Sister-rejoyce, for I have found the way  
 To free my self from Love, or force his stay.  
 Neer the Sun's setting and the Oceans Bound,  
 There is a place in *Æthiopia* found,  
 Where mighty *Atlas* on his shoulders bears,  
 Adorn'd with golden Stars, the glittering Sphæars.  
 I of a Priestess heard, in those Realms bred,  
 Who, President of 'th' *Hesperian* Temple, fed

(v) *Nonnius Gifonius*, and others take this Temple for a Sepulchre, upon the Authority of *Varro*, who affirms that any place was call'd a Temple: Which Sepulchre of her former Husband, *Dido* bedeck'd with white Fleeces and Boughs; that is, as *Nannius* tells us *Miscel.* 17. *Wool* wrapp'd about Boughs, wherewith they honour'd their Gods. Others think he means a chapel. *Turneb.* 1. 22. c. 12. & 124. c. 26. I think (saith he) *Virgil* here had respect to the custom of the *Romans*, who Deck'd their *Cæars*, and honor'd them with Priests and Fimenes. They were wont to adorn the doors of their Temples and Altars with woollen Fillets; Which *Virgil* touches, although *Servius* hath refer'd it to the Solemnity of their Marriages.

(y) The Furies, so call'd by *Orestes* after he had appeas'd them by the advice of *Minerva*. See the Argument of that Tragedy of *Æschylus*.

(z) *Pentheus* (according to the relation of *Pausanias*) speaking many reproachful things against *Bacchus*, and committing other insolencies, the last whereof was to get up into a Tree, and overlook the Rites of the *Bacche*, being discover'd, was by them torn in pieces. By the Greek Tragedians, he was suppos'd, before his death, to run mad; particularly by *Euripides*, who makes him speak thus (to which our Author alludes)

*And now me think two Suns I see,  
 I see two Thebes* —

(a) *Orestes* being tormented by Furies, for killing his Mother *Clytemnestra*, his onely remedy was, to go to the Temples, into which they not daring to enter, flaid for him at the Porch to seize upon him as soon as he should come forth. *Germanus* and *Terentius* add, that the Author alludes to the Tragedy of *Æschylus* entitled *Æuroides*, wherein *Orestes* is suppos'd to be besieg'd by the Furies in the Temple of *Apollon* at *Daphne*, to hinder him from going to the Temple of *Minerva*: whither (by *Apollon's* direction) he was to go to expiate his Crime. *Alciat* saith, that this is an allusion to the custom of Offenders, flying to Temples for Sanctuary.

(b) The *Hesperides* were daughters of *Hesperus* Brother of *Atlas*. They had a Garden, in which were Golden Apples consecrated to *Venus*, which *Hercules*, being sent by *Eurythion*, having slain the watchful Dragon, took away.

The Dragon, and the sacred Tree did keep,  
 With Honey mixed Poppy causing Sleep:  
 Who boasts what Minds she please to free from Care,  
 But others to arrest with sad Despair;  
 Floods to their Fountains, Stars to make retreat,  
 And raise Nocturnal Spirits from their Seat.  
 Earth thou shalt see, struck with her Feet, to grone,  
 And Okes from Mountains march in order down,  
 By Heaven, thy self, dear Sister, and thy Love,  
 Know, I'm inforc'd of Magick to approve.

In the back Court a Pile in secret make,

The Sword, and Garment from my Chamber, take,  
 Which there the Impious left; then place the Bed  
 Above them all, in which I perished;

For this direction the Magician gave,  
 Nothing of that most impious man to save.

Thus saying, Palenest did her cheeks possess,  
 Nor did her Sister under new Rites guess

The raging Queen did Funerals provide;

Nor fear'd worse things, than when *Sichæus* dy'd;  
 Therefore did her Commands.

But *Dido*, the huge Pile being finish'd, round  
 With Funeral wreaths, and Cypress branches crown'd;

The Picture, Cloths, and Sword, which he forgot,  
 Laid on the Bed, too mindful of her Plot.

The Priestess at the Altars with loose Hair,  
 Loud thunders, to three hundred Gods, her Prayer,

To *Chaos*, triple *Hecate*, and Hell,

And call'd the three-fac'd Virgin with a Spell;  
 Sprinkling, with a feign'd *Avernian* Dew, the Ground:

Herbs, cut with brazen Sythes, by Moon-light found,  
 They did with juice of deadly Poison brew;

The excrecence which on a Colt's forehead grew,  
 And Love snatch'd from the Dam.

*Dido*

(c) It was a Custom amongst the Antients to keep the Bed wherein their Marriage was first consum'd, with a religious care, as a Monument and Pledge of their Wedlock. They call'd it *Lectum jugale*, from their conjunction; *Coniugium*, a generando; *Adversum*, from the position, for they plac'd it over against the Door. See *Lips. Elit. l. 17.*

(d) Garlands of Flowers were us'd almost in all solemn Rites, especially (which most concerns this place) about the Dead. *La Cerda* adds, That they us'd to crown the Bodies with Garlands when they brought them forth to burial. So *Dido* here the Pyre prepar'd for her Funeral.

(e) Not, as some would have it, out of love the bore to *Aeneas*, doth she here bring his Picture to look on dying, but in a Religious Ceremony to burn together upon the Pyre with her all that belong'd to him, Sword, Cloths, &c. *Scaliger* saith, It is in allusion to the Custom of Witches, who make certain Statues, and bind them with Fillets and Ribbands, when they go about to bewitch or curse any one. See *Ecl. 8.* which is confirm'd by the description of the Priestess with dishevell'd Hair, according to the habit of Witches in *Apollonius*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, &c.

(f) Triple *Hecate* (the same with *Diana* immediately following) because she us'd to be painted in three Shapes, and delighted in the names of three kinds of Beasts, a Bull, Dog, and Lion. Others say, from a triple Head; the right of a Horse, the left of a Dog; the middle, humane. *Alcamanus* was the first who amongst the *Athenians* made such an image of her. Enough of this amongst the *Mythologists*.

(g) Not to deceive her Sister, who knew the Water was not of *Avernus*, but to preserve the Custom of sacred Solemnities, where, if any thing could not be had that was necessary to the Ceremony, they us'd others, believing the Counterfeit to have the same virtue with the True.

*Dido* with Leaven in her purer hands,  
 One Foot being bare, before the Altar stands  
 In flowing Robes, and dying, invokes  
 The Gods and Planets, conscious of her Fates,  
 Imploring all that's great and just above,  
 And that consider ill-requested Love.

'Twas Night, when gentle Sleep weak Mortals blest,  
 The murmuring Groves, and raging Sea at rest,  
 When half-nights Starrie Ensign up was fuil'd,  
 And Silence held her Empire o're the World;  
 Beasts, Wild and Tame, and gaudy Fowl, which take  
 In Wood-lands pleasure, or the Crystal Lake,  
 In Sleep, by quiet Night protected were,  
 Of Toyl forgetful, and Heart-eating Care.

But then no Rest unhappy *Dido* found,  
 Her Eyes ne're clos'd, her Sorrows more abound:  
 Rebellious Love now desperately engag'd,  
 And with a Deluge of mad Passion rag'd,  
 When to her self she said: What shall I do?

Shall I now scorn'd, my former Suters woo?  
 Make overtures some *Libyan* Prince to gain?  
 Lovers whom I so often did disdain;  
 Or shall I venture In the *Ilian* Fleet?

And to the *Trojans* proud Commands submit?  
 Since they for my assistance prove so kind,  
 And my late Favours bear so well in Mind.  
 Grant I were willing, who would give me leave?  
 And, me neglected, in proud Ships receive?

Ah, Hast thou not sufficiently known  
 The perjurd Race of false *Laomedon*?  
 Shall I alone with churlish Seamen fail,  
 Or try if by my power I may prevail?  
 And those who scarce I could persuade from *Tyre*,  
 To venture to the Sea again desire?

O o

No

(b) Well enough known are those sacred Rites, call'd *Xulpedalia*, because perform'd barefoot. *La Cerda* proves, that they us'd to sacrifice with one foot naked (which was the left) believing the Gods commonly went so.

(i) From *Laomedon*, who perjurously broke his word with *Apollo* and *Neptune*, the calls the whole Race of *Trojans* perjurd.

No Wretch, as thou hast well deserved, dye,  
 And with a Sword conclude thy Misery.  
 Won by my Tears, thou Sister, first with Wo  
 Didst load the Furious, and let in the Foe.  
 And why like <sup>k</sup>wild Beasts, faultless, might not w  
 Live without Marriage, from such Troubles free  
 But to *Sichæus* Dust I promise broke.

In such Complaints she her full Sorrow spoke.

But in the lofty Stern *Æneas* lay  
 At rest, yet ready and resolv'd to weigh.  
 Again the God in the same likeness stands  
 Before him, new enjoying old Commands;  
 Like *Hermes* voyc'd, such Symetry did grace  
 His Youthful Limbs, such Golden Curls his Face.

Fair *Venus* Off-spring, are thy Slumbers sound?  
 Nor seest what ready Dangers thee surround?  
 Nor hearst fair Winds inviting thee to go?  
 Resolv'd to die, she plots thy overthrow,  
 VVith boyling Anger desperately inrag'd:  
 Fly'st thou not hence before thou art engag'd?  
 Thou shalt behold the Sea to foam with Oars,  
 And cruel Brands shall lighten all the Shores,  
 If here *Aurora* thee delaying find.  
 Fly; Still inconstant is a VVomans mind:  
 Thus saying, he mingles with Nights gloomy shade.

*Æneas* at this Vision much dismay'd,  
 Starts from his Sleep, and hastily did call:  
 Awake Sirs, take your Oars, up, quickly all  
 VVith speed hoyst Sail; from the ætherial Sky  
 A God again bids Cables cut, and fly.  
 Who e're thou art, blest Power, we thee obey,  
 And joyfully once more Obedience pay;  
 O be our Convoy, and fair VVinds afford.  
 Thus having said, he drew his glistering Sword,

And

And cut the *Haufers* with his sharp-edg'd Steel;  
 All pull, and hale, and the same ardour feel.  
 The Shore they leave, and cover all the Deep,  
 And Silver Foam from Azure Billows sweep.

*Aurora* now had early Dawning spread,  
 And weary, left old *Tithon's* Golden Bed.  
 The Queen from a high Tow'r, soon as the Day  
 Mix'd Eastern Darknes with a brighter grey,  
 Saw *Trojans* with full sail to th' Offine stand,  
 Nor one Ship left on the forsaken Land.  
 Her Snowie Bosome, trembling with Despair,  
 Enrag'd she beats, and rends her Golden Hair;  
 Crying aloud, O *Jove*, and shall he go?  
 And shall this Foreiner affront us so?

Shall not the City arm, and all pursue?  
 And from their Harbours launch our Navy too?  
 Run, Fly, bring Fire, Sail, Row; what is't I say?  
 Or where am I? what Folly I betray!  
 Do Impious Facts now hapless *Dido* touch? (much.  
 Would, when thou gav'st a Crown, they'd done as  
 This is the man of Trust, this He, they say,  
 Did through the Foe his Countrey-Gods convey,  
 And on his Shoulders did his Father bear.  
 Why did not I the Traitor piece-meal tear,  
 And strew'd 'mongst swelling Waves? nor did with Steel  
 His dearest Friends, and dearer Off-spring kill,  
 And dish'd him, for his Father's Table, drest?  
 But Chance of War is doubtful, 'tis confess'd.  
 Whom fear I dying? Brands I should have thrown  
 Among their fleeting Towers, and floating Town;  
 Son, Father, Root and Branch destroy, and last  
 My self o're all a sad Triumpher cast.

Blest Sun, whose Eye views all the Worlds affairs;  
 And *Juno*, conscious of wrong'd Lovers Cares;

O o 2

And

(k) Interpreters suppose the Poet to allude to a certain kind of wild Beast, which losing its Mate, never couples with any other. *Serenus* (citing *Pliny*) affirms it to be a Lynx. *La Cerda* understands the words, of many Beasts, *Quæ horrida ac separata a suorum consortis*.

(l) *Umbra* here seems to mean the Image or Apparition which was not the Deity himself: Though *Nasimus*, ingeniously observes, that when any God appear'd in Sleep, the place shone extremely; which Light retiring with the Vision, the succeeding Darknes and Shade was the more terrible.

(m) For the Infernal Deities were supposed Presidents of Vengeance and Torments.

(n) These Prophetick Curses of Dido are moit of them fulfill'd in this Poem; *Yea'd with War*, against *Turmus* and his Allies, *lib. 7*, &c. *Exil'd from his Son's Embrace*, when he went to *Evander* and *Tarchon* for aid, *lib. 7*, and 8. *A dishonourable Peace made*, *lib. 11*: that *Latius* should give the Name and Language to both Nations; which condition was beneath the Fortune of a Conquerour. *Nor did he enjoy it* past three years, then being loit in a *Battel* against *Mecenus*, drown'd in the *River Numicius*, where he lay a while uninter'd, the *Sand his Grave*, his Body half above the *Water*. The last Curse alluding to the Infidelity of the *Carthaginians*, who envying the *Roman* greatness, always broke League with them, terminates in *Hannibal*, the *Revenger* that pursued them with *Fire* and *Sword*.

(o) i.e. *Pluto*. These Sacrifices were call'd *Stygialia* and *Ceryia*. She therefore sacrifices to the *inferi*, because they were believ'd to dissolve Cares and Loves. See *Turmus*, *l. 21*, *v. 22*, and *l. 25*, *v. 6*.

And thou "Nocturnal *Hecate*, whose cries,  
Where three wayes meet in Cities, pierce the Skies;  
Revening Furies, and you Gods that are  
Dying *Elig's*, hearken to my Prayer,  
And on his head deserved Vengeance cast.  
If *Jove* confirming what Heavens counsel pass,  
To Lands decreed the Impious Wretch must bear,  
Let him be vex'd with a bold People " there;  
By force of Arms drove from his landing place,  
Driv'n to seek Aid, far from his Son's embrace;  
Then, slaughter'd, see his dearest Friends decease;  
Nor when he signs to a dishonour'd Peace,  
May he desir'd Life, nor Kingdome save,  
But make the Sand, by sudden Death, his Grave.  
This last request I with my Blood desire.  
Then practice Cruelty, you Men of *Tyre*,  
And all your Race, and to our Dust enact,  
Ne're to make Leagues, nor Marriages contract:  
Then from our Bones shall some revenger rise,  
To persecute the *Trojan* Colonies  
With Fire and Sword, both now, and whenso'e're,  
With ready Power, Occasion shall appear;  
Shores, Shores oppose, Seas, Seas, State against State,  
Through Generations War, I imprecate.

This said, her busie Thoughts she did employ,  
How best she might her loathed Life destroy.  
To *Barce* then, *Sichæus* Nurse she said,  
(In Native Dust her own long since was laid)  
Hither, Dear Nurse, quickly my Sister bring,  
Let her be sprinkled with the Living Spring;  
Lead thou the Offerings to the place design'd,  
And with a sacred Wreath thy temples bind:  
Those Rites which I to *Stygian Jove* prepare,  
I mean to finish, and conclude my Care:

Fire

Fire must the *Dardan* Monument deface.  
This said, away she went an old Wives pace.  
But *Dido*, hastning her dire Enterprize,  
Outragious growing, rowls her bloody Eyes,  
Her trembling Checks, spot, pale with Death's presage;  
And to the inner Court, now wild with Rage,  
Rush'd and ascends the lofty Pile, then draws  
The *Dardan* Sword, not left for such a cause.  
Here when the *Ilian* Garments she survey'd,  
And saw the Bed, ah too well known, she made  
Truce for a while, then down on it she lay,  
And, mix'd with Tears, these her last words did say.  
Sweet Spoils, whilst God and destiny did please,  
Receive this Soul, and me of Sorrow ease.  
I liv'd, and my own Fortune did attend;  
Now under Ground must my great Shade descend.  
I saw my Walls, and a fair City built,  
Revend my Lord, punish'd Fraternal Guilt:  
Happy, ah I had been too happy, had  
No *Trojan* Fleet e're touch'd our Shores; then said,  
Kissing the Bed, *Dye* unreveng'd shall I?  
But welcome Death; thus, thus 'tis sweet to die.  
The cruel *Trojan* by these Flames shall know  
At Sea our Death, the Omen of his Woe.  
Thus saying, her fall'n upon the Sword they spy'd,  
Which bloody blusht, her Hands in Crimson dy'd.  
Clamour distracts the Royal Palace, Fame  
Furiously through th' affrighted City came;  
The Roofes resound with Skreeks, and Female Cries,  
And Lamentations eccho through the Skies;  
As *Carthage* had been took, or Antient *Tyre*,  
The Seats of Men and Gods involv'd with Fire.

Her

(p) See the sixth Book, ver. 292.  
*Tenues sine corpore vitæ.*

Her frighted Sister, hearing, to the place,  
 Beating her Breast, disfiguring her Face,  
 Full of amaze and horror, breaks through all,  
 And to the dying by her name did call.  
 Did I this Pile for this, O Sister, raise?  
 For this Design made I these Altars blaze?  
 On what shall I, forsaken, first complain?  
 Didst thou in Death my Company disdain?  
 Thou should'st invited me thy Fates attend,  
 Our Lives and Sorrows so at once to end.  
 With my own hands this stately Pile I made,  
 And to indulging Gods devoutly Pray'd,  
 That cruel I should leave thee thus alone:  
 Thy self, thy Senate, People, and thy Town,  
 And me, thou Sister ruin'd, by thy death.

(g) It was a Custom when any died, for the Kinsmen or Friends to sit by, and embracing them, to joynt their Mouths to theirs, as to receive their last breath: Of this amongst Latine Authors instances are frequent; amongst the Greek *Bios*, Epitaph. *Adon*.

——Adonis *stay*,  
*Haple's Adonis stay but till I wine*  
*Thou in these Arms, and mix my Lips*  
*with thine;*  
*Adonis wags so sweet a while, to give*  
*A dying Kiss, but whilst a Kiss may*  
*live;*  
*Thy fleeting Spirit to my Breast be-*  
*queath,*  
*And I will suck Love's Nectar in thy*  
*Breath;*  
*Thy Love I'll drink, and in Adonis*  
*head*  
*will keep that Kiss, when thou unkind*  
*art fled.*

Mr. Stanley.

Water to bathe the Wound, if any<sup>d</sup> Breath  
 Wander, my Lips shall gather it the While.  
 Thus saying, she ascends the lofty Pile,  
 And laid her dying Sister in her Lap,  
 Striving the Purple Rivolet to stop.  
 To raise her heavy Eyes in vain she try'd,  
 The Crimson Fountain bubbling in her side.  
 To ease her self, three times she strove to rise,  
 And thrice sinks down, then seeks with dazzling Eyes  
 Heaven's glorious Light, and at the finding groan'd.  
 But *fumo*, who her Misery bemoan'd,

And the Greek Epigrammatist cited by *Germanus*;

*Thy Lips to mine apply, and at one Draught*  
*Drink up my Soul* —

And

And lingring Death, sent *Iris* from the Pole,  
 To loose Lives bonds, and free her struggling Soul.  
 Since neither Death deserv'd, nor doom of Fates,  
 But sudden rage<sup>d</sup> her Time anticipates;  
 Nor *Proserpine* her Golden Hair did take,  
 Dooming her head down to the *Stygian* Lake.

From Heaven then dewie rose-wing'd *Iris* flew,  
 And with Sun-beams a thousand Colours drew:  
 When hovering near, I bear this sacred Charge  
 To *Pluto's* Court, and thee from Flesh enlarge.  
 With her right hand, thus saying, She cuts her Hair,  
 And Vital Breath mix'd with ætherial Air.

of the contrary, he alledgeth these Verses of *Enripides*;

*She to the Court of Pluto must repair,*  
*Whom following with this Sword to sacrifice,*  
*I thus shall balled make (her Strength) this Hair,*  
*Sacred to the Infernal Deities.*

(r) The belief of the Antients was, that such as were near death had first their Hair cut by *Proserpine*, as the initiation into the lower World, and promise offer'd to *Oron*, until which were done, they could not die: *Canterus* adds, that this Custom depend upon another opinion of theirs, that the Strength of every man consisted in his Hair, which being cut, he became subject to the power of another: Whence it is that Witches are thought unable to compass their ends until they get some of the Hair of the Party. *Corneus* is reprehended by *Macrobis* for accusing *Virgil*, as if this were his invention, in justification



Ergo IRIS croceis per  
 Nihil trahens varios  
 Devolat, et supra caput  
 Sacrum iussa fero, teque  
 Honoratissime Dom.  
 Northampton Tabula



caelum roseida pennas,  
 adverso sole colores,  
 astulit. Hanc ego Diti  
 Iſto corpore solvo.

Dom. Isabella Com.  
 merito. votiva 217



*Advocat Aeneas, tumus  
Dardanida magni, genus  
Annus exactis comple-  
Ex quo reliquias, divi  
Condidimus terra, ma-*

Honorati Dñō: D' Jacobo  
Elight & Glenrahen,



*lique ex aggere fatur:  
alto à sanguine divum.  
tur mensibus orbis,  
nigrae ossa parentis  
hasque sacravimus aras.*

Ogilvio, Comiti de Arley  
Tabula merito votiva.



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Dido's ascending Flames the Trojans see.  
Storms drive Æneas back to Sicily.  
Anchises Rites renew'd. The Annual Games.  
Iris, from Juno, stirs the Trojan Dames  
To burn the Fleet. Æneas prays; a Show  
Prevents the Mischief, quenching all but four.  
Trojans set Sail. Venus of Neptune craves  
Safe passage for their Navy through his Waves.  
The God assents. Somnus with Stygian Boughs  
Besprinkles watchful Palinurus Brows:  
Ore Board he falls; the Loss Æneas spies,  
And weeping, at the Helm his place supplies.*



Is Course resolv'd, mean while,  
Æneas sails,  
Cutting through dreadful Waves  
with Northern Gales;  
When, looking back, he saw poor  
Dido's Walls

Bright in the Flames of her own Funerals;

P p

The

The cause had kindled such a Fire unknown :  
But what a desperate Woman carry'd on  
With Rage might do, whom raging Love oppress,  
By this sad Sign the pitying *Trojans* guest.

When they had fail'd till Land appear'd no more,  
When onely Sky and Billows were their Shore,  
A black Cloud, big with Night and Tempest, rose,  
And th' Ocean rough with horrid Darkness grows :  
Then from the Stern loud *Palinurus* cries,  
Ah ! what a Tempest muffles all the Skyes :  
What mean'st thou Father *Neptune* ? Soon as spake,  
He bids his Men stand stoutly to their Tack,  
And ply their tough Oars with a lusty stroke ;  
So bearing to the Windward up, thus spoke.

(a) In these words (saith *Scaliger*) *Palinurus* presig'd his own death, which happen'd before their arrival into *Italy*. *Servius* observes, that like a good Pilot he had first made trial of all means (in the precedent Distick) before he would declare the danger they were in.

(b) He calls *Sicily* the Shores of *Eryx*, because he had reign'd there. He was Son of *Venus* and *Butes*: *Butes* was Son of *Amymon* King of the *Boeotians*, who were overcome by *Pollux* at *Whin-bats*, in the expedition of the *Argonauts*. Therefore *Butes*, when his Father was slain, fled into *Sicily*, where for the Loveliness of his Person being belov'd of a Noble Harlot, he begot her Son *Eryx*. This *Eryx* is said for her excellent Beauty to have been afterwards call'd *Venus*. Thus the Interpreters, especially *Hornstein*.

" Great Prince, though *Jove* should promise with this  
I should despair *Italian* Shores to find ; (Wind  
Gusts rising shift, the black West grows more loud,  
And the whole Air condens'd into one Cloud ;  
Our Labour is in vain, we make no way :  
Therefore since Fortune conquers, let's obey,  
And where her pleasure will command us, steer :  
*Sicilian* <sup>b</sup> *Eryx* friendly Shores are near ;  
We may to the *Sicanian* Harbour sail,  
If I not in my Computation fail.

Then spake *Aeneas* : I observ'd long since,  
The Wind did shrink, and vain thy diligence :  
Stand Roomer then, what Land is more desir'd :  
Where would I rather rest our Navy tir'd,  
Than in that Soyl where kind *Aeetes* reigns,  
Whose Lap my Father's sacred Bones contains :  
Thus having said, straight for the Port they sail,  
Spread Canvass swelling with a gentler Gale ;  
Their brazen Prows the fomic Waves divide,  
Till they with Joy in well-known Harbours ride.

When

When far off, from a Mountain's lofty Crown,  
Wondring to see the *Trojan* Navy, down  
*Aeetes* comes, whose Arms most dreadful were,  
Clad in rough Spoils of a huge <sup>c</sup> *Libyan* Bear ;  
*Crimisus* got him on a <sup>d</sup> *Trojan* Dame.  
He, mindful of the House from whence he came,  
Congratulates their safe return, and feasts  
Kindly with rural Cates, his weary Guests.  
Soon as the blushing Dawn with Eastern light  
Had put Nights glittering Regiments to flight,  
*Aeneas* summon'd then from all parts round  
The *Trojans*, and thus spake from rising Ground.

Bold *Dardans*, sprung from the high Blood of Gods,  
' A Year hath finish'd Monthly periods,  
Since here the sacred Relicks we interr'd  
Of my blest Father, and sad Altars rear'd.  
The Day draws nigh, which alwaies must by me  
(So Heaven hath order'd) mourn'd, and honour'd be ;  
Were I to drowthy <sup>e</sup> *Getule* banish'd, these  
I would perform, or taken on the Seas,  
A Captive were in *Greece*, due Rites I'd pay,  
And heap'd-up Offerings on his <sup>f</sup> Altars lay.  
Now we are present at my Father's Dust,  
Nor without special Providence, I trust,  
Riding at Anchor on a friendly Shore ;  
Let us all sacrifice, and VVinds implore :  
This he commanded when our VValls were laid,  
In consecrated Temples should be paid.  
*Aeetes*, of the *Trojan* Off-spring, gives,  
Of his own Bounty, every Ship two Beeves ;  
Call then the *Dardan* Gods unto your <sup>g</sup> Feasts,  
And those *Aeetes* worships make your Guests.  
If the <sup>h</sup> Ninth Day produce a Glorious Morn,  
VVhose Beams shall Earth discover, and adorn,

(c) *Libya*, bounding in wild Deserts, affords the richest Skins. *Hippolitus*, *Aquila* means an eagle as to Play affirms, that there are not any Bears in all the Countrey, B. 35. 58. *Lipinus* confirms his assertion, and in defence of *Virgil* faith, that he is not to be understood of a Bear, but a Lion ; it being common with the *Romans* to give to Foreign Things improper Names.

(d) *Hippocleus* fearing lest his Daughter *Egeffa* should be devour'd by the Sea-Monster which *Neptune* sent for the destruction of *Troy* in revenge of perjur'd *Laomedon's* fraud, whose rage could not any other way be appeas'd but by a *Trojan* Virgin offer'd duly to his devouring Jaws, put his Daughter into a Bark, and commended her to the mercy of Sea and Winds ; whom the Gods so favour'd, that the arriv'd safe in *Sicily*, where *Crimisus* was taken with her Beauty, and on her begot this *Aeetes*.

(e) The Solemnities of the Dead were Anniversary, *Tibull*.

*Anna* consecrate festa dabit tuis.

See *Homer's* Celebration of the death of *Patroclus* by Games ; and *Papinius Statius*, 6. *Theb.* of *Archermorus*.

(f) There are two *Syces*, the greater and lesser, near *Affrica*, in the *Mediterranean* Sea, the *Getulians* were the most ancient Inhabitants of *Affrica*, eminent for cruelty and fierceness. *Salust.* in *Jugurth*.

(g) Which, according to the Custom, were two ; See *Eclg.* 6. Some expound this of the Tomb, but less properly.

(h) Those Suppers which they us'd to make in memory of the Dead were commonly call'd *Silicernia*, *Cena fratrum*. On a higher sort were those which were made in remembrance of such as were Deified, as *Archifes* here was, nam'd *LaBistonia*.

(i) Alluding to the Custom of the *Romans*, who kept the dead Body seven Days, during which they prepar'd all Necessaries for the Funeral ; the eighth they burnt it ; the ninth they instituted Ceremonious Solemn Rites, call'd *Noventidialis sacra*.

I shall the swiftest Ship with Prizes grace,  
 And those on Foot who conquer in the Race,  
 And who presume either in Strength or Art  
 To shoot swift Shafts, or throw the nimble Dart,  
 Or with a *Cestus* valiantly dares fight;  
 Come all, and Palms receive, the Conquerour's right;  
 And <sup>k</sup> Silent, veil with Leaves your Brows. This said,  
 His Mothers <sup>l</sup> Myrtle did his temples shade.  
 Thus *Helymus*, thus old *Aceses* did,  
*Afcianus*, and his youthful Troop with speed.

(k) *Ore favore*, is no more, properly, than to be silent, which was usually prociim'd before any Religious Ceremonies were begun. *Seneca, De vita beata*, c. 26. It is not deriv'd from *favore*, as most conceive, but it commands silence, that the Solemnity may be duly perform'd.

(l) There is no cause for any one to think that the Myrtle was unbecomingly attributed to *Angustus* by *Virgil*, as a Venercan, weak Tree, and not enough Imperial; Which, as you may see in *Pliny* l. 15, was consecrated to *Venus*, Mother of *Æneas*: For the Myrtle hath insinuated into Warlike Affairs. Whence *Pliny* tells us, That *Publius Tiberius* in his Consulship (who first of all entered the City triumphing, because he had managed his business mildly without Blood) went crown'd with the Myrtle of Victorious *Venus*, and made his Enemies ambitious of the Tree. Hence afterwards it was the Victor's Crown. He call'd it his Mothers Myrtle, in favour of the *Julian* Family, which took its Original from *Venus*, that it might also favourably preface *Augustus* to be *Venerus*, *imperatoris*. Thus *Germanus*.

(m) Two Goblets, to signify the two parts of Man, Soul and Body. *Cuphesta*, kinds of Cups that are tall, about the middle press'd close in, and having Ears that descend from the Top to the Foot.

(n) They sacrific'd *Dia inferi* with Milk and Blood, the Milk signifying the purity of the Heavenly Soul, Blood, the Mortality of a Man.

(o) Alluding to the Natural Observation, that Serpents are bred out of the back-bone of a Dead Man. *Ovid. Met.* 15. In this manner a Serpent glided out of the Tomb of *Charlemain* King of France.

(p) The God that was President of the place; for they assign'd not *Genii* only to Men, but to Cities, and all other Places.

Environ'd round, from thence *Æneas* went,  
 With many Thoufands, to the Monument;  
 And <sup>m</sup> pours two Bowls of rich <sup>n</sup> Wine on the Floor,  
 Two of new Milk, and two of sacred Gore,  
 Strewing the place with Purple Flow'rs: Then said,  
 Hail blessed Father, hail Paternal Shade,  
 And Dust preserv'd in vain; Heaven would not grant  
 That I with thee the Promis'd Land should plant,  
 Nor *Tyber* (whatsoever it is) be sought.

When a huge <sup>o</sup> Serpent from the dreadful Vault,  
 With seven vast Coils, seven times infolded, glides,  
 And, the Tomb wreathing, by the Altars slides;  
 His checquer'd Back with Gold and Purple deck'd,  
 And burnish'd Scales did sparkling Beams reflect.  
 Such the great Bow *Sol* pensils with his Rayes,  
 And on't a thousand various Colours layes.  
*Æneas* wonders, whilst the Serpent rowls  
 (Tasting the Banquets, and the standing Bowls)  
 Long Wreaths about the Cups, so harmless went,  
 Down from the Altars, to the Monument.  
 Here he his Father with fresh Gifts did grace,  
 Supposing this the <sup>p</sup> *Genius* of the place,  
 Or else his Servant, slaughtering five fat Swine,  
 Five Sheep, five Steers, and turns full Bowls of Wine;

And

And great *Anchises* *Manes* next implores,  
 With Ghosts remitted from the *Stygian* Shores.  
 Then all his Friends of their own Plenty paid  
 Peace-offerings, and slain Steers the Altars lade;  
 Some spit their Meat, huge <sup>r</sup> Kettles others place,  
 And broyl fat Inwards, sitting on the Grails.

Th'expected Day now came, and the Ninth dawn,  
 With *Phaetons* Steeds in all her Glory drawn;  
 Glad Troops from all parts fill the Shore, by Fame  
 Invited, and renown'd *Aceses* name.  
 Some came to see, others their skill to try.

Amidst the <sup>r</sup> Cirque the stately Prizes lye;  
 Palm for the Conquerours, sacred <sup>s</sup> Tripods, Crowns,  
 With glorious Arms, rich Robes, and Scarlet Gowns,  
 Gold, Silver Talents; when th' appointed Games  
 A Trumpet from the Glorious Heap proclaims.

First from the Fleet four Ships of equal size,  
 With ponderous Oars, contend to gain the Prize;  
 In the swift *Prisilla* stout-oar'd *Mnestheus* came,  
*Mnestheus*, who gave the *Memnian* House a Name;  
 The vast *Chimera* valiant *Gyas* row'd,  
 Whose mighty Vessel like a City shew'd,  
 Which lusty *Trojans* carry'd in three Ranks,  
 Raising three tire of Oars, on triple Banks;  
 In the great *Centaur* next *Sergestus* came,  
 From whom the *Sergian* Stock receiv'd the name:  
 The well-pitch'd *Scylla*, bold *Cloanthus* drives,  
 Whence *Rome's* *Cluentius* thy fam'd House derives.

Against the somie Shores a high Rock stood,  
 Which oft was drown'd with the Tempestuous Flood,  
 When Storms involv'd the Stars; and seen again,  
 When a soft Calm doth overspread the Main,  
 To Sea-fowl a most grateful Station now.  
 Here Prince *Æneas* fix'd an Oken Bough,

(q) Not to boyl Meat, but for Water to wash, and to drink, if *Lippus* be not mistaken (*Æt. 1. 4.*) as *La Cerda* endeavours to prove.

(r) *Cirque*, a shew-place, so nam'd in after times, in *Rome*, where they exhibited Games and Plays to the People.

(s) So *Hesiod.* in *Scuto Herculis*, makes a Tripod the Victor's reward, and *Athenæus*, lib. 5, § 6. *Horat. Od.* 8, 4.

*Denarem tripodas premia fortium:*

A long Story there is of a Golden Tripod taken up by the *Milesian* Fishermen, for which some *Ionian* Youths, who bought the Draught of them before it was drawn up, contended; referring the business to the Oracle, they were answer'd thus:

*Consilium* thou *Milesian* to consult my Shrine?  
 The Tripod to the wisest I assign.

Whereupon they presented it to *Thales*, from him it pass'd to another of the Seven, so round about all it came to *Thales* again, who sent it to the Oracle, acknowledging the God the Wisest. *D. Laert.* Thus we see that Tripods were much us'd of old as Rewards and Presents.

(t) Who sacrific'd himself in *Italy*, and these are brought in, with antiquity to honour the Families of the *Memmii*, the *Sergii*, and *Cluentii*.

The

(e) To strengthen and make pliant their Arms. *Augustus* asking a man that was above a 100 years old, by what means he had preserv'd the strength and vigour of his body, he answer'd, *Iuris Multo, foris Oleo*; Anointing my self within with wine, without with Oil.

(x) As fired to *Hercules*, the never-weary'd Victor. See *Eclg.* 7.

(y) He'd in the *Circus* as the Signal for the Horses to start, to which *Virgil* alludes; as afterwards to the loud Cries of the *Cirque*; of which see *La Cerda*.

The Sailors mark, the way directing where  
They should bear off, and in long courses steer.  
They draw for place; on lofty Sterns, the bold  
Captains far off in Scarlet shine and Gold;  
The rest, their Shoulders bright with \* Oil, in ranks  
With \* Poplar crown'd, fate firmly on their Banks:  
Their Arms and Oars stretch'd out, the Sign th'expect,  
Whil'st their insulting Hearts are countercheck'd  
With trembling Fear, and rais'd with love of Praise.  
Thence, as the ' Trumpet sounds, without delays  
All start, the Sea-mens shouts the Skyes ascend,  
Whil'st with long strokes they fomie Billows rend.  
All plow the Waves, the gaping Ocean feels  
Their wounding Oars, and force of crushing Keels.

More furiously not swiftest Chariots are  
Drove through the Champain, thundring from the Bar,  
Nor Charioteers bending their Bodies strain  
More at a loose, shaking the flowing reign.  
Confused Cries, of favouring Parties, round,  
Mix'd with loud Clamours, make the Woods resound.  
The Shores imprison'd Voyces rowl about,  
And the struck Mountains eccho every shout.

First *Gyas* swiftly through the Billows glides;  
*Cloanthus* next, with better Oars, divides  
The bounding Waves, whose Ship loft way, being slow;  
And next to him *Pristis* and *Centaur* row  
Who shall get foremost with an equal Oar.  
Now *Pristis*, now great *Centaur* is before;  
And now together they their Fore-decks joyn,  
Whil'st their long Keels plow up the shallow Brine.  
Now they drew near the Rock, the Goal they make;  
When *Gyas*, who was foremost, then bespake  
*Menates* at the Helm, \* Why dost thou steer  
Thus to the Star-board? love the Shore, lye here;

(z) *Scallg. Part.* 2. i. 6. upon these words takes occasion to commend the Art which *Virgil* useth in describing the manners of several people, observing of Sea-men, that they are the worst of People, laughing at God in a Calm, cursing him in a Storm; stubborn and pertinaacious as *Menates*.

Fan Lar-board Cliffs, let them stand off, he said.  
But still *Menates*, of hid Rocks afraid,  
Bore to the Sea. Where goest thou? *Gyas* here  
Cry'd out again; these Cliffs, *Menates*, steer.  
When close behind him he *Cloanthus* spies  
Shaving the Lar-board Rocks, and inward plyes  
Betwixt the sounding Tops, and *Gyas* Ship,  
And suddenly the foremost did out-strip,  
And the Goal passing, to safe Waters came.

Then Rage the Young Mans Bosome did inflame,  
Nor Tears did want; whil'st he *Menates* sends  
(Honour forgot, and safety of his Friends)  
From the high Stern, headlong into the Flood;  
And at the Helm, Pilot and Master stood.  
Then to the Shore, chearing his Men, he steers:  
When old *Menates* buoying up appears  
From the deep Seas, laden with Garments wet,  
Labouring for Land, then on a dry Rock set.  
The *Trojans* at his fall, and swimming, laugh,  
And, at him vomiting salt Water, scoff.

*Mnestheus*, *Sergestus*, here fresh hopes perswade,  
(Though the two last) to conquer *Gyas*, staid;  
Up to the Goal *Sergestus* foremost bore,  
But gain'd not his Ships length a-head before;  
A part was prest by emulous *Pristis* Beak;  
When *Mnestheus*, thus, chearing his Men, did speak.  
Bold *Trojans*, now your Oars try, you are those  
At *Troy's* destruction I Companions chose;  
Now let that Strength and Courage be apply'd,  
Which you among *Ionian* Billows try'd,  
And where *Getulian* Sand with breaches raves,  
Or cruel \* *Maleda's* persecuting Waves.

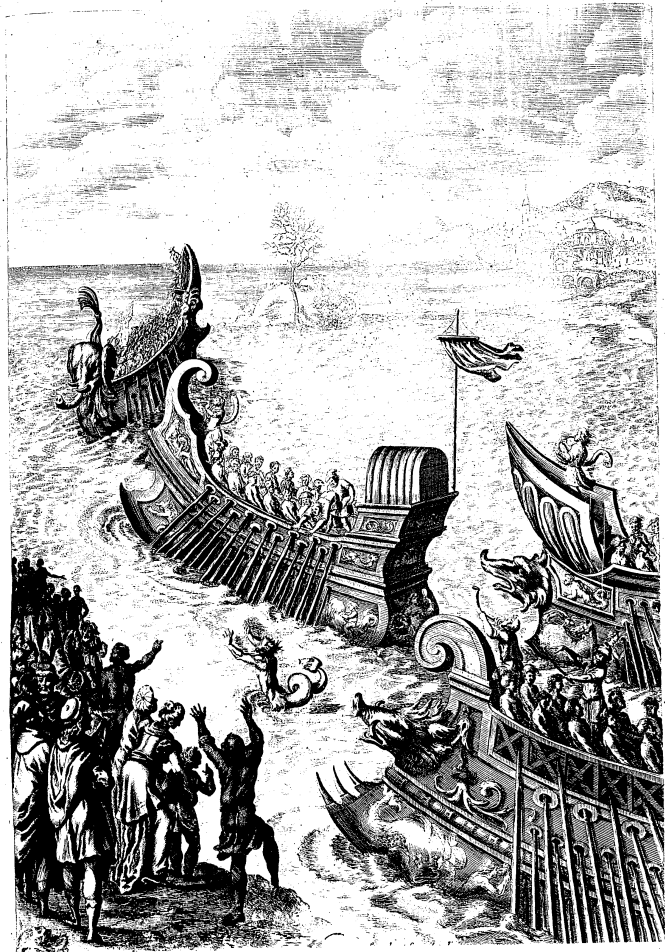
*Mnestheus*

(a) A Promontory of *Læonia*, where the Seas are very dangerous.

*Mnestheus* not strives that first he should come in,  
 Nor Victory seeks, (O though!) but let them win  
 On whom, great *Neptune*, thou confer'st the place;  
 But to be last, ah wipe out that Disgrace,  
 Abhor the Shame. Their Strengths re-double now,  
 That with huge Strokes they shake the brazen Prow,  
 Dividing waves, whil'st short breath shook their sides,  
 Drowth clams their Mouths, and Sweat in Rivers glides,  
 Fortune her self the Man wish'd honour brought:  
 For whil'st too near the Rock *Sergestus* sought  
 An inner course, a Fatal space betwixt,  
 Unhappy, on the Cliffs, he running, fix'd;  
 The Craggs being struck, and Oars contending rung  
 On the sharp Rock, and the struck Fore-ship hung:  
 The Sailors rise, and, with a mighty cry,  
 Their pointed Poles, and Steel-tipt Staves apply,  
 And gather in the Sea their broken Oars.

But *Mnestheus*, joyful of Success, implores  
 The Winds, and with his lusty Sailors stood  
 Through safe Seas, gliding to the open Flood.

So swiftly from her Seat a Pidgeon flies,  
 Whose lov'd aboads in hollow Pumice lyes,  
 Her dark Roofs flapping with resounding Wings,  
 Amaz'd, into the Field at randome springs;  
 Till with a slide, to calmer Air she comes,  
 And cuts it, without moving of her Plumes:  
 So *Mnestheus* carries *Pristia*, so his Ship  
 Did utmost Waves divide, and all out-strip.  
 And first *Sergestus*, left 'mongst Rocks, delay'd  
 On breaking Shoals, in vain imploring Ayd,  
 And practising their broken Oars to use.  
 Next *Gyas* in *Chimæra*, he pursues;  
 She having lost her Master, falls a-stern.  
 Onely *Cloanthus* now he could discern:



To him he bears, and strangely put him to't.  
 But then you might have heard a mighty Shout ;  
 All the Spectators chearing him so nigh,  
 Whil' it Cries and Clamours thunder through the Sky.  
 These, their new Glory, and Got Fame, despise,  
 Unless they keep it ; and to gain the Prize  
 Would sell their Lives ; Success feeds them, they may,  
 Because they think they can, obtain the Day.  
 They for the Goal with equal Prows had stood,  
 But that *Cloanthus* pray'd unto the Flood, (Vow.  
 And made with <sup>b</sup> stretch'd-out hands those Gods this  
 You Powers who rule the Sea, whose Waves I plow ;  
 A ' Snow-white Bull I freely shall before  
 Your Altars sacrifice, upon this Shore ;  
 Casting the trembling Entrails in your Brine,  
 And Vows performing, pour out purest Wine.  
 This said, the Troops of the *Neriades*,  
 And <sup>d</sup> *Phorcus* heard him from the deepest Seas :  
 And old *Portunus* with his mighty hand  
 Show'd him along : Swifter he flies to Land  
 Than nimble Winds, or feather'd Arrow glides,  
 And, in the Bosome of the Harbour, hides.  
*Eneas* by the <sup>e</sup> Herald, all being there,  
*Cloanthus* did the Conquerour declare,  
 And with a verdant Laurel crowns his Brows,  
 And to each Ship three Steers, with Wine allows,  
 And a <sup>f</sup> great Silver Talent, then presents  
 Their Captains with especial Ornaments.  
 A Golden Vest he to *Cloanthus* gave,  
 Edg'd with rich Purple in a double wave :  
 There *Ganymed* was woven as he drove  
 The flying Deer through the *Idean* Grove,  
 Seeming to pant, whom *Jove's* swift Eagle bears  
 Up to high Heaven, trufs'd in his hooked Sears.

(b) *Ennius* observes, *Il. 7.* that the Heroes us'd when they pray'd to *Jupiter* and Celestial Deities, to hold up their hands ; when to Sea-gods to stretch them out ; when to Infernal, to strike the ground with their hands. See *Brissot*.

(c) A Bull, is a proper sacrifice to *Neptune* ; on the Shore, in *honorem Dei lustralis* ; White, in token of Victory.

(d) *Phorcus* was Son of *Neptune* and *Thetis*, a Sea-Nymph, King of *Corfica* and *Sardinia*, overcome and overwhelm'd in a Sea-fight by *Atlas* ; wherefore his Men gave out that he was a Sea-god. He was Father of the *Gorgons*.

(e) The same with *Palamon*, a Sea-god ; but *La Cerda* here understands *Neptune* himself, who sometimes was call'd by that name.

(f) Alluding to the Customs of the Olympick Games, where the Victor was declar'd by a Herald ; for some have observ'd, that Heralds were us'd only by the *Grecians* in their Wars, not by the *Romans*.

(g) *Talentum* singly is understood of the lesser *Attick* talent, in value 60 *Mine*, 600 *Ducati auri*, 6000 *Drachme*. *Magnum Talentum* implies the great *Attick* talent, a third part more, viz. 80 *Mine*, 800 *Ducati auri*, 8000 *Drachme*, which *Virgil* here means.

In vain th' old Guardians raise to Heaven their Eyes,  
And loud-mouth'd Dogs inrage the troubled Skies.  
To him whose Virtue got the Second place,  
A Coat of Mail, which Gold did interlace,  
(Took from *Demoleus*, by Victory due,  
When him he under lofty *Ilium* slew,  
Near *Simois* murmuring Streams) he did present,  
Both for a Safety and an Ornament.  
*Phegus* and *Saguris*, which his Servants were,  
Could scarce the Coat on their joyn'd Shoulders bear:  
But, arm'd with these, *Demoleus* in times past,  
With mighty speed the straggling *Trojans* chac'd.  
Two brazen Caldrons to the Third they brought,  
And two fair Cups, with Silver richly wrought.  
And now all proud with Honours thus assign'd,  
Their temples they with <sup>b</sup> Rosie Garlands bind;  
When from the cruel Rock, with much ado,  
Hardly got off, *Sergefius* with a few  
Rowers, his Oars being broke, and lost, appear'd,  
And his 'scorn'd Ship, in, without Honour, steer'd.

(b) *Punicæ, tæniæ, vittæ rosæ*; *Servius* expounds *Corona luvantianæ*, Crowns with Labels, made of Flowers and divers-colour'd Ribbands.

(i) The Poet is suppos'd the rather to call all the disgrace upon *Sergefius*, in relation to *Cætiline*, who was descended from *Sergefius*, whose Actions were fresh in the memory of *Virgil's* time.

(k) Such as *Æneas* is here suppos'd, was *Belisarius*, whom an uncertain Author in *Suidas* commends, That he was of all *Athenians* most munificent towards his Soldiers; for, those who had fought unsuccessfully, he requited with Money, and paid them the price of their Wounds; the victorious party he rewarded with Bracelets and Chains.

Like to a Serpent, over whom hath gone  
A Chariot-wheel, or wounded with a Stone,  
Left by a Traveller in deadly pain,  
Crawling, with long contorted wreaths, in vain  
To scape away; part fierce, with Fiery Eyes,  
Advancing hissing Crests unto the Skies:  
Part, with the Main arrested, knits in links,  
Folding it self up in its own Precincts.  
With such a Rowing his slow Ship made way,  
Yet sail'd, and with full Sails Possess the Bay.  
The Prince the 'promis'd Gift *Sergefius* gave,  
Glad he his Ship and Men so well did save:  
*Pholoe*, a *Cretan*, who great skill profess  
In *Pallas Arts*, Twins hanging at her Breast.

Like

This Sport being finish'd, Prince *Æneas* led  
Where tending Hills inclos'd a pleasant Mead,  
Amidst a Vale, with shady Groves confin'd,  
The Circle of a Theater design'd;  
Hither the *Trojan* Heroe did repair,  
And seats himself 'mongst many Thousands there.  
Here he invites all those could swiftest run;  
And with encouragement of Prizes won:  
From all parts *Trojans* and <sup>m</sup> *Sicilians* met,  
But *Nisus* and *Euryalus* first;  
*Euryalus* in his Flow'r, and wondrous fair,  
To whom bold *Nisus* dear affection bare;  
After these follow'd *Priam's* Royal Race,  
Princely *Diores*; *Salius* next took place  
With *Patron*; one, the *Acarnanian* Earth;  
*Arcadia* boasts to give the other Birth;  
Next *Helymus*, and youthful *Panopes* stood,  
*Sicilians* both, who love the shady Wood;  
Both old *Acestes* Friends; many beside,  
Which obscure Fame, and Time's long distance, hide.

Then thus to them the Prince *Æneas* said;  
Hear now, my frank Proposals, and be glad;  
Not one of you shall unpresented go;  
Two polish'd *Gnosian* Spears I shall bestow,  
And with a Silver Hilt a two-edg'd Sword:  
On every one this Honour I afford.  
To the first three these Prizes are design'd,  
Who shall their Brows with yellow Olive bind.  
I to the first a brave Horse, furnish'd, yield;  
Then next an <sup>n</sup> *Amazonian* Quiver, fill'd  
With *Thracian* Shafts, the Belt a Golden one,  
Fast with a Button of a polish'd Stone.  
This <sup>o</sup> *Grecian* Helmet shall the third content.  
Thus having said, each to their Stations went.

The Signal heard, straight from the Bar they came,  
Like a swift Show'r, and at the Goal they aim.

(i) The *Circensian Games*, which in the height of the *Roman* Empire were celebrated with much Pomp, seem to have begun with running, which was one of the (*Pentathlon*) the five *Olympick* and *Isthmian* Games; the other four being the *Cestus*, the *Discus*, *Leaping* and *Wrestling*. For the Race they made choice of a circular place, in the middle whereof was the *Meta*, which, with other circumstances, *La Cerda* proves imply'd by our Poet. This kind of running, as *Paulinus* attells, was first instituted by the *Elans*. See upon this subject *Perri Fabri Agonistica*, and *Hieron. Metron. de re Gymnast.*

(m) *Sicilians*; which name, with her first Inhabitants, *Sicily* receiv'd from Spain: Consult *La Cerda*, who to honour his Nation allegeth many testimonies hereof.

(n) The gift of *Pembestee*, or some of her Amazons, who came in the aid of *Troy* against the *Greeks*.

(o) Either suppos'd to be taken in fight from the Enemy, or in respect to the distinctive marks of Helms, which were different betwixt the *Grecians* and *Trojans*, as appears by the story of *Chryseides*, lib. 2. *La Cerda* observes, that *Æneas* and his followers brought *Greek* Arms into Italy, taken from the *Foe* as Spoils.

(p) Which *Servius* describes, *Regulam aut signum de Creta saltum*, a stroke or mark made with Chalk; which *La Cerda* proves consonant to the *Circensian*.

First *Nisus* got the start, and all out flies,  
Swifter than Winds, or Lightning through the Skies;  
*Salus*, but at more distance, follows next,  
And after him a handsome space betwixt,  
*Euryalus* third.

*Euryalus*, *Helymus* pursues, next whom  
*Diores* hasts; now side by side they come,  
Strike <sup>7</sup> foot by foot, and had there been more space,  
He had or won, or doubtful left the Race.

Now near the end they drew with bated speed,  
When *Nisus* foot unfortunately slid  
On sprinkled Gore that fell from Bullocks slain,  
Which did the verdant Grass with Purple stain.

For the brave Youth, as up he Victor came,  
Could by no means his tripping step reclaim;  
But in foul Mud and Gore he falls. Who yet  
Did not his dear *Euryalus* forget:

Rising, he trips up *Salus* in his way,  
And tumbling on the Ground, together lay.  
*Euryalus*, by his Friend assisted, flies,  
And out-strips all, with joyful Shouts and Cries;  
*Helymus* after, and *Diores* next.

But here, with mighty Clamours, *Salus* vext  
The whole Assembly to regain his Right,  
And Honours lost, defrauded by a slight.  
Beauty, and comely Tears, *Euryalus* save,  
Good Parts, with lovely Looks, more value have.  
*Diores* helps him, and aloud he cries,  
Who had in vain sweat for the last rich Prize,  
If the first Honour *Salus* should obtain.  
Then said *Aeneas*; Firm your Gifts remain;  
None shall remove the Palm from what w'intend;  
But I may pity my unhappy Friend.  
A Lions skin on *Salus* he bestow'd,  
Which a thick Fur, and Golden Claws did load.

Then

Then *Nisus* spake, If Gifts for vanquish'd be,  
And that thou pitiest Fallers, what for me?  
Who with applause had the prime Honour got,  
Had I not met with *Salus* spiteful Lot.  
Thus saying, he his Limbs and Face, desil'd  
With foul mud, shew'd. The best of Princes smil'd,  
And bids them bring the Shield so rarely wrought  
By *Didymaon*, and from *Grecia* brought,  
Sacred to *Neptune*; this the Prince presents,  
And, the bold Youth, with a brave Gift contents.

After the Race was done, and Gifts dispos'd,  
If any now there be that hath inclos'd  
Within his breast a Soul that Valour warms,  
Now let him try for Palms, victorious Arms;  
This said, two Honours for the Fight are plac'd;  
A Bull, the Conquerors Prize, with Garlands grac'd,  
A Sword and Helm, to cheer him got the worst.  
Strait, from the Throng, out boisterous *Dares* burst,  
And his vast Limbs, with great applause, were shewn;  
He us'd with *Paris* to contend alone,

And mighty *Butes*, at great *Hector's* Tomb,  
Who did of old from King *Ameycus* come,  
He overthrew, and with his conquering hand  
Left stretch'd in Death's Convulsions on the Sand.  
For the first fight out such a *Dares* goes,  
And his head lifting, his broad shoulders shews,  
Tossing his stretch'd-out Arms alternately,  
Fencing with Winds, and battering the Sky.  
His match is fought, not one of all that Troop  
*Dares* meet the man, and take a *Cestus* up:  
Therefore he confident to bear away  
The Palm from all, impatient of delay,  
Before the Prince *Aeneas* standing, laid  
Hold on the Bull's left horn, and vapouring, said;  
Great Goddesses-Son, if no man dare resist,  
Why stand I here? command I be dismiss,

And

(9) Scilicet, upon these words;  
In running (saith he) equally, the di-  
rect line was so even betwixt both, that  
their heels touch'd one another. And in-  
deed, when we run a Race, we never  
follow any one; for we could not out-run  
one that is before if we should tread in  
his steps: but we continue our course by  
the side, as we stood at the starting place.  
Neither if both be of the same swiftness,  
would one dare to take the line of the o-  
thers course: for so by a crooked line he  
must run more Ground, to his great ha-  
zard.

(7) Not as of due, but by fa-  
vour.

(f) *Paris* was a strong man at  
Arms, as well as a wanton Lover:  
In the *Trojan* solemn Games, he  
fought with *Hector* himself, and foil'd  
him; wherefore *Hector* disdain-  
ing to be overcome by a Shepherd, as *Paris*  
then profess'd himself on mount *Ida*,  
where he was brought up by Shep-  
herds, would have slain him, to pre-  
vent which mischief, *Paris* discover'd  
himself to *Hector*, that he was his Bro-  
ther.

(g) Not the same *Butes* before  
mention'd, King of *Sicily*, but one of  
the same name and Race.

(h) *Ameycus* was King of the *Pe-  
lagicans*, Son of *Neptune*, famous for  
Boxing, with whom *Pellus* contend-  
ing, slew him. An excellent descrip-  
tion of him *Theocritus* gives in *Dio-*

(x) In this sport of the *Cestus*,  
they first us'd only their Fists bare, af-  
terwards for guard of the hand they  
had a leather Thong made fast to the  
Elbow and Shoulder, to which was  
sewed a weighty piece of iron or lead.  
*Scaliger* derives those who suppose  
this *Cestus* a Staff wound about with  
the *Lora*, and Plummets at the end:  
*Pact. lib. 1.*

And grant the Prize; with a great clamour all,  
To give the Champion promis'd Presents, call.

Here old *Acestes* chides *Entellus* as,  
Next him he sate on Beds of verdant Grasse.  
In vain once valiant *Heracles* stil'd, if thou,  
Untri'd, such Gifts so patiently allow  
Him to enjoy; who hath of *Eryx* heard,  
Our God and Master with a slight regard?  
Where is thy praise which through *Sicilia* rung,  
And all those Trophies in thy Palace hung?

Then he repli'd; not the desire of Fame,  
Nor Glory, fails in me, by Fear o'recame;  
But me Cold blood, with resty Age detains,  
And wasted forces frozen in my veins.  
Had I that youth which with such insolence  
He triumphs in, from me long parted since,  
Gifts should not draw me, nor would I regard  
A beauteous Prize, nor stand upon reward.

Then cast he in two Batts of mighty weight,  
With which the cruel *Eryx* us'd to fight,  
Raising the heavy Arms above his head,  
Seven huge Bull-hides, sew'd stiff with Iron and lead.  
All were amaz'd; *Dares* to fight denies;  
The mighty weight great *Anchises*,  
And immense foldings here and there did rowl,  
Whil'st in such words the old Man spake his Soul;  
If any great *Alcides* Club had seen,  
And dreadful Battel on this very Green? (I mean,  
These Arms thou seest, which Blood and Braines be-  
Thy valiant Cofin *Eryx* once did bear;  
With these he mighty *Hercules* withstood;  
With these I Plaid, whil'st Youth bred better blood,  
Ere spiteful Age had silver'd o're my brow.  
If *Dares* shall refuse our Weapons now,  
If so *Aeneas*, and the King think fit,  
Wee'll play on equal tearms, these I'll remit;

Fear

Fear not, and lay thy *Trojan* weapon's down;  
Thus saying, off he throws his thick lin'd Gown;  
His Muscles, Bones, and brawny Arms are seen,  
A mighty Champion standing on the Green.  
Then Prince *Aeneas* equal Clubs commands,  
And puts match'd Weapons into both their hands;  
Each on his tipto stands, prepar'd, and high,  
Their Arms advancing boldly to the Sky;  
Far back they draw their tall heads from the stroke,  
And Blows, engag'd in Battel, Blowes provoke.  
This, trusting Youth, best traversed his ground:  
Th' other in Strength and Size advantage found;  
But his slow Knees, those weak supporters, slide;  
And short-breath'd pantings shake his manly side.  
Many Bouts past, which no advantage bring,  
Their hollow sides resound, their bosomes ring;  
About their Ears and Brows, a swift hand goes,  
And their Cheeks rattle under cruel blowes.  
Unmov'd *Entellus* stands upon his Guards,  
And with a watchful eye his body wards:  
Whil'st *Dares* shews like one a City storms,  
Or mountain seat beleaguerr'd round with Arms:  
Now here, now there he scales, and strives in vain  
The Fort, by strength, or stratagem, to gain.  
But here *Entellus*, rising on his Toe,  
Rais'd his right hand high for a mighty blow:  
He from above perceiv'd the coming wound,  
And voids, with nimble Traversing his ground.  
Upon the Winds *Entellus* spends his strength,  
And down his huge bulk tumbles at full length.

So rooted up, from *Erymanthus* crown,  
Or lofty *Idæ*, an old Pine tumbles down.  
The *Trojans* from their Seats began to rise,  
And the *Sicilian* shouts ascend the Skies.

When

(1) *Eryx* was King of *Sicily*, to whom this Sport was hereditary, as being Son of *Butes*, *Butes* of *Amymus*. *Entellus* learnt it of *Eryx*.

(2.) *Germanus* observes, that according to the Laws of this Sport, the thrown person might be, by the assistance of others, rais'd from the ground: otherwise by the fall of *Entellus* the Victory should have been to *Dares*. This is confirm'd by the Authority of *Theocritus*, in his description of this kind of Fight.

When first *Acestes*, pitying him, breaks forth,  
And his Contemporary <sup>2</sup> rais'd from Earth :  
But th' Heroe this retards not, nor affrights,  
He fiercer grows, and rage fresh strength excites ;  
Then Shame and well-known Valour, Force revives,  
And headlong *Dares* every where he drives ;  
Now did his right, his left hand now assail,  
And no Cessation made ; as Storms of Hail  
Rattle on Roofs, so thick he Stroaks bestowes,  
And falls on *Dares* with a show'r of Blows.  
Here Prince *Aeneas* stops *Entellus* Rage,  
Not suffering farther fury should engage,  
But ends the Fight, and *Dares* thence convey'd,  
And to the weary, comforting, thus said :  
Unhappy Man, What folly made thee blind ?  
Didst thou not more than Human forces find ?  
Yield to the God ; thus he the Combat ends.

But, *Dares* to the Fleet, his neereſt friends  
Brought, trailing feeble knees, toſing his head,  
Caſting thick blood, which ſtain'd his teeth with red.

The promis'd <sup>a</sup> Sword and Helmet they receive,  
And the Prize-Bull to bold *Entellus* leave.

Proud of the <sup>b</sup> Palm, the Conqueror rais'd with joy,

Thus ſpake ; Know Goddeſs Son, and you of *Troy*,

What mighty Force I in my Prime might have,

And from what death you reſcu'd *Dares* ſave ;

Thus ſaying, as he before the Steer did ſtand,

Poyſing his cruel *Caſtus* in his hand,

Betwixt the Horns, a blow he takes him full,

And beats into his batter'd Brain his Scull ;

Dead he falls down, trembling on the Earth he lay.

And thus much adds, *Eryx* to thee I pay

This better Soul than *Dares*, and here part,

A Conqueror, both with my Arms and Art.

*Aeneas*

(a) *Dares*, though vanquiſht, receives a Prize of more value than *Entellus* the Victor : To ſhew (ſaith *Franciſc. Modius Ep. 56.*) that Virtue is a reward to it ſelf ; Therefore the Laws puniſh Vice, but aſſign no reward to Virtue.

(b) *Turnebus* 26. 17. underſtands *Palm* here, not onely of the Victory, but literally of the Tree, which *Plutarch* ſaith was a Reward common to all Games, though there were others particular beſide.



*Quis sola solus palma superabat Aëetes  
Qui tamen æthereis telum contorsit in aura  
Oscendans artem pariter arcumq; sonantem  
Honoratiff: Do: Domina Henrietta  
Marie Comitesse Straffordiae*

*Et namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo  
Signavitq; viam flammis, tenuisque recessit  
Conjuncta in vento: cælo seu saepe refixæ  
Trois currant, eruntq; volantium sacra docent.*

*Tabula merito votiva. 237*

*Æneas* straight, all those would exercise  
The nimble Shaft, invites, and plac'd the Prize;  
Then from *Sereñus* Ship, with a great Troop,  
A stately Mast he brings, and sets it up;  
And on the Top, a Pigeon by the Foot  
Ties with a Cord, at which they were to shoot.  
All met, a brazen Helm receives the Lot:  
First place, with joyful shouts, *Hippocoon* got;  
Next *Mnestheus* for his Naval Victorie crown'd  
With Olive Wreaths; third place *Eurytion* found,  
Thy Brother, noble *Pandarus*, who first  
Amongst the *Greeks*, provok'd by *Pallas*, durst  
To break off hop'd-for Peace, his Javelin cast;  
*Aëtes* from the bottom drew the last,  
And, bold, in youthful Games will yet contend.  
Then with great strength their mighty Bows they bend,  
And from their Quivers each his Arrow drew;  
First, from *Hippocoon's* sounding bow-string flew  
His nimble Shaft, and through the cleer air past,  
Until it fix'd in the oppos'd Mast.

The tall Firre shakes, the scar'd Dove shook her wings,  
And every part with loud applauses rings.  
After bold *Mnestheus* stood, and took his aim,  
His Eye exactly with the Arrow came;  
Though he was not so happy, with the shot  
To hit the Pigeon, yet he broke the knot  
Which ti'd her feet to the high Mast: she flies,  
Before the Wind, and cuts the gloomy Skies.  
Then strait *Eurytion* did his Shaft prepare,  
And to his Brother made a hasty Prayer;  
As thence the Dove, on wings expanded, flew  
Through Heavens broad Tracts, under a Cloud he slew:  
Her Soul she leaves amongst the Stars, being slain,  
And falling, the fix'd Shaft returns again.

(c) The Story is *Iliad* 3. & 4. It was agree'd by the Greeks and Trojans, that Paris and Menelaus should fight a Duel, the Victor should have Helena; and put an end to the War. But the Gods having decreed the ruine of Troy, nullified this Agreement. Wherefore Pallas interposing, perswaded Pandarus to strike Menelaus with a Dart, which broke the Agreement, and all return'd again to their Arms.

(d) Higinus de proprietatibus Deorum, speaking of Stars and Constellations, saith, that Birds ought to be sacrific'd to them; Learnedly therefore Virgil saith, that the Soul of the Bird remain'd with those Deities to whom she was ordain'd a Sacrifice. Macrobi, lib. 3. Sat. cap. 8.

*Acestes* left alone, although no Prize,  
 Yet he directs his Arrow through the Skies,  
 Boasting at once his skill, and sounding Bow;  
 Here suddenly, what great things did foreshew,  
 A wond'rous sight appear'd, the Sequel told,  
 What Prophecies, and dreadful Signs unfold.  
 For, flying through moist Clouds, the Arrow fires,  
 And, chalking out a way with Flame, expires:  
 So shoots a burning Meteor through the Air,  
 Or blazing Comet with a Bush of hair.  
 All are amaz'd, in Pray'r both Nations join,  
 Nor Prince *Aeneas* did dislike the Sign,  
 But in his arms did pleas'd *Acestes* take,  
 And loading him with wealthy presents, spake:  
 Since Heav'n's almighty Ruler thee enjoin's,  
 To take Gifts unallotted, by these Signs,  
 This Cup enchac'd with Figures, thou must have,  
 Which *Thracian* *Cisseus* old *Anchises* gave;  
 He to my Father did this Gift present,  
 Both, of his love, the Pledge and Monument.  
 This said, he binds his Brows with verdant Baies,  
 And gives *Acestes*, before all, the praise.  
 Nor good *Eurition* did such Grace envy,  
 Though he the Bird brought from the lofty Skie.  
 Next he rewards him cut the Cord, and last,  
 Who fix'd his winged Arrow in the Mast.  
 But Prince *Aeneas*, scarce this sport being don,  
 Calls for *Epitides*,<sup>(c)</sup> Tutor to his Son,  
 And these words whisper'd in his faithful ear,  
 If that the Childrens Squadron ready were,  
 The Horse well train'd, bid strait *Ascanius* come,  
 And in Arms muster at his Grandfires Tomb;  
 Then straight commands the throng'd-in people clear  
 The Circk, that th'open Champaign may appear.

(c) King of *Thrace*, father of *Hecuba*, wife of *Priamus*.

(f) A preparation for the last Games, which are *Hippomachia*, *ludus militaris*, a counteriet fight on horseback. *Ascanius* first instituted it, and in memory of his native *Troy*, call'd it *Ludus Troje*, and the Tilters *Agmen Trojanum*.

(g) From the Custom of the Roman *Militia*, amongst whom every young Souldier was appointed his Guardian.

The Children march, and, in their Parents view,  
 On manag'd Horses make a gallant shew;  
 To see their order'd Ranks and Files drawn out,  
*Sicilians* all admire, and *Trojans* shout.  
 They dazling Helmets on soft Treffes wore,  
 And, tipt with Steel, two Cornel Javelins bore;  
 Some Quivers had, and Chains of purest Gold  
 Hung on their Breasts, and did their Necks infold.  
 Three Troops of pretty Horsemen march about,  
 Led by as many Captains, in, and out;  
 Twelve Children following each, in equal Bands,  
 Obey their little Officers commands.  
 Young *Priam* first, honour'd with his Grandfire's name,  
 Up with a gallant Squadron bravely came;  
*Polites*, thy blest Progeny, whose Seed  
 Must *Latium* multiply; a *Thracian* Steed  
 Dappled with white, and two white Feet before,  
 A Star on's Crest, in stately manner, bore.  
 Next *Atys*, whence *Rome's Atys* boast their Race,  
 Small *Atys*, whom *Ascanius* much did grace.  
*Ascanius*, far before all others, fair,  
 On a *Sidonian* Steed, brought up the Rear;  
 Which beauteous *Dido* did to him present,  
 Of her dear Love the Pledge, and Monument.  
 The rest were mounted on *Sicilian* Horse  
 Of old *Acestes* Breed.  
 The *Trojans* shout as they th'ambitious view,  
 Who with much joy their antient Parents knew.  
 After their Fancies they had satisfi'd,  
 And seen, with great delight, the Squadrons ride,  
*Epitides* gave the Sign from distant Ground,  
 Making his Switch, to them prepar'd, resound.  
 They all at once disband, and those that lead,  
 About the Cirque, their broken Squadrons spread;

(b) According to *Servius*, these three Troops allude to those three Centuries of Roman Horsemen under *Romulus*, the *Remenses*, *Tacenses*, and *Luceres*; of whom *Livy* lib. 1.

(i) Who is said to have built *Poltorinum* in *Italy* in memory of his Father slain by *Pyrrhus*; which City was burnt by *Tullus Hostilius*.

(k) So the best Interpreters render *frontem album*.

(l) He is nam'd to honour *Augustus* his Mothers Family with Antiquity, whom *Atia* or *Atia* he would have descend from a *Trojan* Ancestor.

(m) *Flagello*, i. *Virga*, que sonat in morem *Flagelli*. This *Turnebus* observes to have relation to the Roman Custom, amongst whom the Magistrats that was President of the Games, gave the Signal from a high place when they should begin.

And at the Word draw in again, and bear,  
Each, in well-order'd Ranks, a cruel Spear:  
They march, and counter-march, and to their place  
Return, observing equal-distant space;  
Rings they in Rings infold, in several Forms,  
And, as in Battel, bravely use their Arms;  
And now they fly, now fiercely turn their Lance;  
Now, Peace being made, together they advance.

(e) See Lib. 6.

As in high *Crete* the \* Labyrinth of old  
Had thousand waies, where Walls did Walls infold,  
Which did no sign unto the Wanderer leave,  
But with perpetual Errour did deceive:  
So they in Mazes wheel, wide, long, and short,  
Mixing Retreats, and gallant Fights, with Sport.  
As *Dolphins*, who the swelling Waves divide  
In *Libyan* Seas, and wanton with the Tide.  
*Ascanius*, when long *Alba* he did frame,  
Did first renew these Customes, and this Game,  
And taught th' old *Latines* this to celebrate:  
What he and *Trojan* Youth did, th' *Alban* state  
Their Off-spring shew'd, and greatest *Rome* from thence  
Receiv'd, and kept those Honours ever since;  
The Sports call'd *Troy*, the Boyes now *Trojan* Knights:  
Thus he perform'd his Father's annual Rites.

Here first inconstant Fortune chang'd her Face.  
Whil'st they the Tomb with various Objects grace,  
*Juno* sent *Iris* to the *Ilian* Fleet,  
Born on the Winds, her old Displeasure yet  
Unsatisf'd; unseen the Virgin flies

Through the great Bow, which thousand Colours dyes.  
She a great Concourse saw, and did survey  
The Port and Fleet, as they neglected lay.  
But *Trojan* Dames far off, and all alone,  
With plenteous Tears, *Anchises* loss bemoan;

And

(e) In *alta astra*. The *Latine* word deriv'd from *altus*, properly understood of a craggy rough place, and (by consequence) solitary; So interpret we those Verses of *Polydippus* cited by *Dicaearchus*, where he implies, that *Plataea* is neither a great City, nor populous, but *totius ubi deserta, ut plurimum deserta*, as *Cicero* of his Brother's silence; *Non homo, sed litus atque aer, & solitudo mora*.

And deep Seas viewing, thus lament themselves;  
Ah! must we pass so many Seas and Shelves,  
Worn out with Toyl? they with one Voyce complain;  
A City grant, they loath the dangerous Main.

Inur'd to Mischief, in 'mongst these She preſt,  
Laying aside her Goddeſs Form and Veſt;  
And like old *Beroe*, *Dorycles* Wife ſhe came,  
*Beroe*, who once had Children, and a Name.  
Amongst them thus, bearing her ſelf, ſhe ſaid;  
Ah Wretches! whom no *Grecian* hand convey'd  
To Death at home; ah hapleſs Race! for what  
Destruction are we yet preſerv'd by Fate?  
Since *Troy's* ſad ruine, now ſeven years are gone,  
Whil'ſt we ſo many Shores, and dire Rocks ſhun,  
Guided by Stars, whil'ſt *Latium's* flying Coaſt

Through \* troubled Waves we ſeek, 'mongſt Billows  
Our Kinfman *Eryx*, kind *Aceſtes* Land, (toſ'd.  
To plant, and build a Seat in, who'll withſtand?

(p) *Mare Magnum*, we interpret with *Servius*, *procelloſum*, rather than with *La Cerda*, *immenſum*, vaſt. In which ſenſe, *noſcitur pateris Myſam*, and (as happily ſupply'd) by *Vulcanus* *Melchior Canallus*.

O Countrey, and our Gods preſerv'd in vain,  
Shall never we ſweet *Simois* ſee again?  
Nor *Xanthus*? Shall no City be call'd *Troy*?  
Come, and with Fire this curſed Fleet deſtroy.  
For in my ſleep *Cassandra* did appear,  
Giving me Flames, and ſaid, Your *Troy* ſeek here,  
Here you muſt dwell; now, now or never, act;  
Nor, for a better Omen, Time protract:  
*Neptune's* four Altars ſee, who us inſpires  
With Courage, and preſents his ſacred Fires.  
Thus ſaying, ſhe fiercely ſnatch'd a flaming Brand,  
And brandiſh'd, blazing in her ſtrong right hand,  
Then caſts it forth; the Women this inflames,  
And fills with Cruelty the *Ilian* Dames.

Here one, call'd *Pyrgo*, who by birth took place,  
Nurſe to ſo many of King *Priam's* Race,

Thus

— *voluit minutamagno Depreſſa navis in Mari reſtantem ſentire*.

Thus cries aloud; This is not *Beroe*, this  
 Not *Dorycles* Wife, here Divine Beauty is:  
 Mark her bright Eyes, her odorous Hair, and Face,  
 Her Heavenly Voice, and her Majestick pace.  
 I now left *Beroe* sick, much griev'd that she  
 Onely, at such great Rites, should absent be,  
 Nor could due Offerings to *Anchises* pay.  
 Thus much she said.  
 But they with cruel Eyes the Fleet survey,  
 Doubtful betwixt dire love of present Lands,  
 And Realms invited to by Fates commands.  
 Then with spread Wings to Heaven the Goddess glides,  
 And the great Bow beneath the Clouds divides.

But they distracted, with strange Fury, cry;  
 Snatching those Fire-brands which on th'Altars lye;  
 Some ransack private Hearths, and raging, throw  
 Leaves, Branches, Boughs, and blazing Torches too;  
 Now loose-reign'd *Vulcan* charging every where,  
 Through Banks, through Oars, and Sterns of painted Fir,

When with sad Tidings *Emmulus* did come  
 To the Spectators, at *Anchises* Tomb,  
 Crying the Fleet's a-fire, and they could spy  
 Bright Sparks, in curled Clouds, ascend the Sky.  
 Out first of all *Ascanius* boldly went,  
 As when he led them to the Monument,  
 So to the woful Camp he made his way,  
 Nor could his frightened Tutors force his stay.

What means this wondrous Fury? out he cries,  
 Ah hapless People! here's no enemies,  
 No *Grecian* Fleet, but your own Hopes you burn;  
 Behold your dear *Ascanius*, and return;  
 And down before them his bright Helmet cast,  
 Which him in Martial Exercises grac'd.

Æneus

(6) *So Lib. 1. Et æva incesu patitur*  
*Det.* No greater mark of Divinity,  
 than *Hædorus*, than this manner of  
 going, *æva*, Which, according to  
 his description, was not by setting one  
 foot before another, but by a smooth vi-  
 olence cutting the Air more swiftly: for  
 which reason the Egyptians figure their  
 Gods with both their feet together. Thus  
*Hædorus*. Something in this kind  
*Callimachus* implies in his description  
 of *Pallas* (*Hymn. 5.*) returning from  
 conquering the Giants.

—*æva* à *æva* *idolozie* (to reading) *æva*.  
 Triumphantly the Goddess pass along.

Ovid.—*Incesit* vel *love digna* *serer*.

(7) The burning of the *Trojan*  
 Navy is related thus by *Plutarch*: That  
 it was done in the River *Tiber* by the  
*Trojan* Women, who believ'd that any  
 settled condition on Land was better  
 than so much uncertainty on the Sea.  
 The Women that were chief of the  
 Action, *Æthulla*, *Astynocha*, and  
*Antiphilissa*, Sisters of *Priam*, Daugh-  
 ters of *Lamedon*; that part of the  
 River hence nam'd *Narathus*.

*Æneas* gathers up the *Trojan* Bands:  
 But they, surpriz'd with Fear, through all the Strands,  
 To sheltering Groves, and gloomie Caverns, run,  
 And, their Crime loathing, dare not see the Sun.  
 At last their Friends they knew, and dispossess,  
 Dilemper'd *Junio* leaves their troubled Breast.  
 But not the cruel Fires could be asswag'd,  
 Far more their un-oppoſed Fury rag'd;  
 Tow, smothering lives under the sappie Oke,  
 And the fir'd Vessels vomit gloomie Smoke.  
 The cruel Plague seiz'd the whole Fleet at length,  
 'Gainst Rivers power, and all the Heroes strength.  
 Pious *Æneas* then his Garments rends,  
 And to the Gods for Aid his Hands extends.

Great *Jove* look down, if all the *Trojans* be  
 Not in thy hate, if antient Piety  
 Humane Affairs regards; these Flames destroy;  
 O Father, save the poor remains of *Troy*;  
 Or, if deserv'd, with Thunder strike me dead,  
 And flaming Vengeance dart upon my Head.  
 Scarce said, when suddenly a hideous Shower  
 From broken Clouds did with strange Fury pour;  
 The Battlements, and Basis of the World,  
 Loud Thunder shakes, from all Heavens quarters hurl'd,  
 With roaring Wind, fell Deluges of Rain,  
 Which fill the Ships, burnt Oke grows moist again,  
 Until the Flames were quench'd, and all but four  
 Escape Destruction, by a saving Shower.  
 But Prince *Æneas*, by this Chance dismay'd,  
 Now here, now there, his urgent Cares perswade;  
 Whether he should, forgetting Fates Commands,  
 Plant *Sicily*, or take *Italian* Lands.  
 Then spake old *Nautus*, one whom *Pallas* had,  
 For Noble Arts and Virtue, Famous made;

(f) A known Custom in extremi-  
 ty of Grief; *La Cerdas* conceives the  
 reason of it to be this, That by baring  
 their Bodies they made themselves  
 more capable of the Blows which in  
 these pussions they us'd to bellow  
 upon themselves.

(g) *Diomedes* having with *Ulysses*  
 help taken away the *Palladium* out of  
*Troy*, and kept it a great while, was  
 follow'd by the rage and vengeance  
 of *Astynocha*: to appease whom, he  
 was told by an Oracle, that he must  
 restore it, which he brought and gave  
 to this *Nautus*, who still had the keep-  
 ing thereof. Whence the Family of  
 the *Nautii* was ever after sacred to  
*Minerva*, and had the charge of the  
*Palladium*. *Varro*, in *Frag. p. 72.* To  
 this the Poet alludes, and to that  
 Story, where *Sp. Nautius*, of this  
 Man's Family, with *Manlius Agrippa*,  
 appeas'd the tumult of the People in  
 their retirement unto the Hill *Aventi-*  
*num*.

Both

Both the great wrath of Gods we must endure,  
 And what the Destinies Decrees procure.  
 Thus comforting *Aeneas*, he begun;  
 What Fate forbids, or bids, great Goddess Son,  
 With patience let's obey; whatever chance,  
 All Fortunes conquer'd are by sufferance.  
*Trojan Aestes*, of a Race Divine,  
 Unto thy Counsels an associate joyn;  
 Let him receive thy lost Ships companies,  
 And those now tir'd with thy great Enterprife,  
 The weary Matrons, and Old Men select,  
 The weak, and those whom Dangers do deject;  
 Here let them plant, and here a City frame,  
 And let them give to it "*Aestes* name.  
 He from his old Friends words did comfort find;  
 Yet many Cares did still perplex his mind.

When Night's black Chariot had possess'd the Pole,  
 From Heaven he did behold *Anchises* Soul  
 Descending, which to him in these words said.

Dear Son, more dear than Life, whilst Life I had;  
 Dear Son, busied in *Trojan* Fates, I came  
 Hither by *Jove's* command, who from the Flame  
 Preserv'd thy Ships, and pitied from the Skyes:  
 Doe as old *Nautas* lately did advise;  
 To *Italy* choice men, and Valiant, bear;  
 For a fierce People, us'd to War, are there.  
 But first to *Pluto's* dismal Courts repair,  
 And dark *Avernus*, where my Dwellings are.  
 I am not with sad Shades of impious Hell,  
 But with the Blest, in glad *Elysium*, dwell;  
 Hither shall \* chaste *Sibylla* thee convey,  
 Opening, with slaughter of black Sheep, the way:  
 What Seats to thee are given, then I'll tell,  
 And all thy Off-spring shew; but now farewell.

(\*) According to the Ethnicks, all Women that gave Oracles were chaste, and ignorant of the embraces of Men. So the Scholiast of *Aristophanes* affirms of her that gave answers on the Tripod: Then relates a story of one of them ravish'd by *Echecrates* a *Theban*, whereupon it was order'd, that from thence forward they should not take any to that Office under 50 years of age.

Down



—procul,  
 Conclamat vates, to:  
 Igne invade uiam, va:  
 Nunc animis opus Aenea,  
 26 IOHANNI BACKHOUSE

o procul este profani,  
 toque abstinete luto.  
 ginaque eripe ferrum:  
 nunc pectore firmo.  
 Armigero. Tabula merito vetita.



Down from her Vertick point the moist Night speeds,  
 And me the Sun drives hence with panting Steeds.  
 Thus having said, like Smoke through Crystal Skies,  
 He vanish'd thence, when thus *Æneas* cries :  
 Whom fly'st thou ? Whither goest thou ? to what place ?  
 Or who thus drives thee from our dear imbrace ?  
 This said, he th' Ashes stirs, and cover'd Fire,  
 And *Troy's* Lar worships in, old *Vesta's* Quire,  
 Offering full Bowls, and consecrated Bread :  
 Then calls *Acestes*, and his Friends, from Bed ;  
*Jove's* will, and his dear Father's, he declares,  
 And his Resolves in carrying his Affairs ;  
 Which at the first the good *Acestes* grants.  
 There, Women, he, and willing People, plants,  
 Poor Spirits, not affecting Noble Fame ;  
 The rest, their Banks and Oars consum'd with Flame,  
 And Tackle, mend, though few their numbers, yet  
 They all were Persons for bold Actions fit.

Mean while *Æneas* plows their City Walls,  
 And Seats alots ; this *Troy*, that *Ilium*, calls :  
*Acestes* joys in his new Realms, and draws  
 Their *Forum* out, gives Conscrip't Fathers Laws.  
 On lofty *Eryx* Shoulders then he rears  
*Italian Venus* Temple to the Stars ;  
 And to *Anchises* Tomb a Priest did grant,  
 Then round about a sacred Grove did plant.  
 The Nation now nine Dayes a Feast had made,  
 Whilst ample Offerings did the Altars lade ;  
 When gentle Winds had smooth'd the rugged Main,  
 And whispering Gales invite to Sea again ;  
 Along the trending Shores a Cry they raise,  
 And in imbraces spend whole Nights and Dayes ;  
 Those Women now, to whom before the Sea  
 Seem'd rough, nor could endure the Deity,

S f

Would

(1) Old, because the same with the Earth. See *Lilium Girald.* 4. *Syn.*

(2) Sets out the Circuit with a Plough, which we call *Lock-spining*. This *Cato* in *Origin*, saith was the Custom. For being about to build Cities, they yok'd a Bull on the right hand, and a Cow on the left. And being clad after the *Sabine* fashion ; that is, having their heads cover'd with part of their Gowns, and the other part tuck'd up, they held the Plough-share so slanting, that all the Mould fell inward ; and so by drawing of a Furrow, they design'd the place of the Walls, and hang'd up the Plough about the Gates.

(3) Alluding to the *Roman* *Castore*, who Deifying their Emperours, gave them *Flamens*, *Sacrifices*, Groves.

Would fail, and all the Toyls of Flight condemn.  
 With kind words good *Aeneas* comforts them,  
 And, weeping, leaves to King *Acces* care.  
 Three Heifers offering up to *Eryx* there;  
 Then kills a Lamb 't'appease the <sup>b</sup> angry Winds,  
 And straight in order Cables he unbinds;  
 His Brows an Olive-branch with Leaves infolds,  
 And standing on the Prow, a Goblet holds,  
 Casting warm Entrails in the flowing Brine,  
 And bitter Waves commix'd with sweetest Wine:  
 Fair Gales attend his Stern; the Sailors sweep  
 The Azure Pavement of the curled Deep.

But mean time *Venus*, with great Cares oppress'd,  
 Thus spake to *Neptune* from her troubled Breast.  
*Juno's* insatiate Spleen enforceth me  
 Thus to descend with all requests to thee:  
 Her, neither Time, nor Piety can move,  
 Nor Fates can quiet, nor commanding *Jove*.  
 'Tis not enough that her inveterate hate  
 O'rethrew the Glory of the *Phrygian* State,  
 Torturing their poor remains; but Bones and Dust  
 She persecutes; can such a Rage be just?  
 Thou know'st what Storms made *Libyck* Seas to rise  
 By her Commands, commixing Waves and Skies,  
 And with *Aolian* Tempests Mountains rais'd,  
 Thus daring in thy Realms.  
 The *Trojan* Dames, woe's me! by her Commands,  
 Did fire the Navy, forc'd in Forein Lands,  
 Their Ships being lost, their dearest Friends to leave.  
 Grant through thy Waves they may safe passage have,  
 And on *Laurentian* Tyber's Margins land,  
 If Walls, which Fates have granted, I demand.

Then

(b) Cicero, lib. 3. Nat. If we reckon the Clouds amongst the Gods, we may well reckon Tempests, which are consecrated by the Rites of the Roman People; Therefore Show'rs, Storms, Tempests, Whirl-winds, are to be accounted Gods. We putting to Sea, use to offer a Sacrifice to the Waves.

Then the deep Ocean's Tamer thus began.  
 What e're, great Queen, I in these Kingdoms can,  
 Whence thou didst spring, Command; I did appease  
 So oft such Fury both of Skies and Seas;  
*Xanthus* and *Simois* we witness bear,  
 No less at Land I for thy Son took care,  
 When stern *Achilles* did at *Troy* pursue  
 Th' affrighted Bands, and many Thousands slew  
 Under the Walls; full Rivers groan'd, nor way  
 Could *Xanthus* find to rowl into the Sea;  
 I, thy *Aeneas*, in a hollow Cloud,  
 Too weak in Strength and Gods, preserv'd from proud  
*Pelides* Sword, then wishing to destroy  
 Walls, which my own hands built, of 'perjur'd *Troy*.  
 My mind is still the same; then fear not, they,  
 Whom thou desir'st, shall reach th' *Avernian* Bay,  
 One onely must be in the Ocean lost;  
 'One for so many Lives it now must cost.

(c) Because of *Lamdan*.

When thus her troubled Breast he had asswag'd,  
 He joyns his Chariot-horse, and curbs th' innag'd  
 With fomy Bits, then gives them liberal reign,  
 Witli blew Wheels flying o're the azure Main.  
 Under his thundring Axe swoln Billows lie,  
 And stormy Clouds forsake the clearing Skye;  
 Then various shapes of Monsters did appear,  
 Old *Glaucus* Train, *Palemon* too was there;  
 With them swift *Trytons*, and all *Phorcus* Band,  
*Theis* and *Melite*, on the left hand,  
 With *Panopea* and *Nisæe* be,  
*Spio*, *Tbalia*, and *Cymodoce*.

Here Prince *Aeneas* flattering Joys did find,  
 Which something rais'd his long dejected Mind;  
 Who chearful, gave the Sailors straight command  
 To raise their Masts, and to their Tackle stand;

S f 2

All

(d) Alluding to the Custome of killing one Citizen for preservation of the whole City. *Lactant.* in *Stat. To* *inspire* the City with an humane offering, is a Custome of the Gauls; for some of the most infamous amongst them they entic'd with Rewards to sell himself to this use, who all the year was maintain'd at the Publick Charge very highly, and at last on a Solemn Day carry'd through the City in state, and in the Suburbs staid to death by the People.

(e) *Glaucus* was a Fisherman, who when he had slung the Fish he took upon the Grass, and had seen them recover the life they had lost, understanding the power of the Herbs, he pluck'd up one, tasted it, cast himself into the Sea, and was turn'd into a Sea-God; whole Troop *Virgil* calls aged, because he himself was old; or in respect of the whiteness of the Waves; as almost all the Gods of the Sea are feign'd to be. Thus *Servius*.

(f) *Phorcus* was son of *Neptunus* and the Nymph *Theosa*. But, according to *Jarns*, he was King of *Corsica* and *Sardinia*, who when he was sunk with a great part of his Army in a Sea-fight by King *Atlas*, was feign'd by his Companions to be chang'd into a Sea-God.

All work at once, Lar-board and Star-board hale,  
 And Shets unfurl'd, swell with a favouring Gale:  
 The gallant Squadron *Palinurus* lead,  
 And all observe to keep him still a-head.  
 And now almost the humid Night had reach'd  
 Heaven's middle Stage, 'mongst Oars the Sailors stretch'd  
 On their hard Banks, in quiet slumber lie.

(g) *Virgil* (saith *La Cerda*) reformes the errour of *Homer*, who makes Sleep to awake sleeping *Agamemnon*.

When *Somnus* gliding from th' ætherial Sky,  
 Through Darkness breaking, and the gloomy Shade,  
 To thee (poor *Palinurus*) straight convey'd  
 A fatal Dream; the God his Seat did take  
 On the high Stern, and thus, like *Phorbas*, spake.

The Sea, dear *Palinure*, will steer thy Ship,  
 Winds gently breath, there is a time to sleep;  
 Lay down thy Head, steal weary Eyes from Toy,  
 And I shall undertake thy Charge a while.  
 To whom he said, scarce lifting up his Eyes;  
 To trust a quiet Sea would'st thou advise?  
 And to this flattering Monster credit give?  
 Should I *Eneas* to false *Auster* leave,  
 And serene Skies, that oft have me betray'd?  
 And to the Helm he faster clings, this said,  
 And, steering, still his Eyes on Heaven did fix.  
 Steep'd in *Lethæan* Dew, and dipp'd in *Styx*,  
 A Branch, behold, the God shakes o're his Brows,  
 And did, his heavy Eyes resisting, close.  
 Scarce were his Limbs relax'd in quiet sleep,  
 And leaning back, when that part of the Ship,  
 Being weak before, sinks down, and with the Helm  
 The Master falls, whom briny Waves o'whelm;  
 Yet oft in vain he call'd aloud for Aid;  
 Whil'st *Somnus* mounts to Heav'n on Wings display'd.  
 The Ship no slower, nor with less safety, sails,  
 Nor in his promise mighty *Neptune* fails.

Now

Now near the *Syrens* Rocks they drew, which once  
 So dangerous were, and white with dead mens Bones;  
 Then murmuring Cliffs far off with Waves resound.  
 But when *Eneas* from her course had found  
 The wandering Ship, straight to the Helm he leap'd,  
 And for his lost Friend's sad misfortune wept.  
 O *Palinure*, trusting fair Seas and Skye,  
 Thou naked on some unknown Coast must lie.

their Ears with Wax. Upon them *Claudian* hath this Epigram.

*Syrens, th' allusive mischief of the waves,  
 Wing'd Virgins, twice Charybdis greedy Gave,  
 And Scylla's barking Rocks, inhabited;  
 Seas flustering Perils, and Waves pleasing Dread.  
 Ships fore a fore-wind running, when their Sails  
 Swell'd with the forcive Breath of saw'ring Gales,  
 Their voice alone did fix; who now no more  
 Think of returning to the wished shore,  
 But hate the Thoughts; no sense of Pain perceive,  
 But Live in the excess of Pleasure leave,*

*Mr. Sherburn.*

(h) The *Syrens*, according to the Fable, were partly Virgins, and partly Birds, Daughters of the River, *Achelous*, and the Muse *Calliope*. One of these sung, the second piped, the third play'd upon the harp. Their names, *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, *Leucosia*. First they liv'd near *Pelorus*, after in the *Capharean* Islands, which drew Men with their Musick into Shipwreck; which none escap'd but *Orpheus*, who overcame them with his Lute, and *Ulysses*, who caus'd his Men to bind him to the Mast, and stopp'd



Ventum erat ad limen cum virgo possete fata  
 Longas ait deus ceterosq. cui talia fandi  
 Ante fores subita non vultus non color omis.

Domino Don. THOME BOTELER  
 Equiti Ainaro Comiti Offery  
 31. Vicecomiti Thoris.



Non contig. manere amica; sed pectus anhelum  
 Et rabie fera corda tu ment. majore videri.  
 Nec mortale sonans afflatus est nunc ut quando  
 Jam propiore dei.

Tabula meritis votiva 249



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

AT Sibyl's Cave Æneas asks his Fates;  
 Inspir'd, she answers through an hundred Gates.  
 Misenus Rites; the Golden Bough is found:  
 Hell's dismal passage, and the Stygian Sound.  
 Rude Charon pleas'd; A Sop loud Cerberus takes.  
 Sad Souls hemm'd in with nine Infernal Lakes.  
 Dido is seen; Deiphobus appears.  
 Hell and Elysium. Every thousand years  
 Souls Lethe drink, and Bodies re-assume.  
 Anchises shews his Son those Lords of Rome  
 Must spring from him; their Characters relates;  
 And after lets him forth at Ivory Gates.



weeping, 'he said' at last, with  
 Sails a-trip,  
 To the 'Euboick Confines steers  
 his Ship.  
 Then sharp-shook'd Anchors they  
 cast out before,  
 And the tall Navy fring'd the edging Shore.

(a) These two Lines are said to have been remov'd by Tucca and Varus from the end of the last Book, where they were plac'd by Virgil, to the beginning of this, which as well the Interpreters as Manuscripts confirm.

(b) Either alluding to the ordinary Custom of Navigators, who think all Voyages long, or to the desire of Æneas, on to the beginning of the seven years Voyage; for from Caprea to Cumæ is but a little Voyage. But Historians affirm, that Æneas came into Italy the third year after the destruction of Troy, with Anchises, Ascanius, a Navy of 22 Ships, in which 3400 Men.

(c) Cumæ call'd Euboæan, because from Chulfer, a City in the Island Eubœa, came those that built Cumæ, guided thither (according to Paterculus) by a Pidgeon. The situation is thus describ'd by Agathang. Hist. Li. Cumæ, faith he, is a very strongly fortifi'd Town in Italy, not easily taken; seated, in ardua quodam, & difficillem aditum habente colle, & veluti specula Maris Tyrrenici. Imminet enim littori collis, ita ut ad ejus pedem statim Maris illius frangatur. Editior loca vultu cunctis est, turribusque & propugnaculis validissime structura.

To

(d) According to the opinion of those who think that truly the Seed of Fire lies hid in the Flint. *Symposium.*

*Semper inest ignis, sed raro cernitur ignis, ignis enim latet, sed sales prodit ad illius, Non lignis ut vivat eger, nec in occidit unda.*

(e) For *Æneas*, faith *Servius*, to purge himself for the death of *Pallurus*. *Nasimbergius* faith it is according to the ordinary Custom of Soldiers, who seek, and rejoice in finding fresh Water.

(f) This is now a Poetical Fiction. *Agath. lib. 1.* speaking of the siege of *Cuma* by *Nasus* the Eunuch, at the East End of a Hill there was a great Cave cover'd on all sides, and very hollow, so that it had some natural passages, and a huge depth, like Hell. They say that the great Italian Sibyl liv'd herein, and by inspiration foretold future things to those that ask'd her. They say likewise that *Æneas*, the Son of *Anchises*, when he came thither, was told by her all that afterwards happen'd unto him.

(g) An admirable Artificer for the murder of the Rival in his skill, *Perdix*, or *Talaus*, Son of his Sister *Ferdix*, fled from *Athens* into *Crete*, where among many other excellent piles of Buildings, he built the fam'd Labyrinth for *Minos*; but at length desiring to return to his Native Soil, perhaps encourag'd by *Theseus*, whom he aided in the overthrow of the *Minotaur*, he was detain'd by the King; he therefore betook himself to his known art, and made himself and his Son *Icarus* Wings, as the Fable faith; or rather invented Sails, which he fitted to two little Boats, and put himself in one, and his Son steer'd the other: but himself kept the Shores; his presuming Son sail'd into the Deep, and perish'd.

(h) *Dadalus* consecrated the Wings to *Apollo* by which he had flown; according to the Custom of the Antients, who were wont to offer those things to the Gods which either had been of use to them, or of ornament.

(i) Son of *Minos* and *Pasiphae*, sent to *Athens* to better himself in Knowledge and the Arts, Victor still in the Games there, and envy'd for his worth, was slain by the *Athenians*; and *Metagenes*, in revenge whereof *Minos* slew *King of Megara*, and destroy'd his City, and on the *Athenians* impos'd the yearly Tribute of seven of their Sons, and seven of their Daughters, to be sent into *Crete*, that they might fight with the *Minotaur*. (k) *Ariadne*, Daughter of *Minos*, who fell in love with *Theseus*, for the title of Queen was common to all of the Royal Stock: So *Euripides* calls *Polixenus*, *dramaturgus*. (l) Of Labyrinths there were four very eminent, one in *Egypt*, another in *Lemnos*, a third in *Italy*, and this in *Crete*, built after the Model of the *Egyptian*. It had five Pyramids, one at each corner, and one in the middle, of a hundred and fifty Foot broad, fifty Foot high, upon a square Base. It had five Pyramids, one at each corner, and one in the middle, of a hundred and fifty Foot, with such a top as hath a brazen Orb upon it, and one Covering laid over them all, from which hung down Bells in Chains, which lur'd by the Winds, made a sound afar off. Upon which Orbs there were other four Pyramids 100 Foot high, and other things, which *Pliny*, l. 36. c. 13. delivers from *Varro*.

They

To *Latian* Shores the youthful *Trojans* leap'd,  
Some seek the <sup>d</sup> hidden Seeds of Fire that slept  
In Veins of Flint; Beasts shady holds, the Woods  
Others cut down, and find conceal'd Floods:  
But those high Tow'rs pious *Æneas* sought,  
Where *Phæbus* reign'd, dread *Sibyl's* spacious Vault,  
Whom *Delius* had inspir'd with future Fates.  
They enter *Trivia's* Grove, and Golden Gates.  
    *Dadalus* leaving *Crete* (as Stories say)  
Trusting swift Wings, through Skies, no usual way,  
Made to the Colder North a desperate flight,  
And did at last on *Chalcis* Tow'r alight;  
There he his <sup>b</sup> Wings to thee, O *Phæbus*, paid,  
And wide Foundations of a Temple laid.  
The stately Porch *Androgeus* death adorn'd,  
Then the *Athenians* punish'd, yearly mourn'd  
For seven slain Children; there the Lottery stood;  
High *Crete*, against it, overlook'd the Flood.  
The rough address'd of a furious Beast,  
The Bull, which fair *Pasiphae* compress'd,  
And by-form'd *Minotaur* their monstrous Son,  
Foul Brood of their unnatural Lust, were done.  
Here the inextricable House display'd.  
But pitying *Dadalus*, <sup>k</sup> th' inamour'd Maid,  
Discovering all th' ambiguous Mazes, led  
Through the Dark <sup>l</sup> Labyrinth with a clew of Thread!  
Thou *Icarus* of this great work hadst shar'd  
No little part, had Sorrow not debarr'd:  
Twice he to draw thy Chance in Gold assay'd,  
Twice the Paternal Pencil dis-obey'd.

They had perus'd the stately work all o're,  
But that *Achates*, who being sent before,  
Did *Phæbus* and *Appollo's* Priestests bring,  
*Deiphobe*, who thus bespake the King.  
"Your eyes not now with Fancies entertain;  
Of the wild Herd seven Bulls must be slain;  
As many chosen Sheep on Altars paid,  
As is the Custom; these, the Priestests said,  
And *Trojans* to the lofty Fane invites,  
Nor they neglect to pay commanded Rites.

A Cave is hew'n from a Rocks vaster side,  
Where through a hundred Dores, and Portals wide,  
As many Voices issue to the Skies,  
When the inspir'd Sibyl prophesies.  
As he drew neer, the Virgin calls, Be bold  
To ask thy Fate, the God, the God behold!  
This said, her Colour straight did change, her Face,  
And flowing Tresses lost their former Grace;  
A growing Passion swells her troubled Breast,  
And Fury her distracted Soul possess'd;  
Greater she seems, nor like a Mortal spake,  
As the God neerer did approaches make.  
*Trojan Æneas* then a-loud she say'd;  
Hast thou not made thy Vows? hast thou not pray'd?  
Thamazing House till then will not display  
Inchanted Gates; this said, she silent lay.  
The *Trojans* tremble, struck with chilling fear,  
When from his fowl the King pow'r'd forth this prair.  
Great *Phæbus*, alwayes pitying hapless *Troy*,  
By *Paris* Hand and <sup>n</sup> Shaft, thou didst destroy  
Cruel *Æacides*; I mighty Lands,  
And many Seas have pass'd by thy commands:  
I long conceal'd <sup>m</sup> *Massylian* Nations found,  
And spacious Realms which <sup>n</sup> drowthy Sands surround;

T t

Now

(m) Alluding to that kind of day which is called *Fissus*, but one part whereof is kept holy, which *Æneas* is here advis'd not to lose, and with it his Oracle.

(n) Into that part of the Body of *Achilles*, the Grandchild of *Æneas*, which was vulnerable, which they lay was his Heel only: which deed being done in *Apollo's* Temple at *Thymbra*, *Æneas* ascribes the Patronage of the Fact to him.

(o) For *Libyan*: For *Æneas* never went so far into the Country.

(\*) The Plains of *Carthage*, which butt upon the *Syrie*.

Now we have seiz'd *Ansonia's* flying Shore,  
Let *Trojan* Fortune follow us no more;  
But all you Gods and Goddeffes which were  
Foes to *Troy's* Glory, now that Nation spare;  
And thou blest Virgin, humbly I intreat,  
(Since Realms I seek consign'd to me by Fate)  
That we in *Latium* may plant new aboads,  
And Habitations for our wand'ring Gods.

Then I to *Phæbus* and *Diana* shall  
Build a fair Temple, and a Festival  
Yearly appoint to great *Appollo's* Name,  
And there for thee a stately Chappel frame;  
Where thy mysterious Oracles, and deep  
Secrets of Fate, I'll for my Off-spring keep,  
And <sup>a</sup> pious men preserve the sacred Writ.  
Blest Virgin, not to Leaves thy Verfe commit,  
Left they to wanton Winds a sport be made,  
But Sing thy self, my Sute is; These he said;  
When she not able to endure the Load  
Of such a Pow'r, strives to shake off the God;  
The more she chaf'd, the more he curbs her in,  
Tames her wild-Breast, and calms her swelling spleen;  
Untouch'd, a hundred Portals open fly,  
Whence issued forth the Prophetess Reply.

Thou that at Sea hast scapt such Perils, more,  
And greater dangers wait for thee on Shore.  
*Trojans* shall footing find on *Latian* ground,  
(That Fear shake off) and with thy had not found.  
<sup>a</sup> War, War, a horrid War, and *Tyber's* Flood,  
Foaming Ice, with Deluges of Blood:  
Nor shalt thou *Xanthus*, nor *Greek* Leaguers want;  
There shall another stern *Achilles* vant  
Himself a Goddeffs Son, there shall Heav'n's Queen  
Revive the Rancour of her antient Spleen.

Which

(p) This, in after times, *Augustus* of the Posterity of *Aeneas* made good, who having vow'd a Temple of Marble to *Appollo* in the *Alban* war, against *M. Anany* and *Clodius*, at his return perform'd his Vow, and restor'd the *Lindus Apollinacis*.

(q) The Oracles which *Targuinus Superbus* bought of the *Cumean Sibyl* were a long time kept in the Capitol, which to preserve, study, and expound, there were chosen first two of the Nobility, call'd *Duum-viri*; then five of the Nobles, and five of the Commons, call'd *Decem-viri*; then five more were added, call'd *Quindecim-viri*: Lastly the number was made up fourty. Yet still they retain'd the last name. But all the Oracles of the *Cumean Sibyl* were burn'd with the Capitol: to repair which loss, Embassadors were sent into all Countries, where the *Sibyls* had resid'd; and among many other Remains of Antiquity, certain Prophecies of this *Cumean Sibyl* were gotten and kept with the rest in the Capitol.

(r) Describ'd in the four last Books.

(s) *Tyber* and *Namicius* before their new built Town shall answer *Xanthus* and *Simois* before *Troy*, and the *Latine* Tents, the *Dardanian*, and *Trojan*, *Abdulla*, and as the *Greek* was born of the Goddeffs *Thetis*, the *Roman* also of the Goddeffs *Venilia*, Sister of *Anaxa*, Wife of *K. Latinus*, a Sea Nymph, the same with *Salacia*.

Which of the *Italian* Cities, being poor,  
Or People, wilt not thou, for aid, implore?  
Again, a woman cause of all thy woe,  
And Forein Beds.  
Yet fear no danger, but on boldly go  
As Fortune leads; what scarce thou wilt believe,  
A *Grecian* Prince shall thee first succour give.

These horrid circumstances from her Cell,  
*Cumean Sibyl* bellowing did foretell,  
With dark phraze clouding Truth; then *Phæbus* flakes  
His curbing Reigns, and from her Bosome takes  
His cruel Spurs, granting a little rest.  
Soon as her Fit and high Distraction ceas'd,  
The *Trojan Heroe* Prince *Aeneas* said;  
Not any dreadful Form, renowned Maid,  
Of unexpected dangers me affright;

I forefaw all, nor fear the worst may light:  
But since the way to the infernal Courts,  
And *Stygian* Floods, lies here (as Fame reports)  
I crave, my dearest Father to behold:  
Ah guide me! and th'enchanted Gates unfold.  
I from a thousand Weapons, through the Flame,  
Him on my shoulders bore; with me he came,  
Suffering the threatening waves, and Tempests rage,  
Above the strength and fortune of his age.  
By his Commands, here my address I make;  
Then of the Son and Father, pity take,  
Since thou hast power, nor *Hecate* in vain,  
To rule *Avernian* Groves, did thee ordain.  
Could *Orpheus* make his Bride from Shades retire,  
With pleasant Notes of his enchanting Lyre:  
If *Pollux* could by an alternate Death  
His Brother ease, and tread so oft one Path;

(t) Some Interpreters will have the Poet mean this in relation to the *Struck*, who affirm, that a wife man must to revolve all things, that nothing may happen unto him unforeseen. So *Æschylus* in the person of *Prometheus*, perhaps alluding to his name

— I foresee  
All things to come, nought can arrive  
to me  
Unlook'd for;

But *La Cerda* refers these words to the advice of *Helenus*, l. 3.

(u) *Castor* and *Pollux* were Sons of *Jove* and *Leda*, wife of *Tyndarus*, begot they say by him in the shape of a Swan. *Pollux* was immortal, who, *Castor* being dead, prevail'd so with his Father, that by his own death he might redeem his Brother from Death; after which they liv'd and died by turns. The Fiction was occasioned by the Constellation *Gemini*, call'd *Castor* and *Pollux*, Sons of *Jove*, the one setting always when the other ariseth.

Why should I *Theseus* or *Alcides* name,  
 And my Progenitors from great *Jove* came?  
 Holding the Altars, such requests he made,  
 When thus to him th'inspired Priests said;  
*Trojan Æneas*, of Celestial Blood,  
 The way is easie to the *Avernian* Flood,  
 Black *Pluto's* Gates stand open Day and Night:  
 But to return, and view *Ethereal* Light,  
 That is a work, a labour, which a few,  
 Gracious in just *Jove's* eyes, could ever do,  
 Or such whose virtue carries to the Skies,  
 And were descended from the Deities.  
 For all the mid't is dark with horrid Woods,  
 Which round *Cocytus* motes with Sable Floods.  
 If such desires thou hast, and thou think'st well,  
 Twice to sail *Styx*, and twice to visit Hell;  
 If such unpleasing labours be delight,  
 What must be done, first briefly I'll recite.  
 Sacred to *Proserpine*, \* a Golden Bough  
 With soft and shining Twigs lies shaded now  
 In a dark Tree; this the whole Wood conceals,  
 And gloomy shadows hide in duskie Vales.  
 To visit parts below, all are restrain'd,  
 Until the Bough with Golden Leaves is gain'd.  
 This the fair Queen of everlasting night  
 Expects to be presented as her Right.  
 Where this is pluck'd, another straight will shine,  
 And a Bough flourish with a Golden Mine.  
 Then search with care, and when the Branch you find,  
 Take gently down; if Fate hath thee design'd,  
 As soon as touch'd, 'twill slip into thy hand,  
 Else all your strength, and sharpest steel withstand.  
 Besides, ah! thou not know'st it, all this while  
 Thy friends pale Corps the Navy doth defile,

(\*) Interpreters say that the Tree here celebrated by *Mars*, grew in the Wood *Aricino* consecrated to *Diana*, which Temple and Grove had a Priest styl'd *Rex Nemorensis*, by condition a Fugitive. Every Fugitive had leave to fight a Duel with the aforesaid King and Priest; if he could but carry a Bough away, he commanded the Grove and Temple, as if he had vanquish'd the King; till by the like Success he was dethron'd.

Whil'st

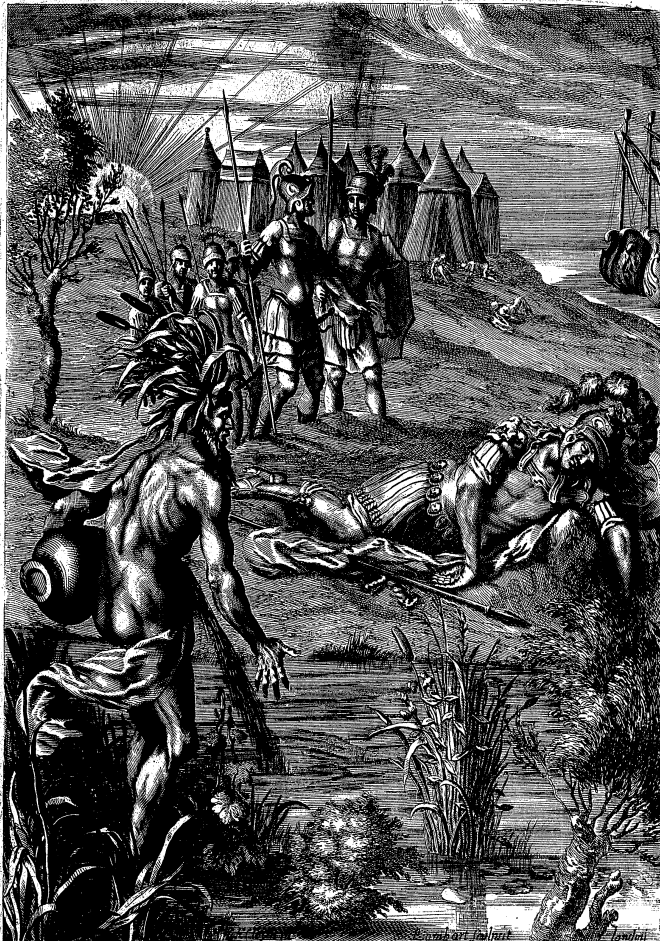
Whil't thou stais't here, inquiring Fates to come,  
First him remove, and with due Rites intomb;  
Then with ' Black Sheep; prime Expiations pay,  
So thou at last maist *Stygian* Groves survey,  
And Kingdoms to the living ne're reveal'd.  
Thus having said her Lips deep Silence seal'd.

(1) The greater part of Interpreters understand this of an Expiatory Sacrifice, by reason of *Misenus* his death; but *Le Cerdes* of the Necromantick Sacrifice, preparatory to his descent into Hell.

From thence, with sad looks, and a heavy heart,  
Revolving Fates, *Æneas* did depart:  
With him his trusty friend *Achates* goes,  
With equal steps dividing equal Woes.  
In various talk, many conjectures come,  
What friend lay dead, what Corps they must intomb;  
But as they went, on the dry Shore they found  
*Misenus*, most unfortunately drown'd.  
None like *Misenus*, in the bloody Fight,  
Sounded a Trumpet, Courage to incite.  
This *Hector's* friend in Battel would advance,  
Using his cheering Brass and dreadful Lance;  
But after *Hector* by *Achilles* fell,  
This *Heroe*, that in Valour did excel,  
Himself Companion to *Æneas* join'd,  
Who nothing was in feats of War behind:  
But whil't he sounded Levits neer the Floods,  
And a fond mortal challeng'd demy-Gods,  
Him, emulous *Triton*, if the Fame be true,  
Amongst the Rocks in foamie Billows threw.

(2) It was a custome at Funerals to raise a general loud Cry, the Reason whereof *Servius* affirms to be, that they might fully awake the Soul of the Dead, left any part thereof should remain in the Body. *Kekermans* faith, that they might delay the depirture of the Soul.

Therefore all round about a lamenting stand,  
But most the Prince; Then *Sibyl's* last command  
Weeping they haft, and with heap'd wood they toil,  
Above the Stars to raise his funeral Pile.  
They cut down antient Woods, wild Beasts abroads;  
Elms ring with Axes, Fir-Trees fall in Loads,  
Ash, and hard Oke they cleave, and from the tall  
Mountains, whole Woods of stately Cedars fall;  
Hasting



Hoc erat et terras animalia fessa per omnes  
Alitum pecudumq; genus sopor altus habebat:  
Cum pater in ripa gelidâ sub ætheris axe  
Æneas tristis turbatus pectore bello  
Procubuit, sermum delect per membra quietem.



Hic Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tiberinus ameno,  
Populus inter senior se attollere frondeis  
Visos, cum tenuis glauco velabat amictu  
Carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tenebat arundo.  
TANFELD VACHEL de Colley Comitatu Berle Armi:  
Tâchela merito votive

Hasting the work, *Æneas* leads the way,  
And, his friends chearing, us'd such Arms as they;  
And as the shade Coverts he survaïd,  
Thus to himself, brimful of sorrow, said;  
Ah! could I in this spacious Forrest now  
The Tree discover with the golden Bough:  
Since what the Prophetess, concerning thee  
*Misenus*, said, alas! too true I see.

Scarce said, two "Doves from Heav'n's ethereal round  
Stooping light gently on the verdant ground  
Close by *Æneas*; he his Mothers Birds  
Knew, and, rejoycing, courted in these words;  
Oh! be my guide, if there be any Tract,  
And to the Grove through Heav'n my course direct,  
Where golden Branches shade a fertile Vale;  
Nor in this Exigence, blest Mother, fail.  
This said, they rose; he with a piercing Eye  
Watch'd for a Sign, and whither they would flie:

But <sup>b</sup> feeding, on the Birds no farther flew,  
Than a quick-sighted follower may view.  
Thence when they reacht *Avernus* noisom Lake,  
A higher and a swifter flight they make;  
Where on <sup>c</sup> desired Boughs they pearch, whence Rays  
Through Branches of discolour'd Gold displaies.

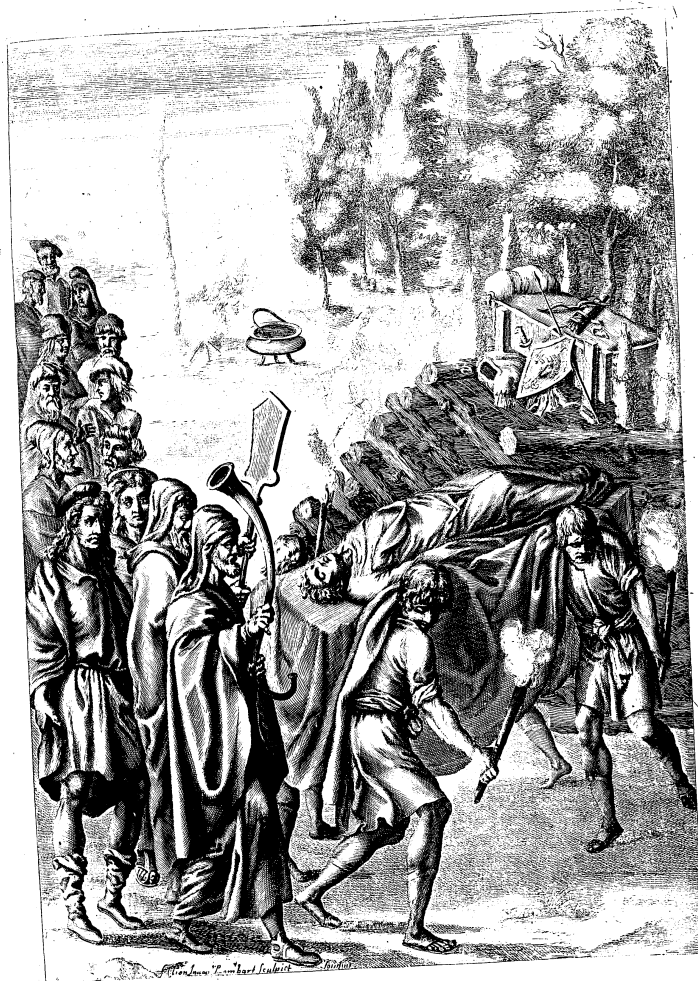
As in the Woods oft-times a Tree will grow  
Fresh in Cold Winter, green with Mistletoe,  
And a new Leaf, not from her own Sap shoots,  
Embracing the smooth Bole, with blushing Fruits;  
So, from the shady Elm, the Branches shin'd,  
The Spangles gingling with the gentle wind.  
Th'unwilling Branch, straight down *Æneas* tore,  
And to the Prophetess *Sibylla* bore.

No less mean while, *Trojans Misenus* mourn,  
And his sad Dust, with Funeral Rites adorn;

(a) Proper to *Æneas*, both as Son of *Venus*, and a King, *Pier. lib. 22*. They were Fortunate also to *Cæsar* when they built Nests in that Palm, neer unto which he had encamped. The same day that *Diadumenus*, the Son of *Marcius*, was born, an Eagle brought him a young Stock-Dove, laid it in the Cradle whilst the Child slept, and went away without doing any harm, which signifi'd that he should be Empe'our. The *Antiphices* said that *Alexander Severus* said, he should be Empe'our, because, that day he was born, an old woman brought his Mother a Present of Pigeons.

(b) Not without respect to the Roman *Augury* by Chickens, with *La Cerdia*, which were kept up for that purpose; if when meat was offer'd they came not forth to take it, or came slowly, or went back, or flew away, or the like, it was an ill Sign.

(c) The Antients thought that neer the *Isleri* and *Elysiac* Fields there was a Wood for pure and pious Birds, from which all Ravenous and Obscene ones were driv'n away. The poet insinuates something here, who brings in Doves flying in this Wood neer *Avernus*, that they may seem to be of the number of them which were in the *Elysiac* Grove. *La Cerdia* conceives *Virgil* to allude unto the *Dolonean* Oracles, of which *Heraclitus*, i. e. The *Dodonæan* Priests say thus; Two black Doves flew from Egyptian Thebes, one to Libya, the other to them, which sitting upon a Beech, said aloud with a humane Voice, that Jove's Oracle ought to be built there.



First a huge Pile of fappie Pine they erect,  
And cloven Oke, with fable Branches deckt ;  
About the sides they mournful <sup>a</sup> Cypress place,  
And with his shining Arms the Structure grace.  
Some <sup>e</sup> Water warm, the boyling Caldron fwims,  
They groan, then <sup>f</sup> bathe, and <sup>g</sup> 'noint his frigid Limbs ;  
Lamenting, on the Bier they lay the Dead,  
And over him his <sup>h</sup> Purple Garment spread ;  
Some, a sad Office, raife the ponderous <sup>i</sup> Hearse,  
And, as the antient use, Faces reverse  
Hold to the <sup>k</sup> Torch ; full <sup>l</sup> Bowls of Oil they turn,  
And <sup>m</sup> Gifts of Frankincense congested burn :  
After the Ashes fell, and Flames decline,  
The <sup>n</sup> Relicks, and dry Sparks, they quench in Wine ;  
*Corinews* did his <sup>o</sup> Bones in Brass inclose,  
And <sup>p</sup> thrice about with holy Water goes,  
<sup>q</sup> Purging his Friends, which sprinklingly he cast  
From happy Olive-boughs, then said his last.  
But Prince *Aeneas* <sup>r</sup> a huge Tomb did raife,  
On which his Arms, his Oar, and Trumpet lates,  
Under a <sup>s</sup> mighty Hill, which now they call  
From him *Misenus*, and for ever shall.  
This done, he did *Sibyl's* Commands dispatch.

There was a deep Cave with a wondrous breach,  
Which a foul Lake, and horrid Groves immure,  
Ore which not swiftest fowl could fly secure,

[illegible]

(d) Cypress Trees are here set before the Pyre, with allusion to the *Roman* Custom: They plac'd this Tree at the Threshold of the Door of him that was dead (because, being once cut, it never recovers) to prevent the entry of any man, who might thereby be deild. It is sacred to *Dia*.

(e) *Phry, Nat. Hist.* brings this reason why the Dead were washed with warm Water; and intermissively call'd aloud upon, or conclam'd, because often the Vind Spirits were conceiv'd to be mist and repress'd within, and thereby Men thought to be dead when they were not.

(f) *Athenaeus*, l. 9. faith, that the Body *ἀνίσταται*, which was done in honour of the Dead Person; the Verse of *Ennius*, imitated by our Author, is true.

TarquinI corpus bona femina lavit &  
uxit.

(e) That both *Grecians* and *Romans* us'd to anoint the Bodies of the Dead, is well known; *Za Cora* reckons up several kinds of Ointments; *Aromatick*, mention'd by *Apuleius* to this purpose; *Hyacinthine*, by *Propertius*; *Anemum*, by *Juvenal* and *Perfums*; and Ointment of *Roses*, by *Homer* (if his Interpreters may be believ'd.) He likewise proves, that they anointed especially the Mouth and Entrails of the Body.

(b) Purple is not, as some contend, induc'd for the magnificence of the colour, but as proper to Funerals, as being a colour of ill Omen, and to this day us'd by Princes in mourning.

(4) Respecting the Custom of carrying the Bodies of the Dead to the Pyre upon Shoulders. *Sutton, Ang. Senatorem humeris delatus in campum crematorem.* The office of the nearest a-kin to the Dead; when *Sophocles in Ajax*, makes *Ajax* his Son, and his Brother *Tencer*, carry him to the Sepulcher.

(k) *Servius* draws hither the Custom of bearing Torches before the Dead; but *La-Cerdas* interprets the Poet simply, as meaning onely the ap-

La Cérés ) pour Oil on the Fire. Thence  
the Fire. (m) Histories inform us, that

Funeral of *Sylla* so much Frankincense was made in full proportion, and the offer'd, because Sepulchers, and the Rites

Antients to preserve the Affes of their  
b) The Body of the Dead was foulded  
ing burnt, the Affes were not mix'd

three Verfes is exprest that kind of  
exercife any Religious Rites. (q) Lu  
by being at Funerals, or the like. So

(r) The greater the Tomb was, the  
 (s) *sub aeris*: Yet Mr. Sandys in his Journal  
 pitcheth in respect that it is hollow, partly

nerua, which space, for 54 miles, in the  
as : here Caus Marius had a Villa, and

Such

(1) It is of Circular form, and environ'd with Mountains, save those where it seems to have join'd with the Lake Lucinus: Shadow'd heretofore with overgrown Woods; a main occasion of those pestilent Vapours, by their being cut down by Agrippa, the place became frequently inhabited on every side, as approv'd both healthful and delightful: at which time when the Woods were cut down, an Image, suppos'd Calypso's, was found, which did sweat as endow'd with Life. Mr. Sandys.

(u) This was (say the Interpreters) ad probationem victimæ, lib. 4.

— media inter cornua fundit.

Fundere is sapina manu librare; here the word is invergere, which is, conversâ in sinistram partem manu, ita fundere ut patera convolveretur. The first us'd in sacrifice to Cerealia, the latter to Infernals; if the Victim was not flarried at this infusion, it was approv'd.

(x) This is that which the Greeks call *εὐνιγέω*, after immolation to begin the Sacrifice: They pluck'd off some of the Hair of the Beast, and threw into the Fire immediately before they kill'd it.

(y) The Ceremony in this particular was various, sometimes (in *sacris feralibus*) they receiv'd the Blood (in *pateris*) as here, and in Statius, *Thib. 4.* wherewith they either besprinkled the Fissæ, or (which was more usual) fill'd it: Prudentius, *Hymn. 16.* describes the Priest taking Blood from every part of the Beast,

Quin os supinat, obvias offert genas,  
Supponit aures, labra, naves obijcit,  
Oculus & ipsos perlit liquoribus,  
Nec jam palato parcat, & linguam ripat,  
Donec cruorem totum atram combibat.

(a) There was never by the Antients any invocation of the Infernal Deities perform'd without Blood: St. Augustine gives this reason (*De Civ. Dei*) Because Devils are thought to delight in Blood: The Interpreter of Statius, another; Because Blood is the proper Seat of the Soul, whence the Dead are call'd *Esquæ*. (b) La Cerda observes, that the killing of the Sacrifice was not always perform'd by the hand of the Priest, or express Minister, but frequently by the Prince: So Athenæus, *lib. 14.* takes notice, that Agamemnon in Homer sacrificeth. (c) Properly to Proserpine, who never had issue. (d) For they sacrific'd to Pluto at mid-night, *ἐν νύκτι* at the end of the Month. Philostratus, *de vita Apollon. 7. 10.* (e) The Holocaust, as Servius and Macrobius interpret; *Viscera* (saith the first) signifies not onely Entrails, but whatsoever is betwixt the Bones and Skin. (f) Proserpina. (g) Proserpine and her Dogs being call'd out of Hell by these Necromantick Rites, La Cerda supposeth that other Infernal Monsters coming along with them are here meant by the *Sibilæ*, and driven back, as prophane, not to be mix'd into these Ceremonies. The Custom of driving away prophane Persons by a Proclamation in these or the like words, is every where known: Servius cites these words of Callimachus as imitated by our Author:

— *ἵκετ' ἵκετ' ἵκετ' ἄνθρωποι.*

Amongst, that little of him extant, there is no such *Hemistich*: this onely comes near it, *Hymn. 2.* and is the same form:

— *ἵκετ' ἵκετ' ἵκετ' ἀνθρώποι.*

Another there is in the same kind, *Hymn. 6.*

— *ἵκετ' ἵκετ' ἵκετ' ἀνθρώποι.*

Which perhaps Servius might confound with the other, and so make up what he cites. Pollux, *lib. 8.* observes, that they us'd to put a Rope cross their Gates at these times, to keep out such Persons. Whence the Proverb, *ἀνεμίσθω τὰ ἵκετ'.*

And

Such noisome Vapours from foul Jaws exhale,  
From whence the Greeks the place *Avernus* call.  
Here four black Steers the Priests first prepares,  
" Wine pouring on their Brows, then " plucking Hairs,  
Which ranker grew betwixt their Horns, the laid  
On sacred Flames, and the first Offering paid:  
Hecate calling, great in Heaven and Hell.  
Some save in ' Bowls warm " Blood, that streaming fell,  
A black-fleec'd Lamb *pious Æneas* slew,  
The Furies Mother, and great Sisters Due;  
A ' barren Cow, thee *Proserpine*, he paid,  
And for Hell's King " Nocturnal Altars made;  
Then did on tow'ric Flames ' whole Oxen broyl,  
Pouring on scorched Entrails purest Oyl.  
But here behold! just at the rising Sun,  
The Earth did groan, and gloomie Groves begun  
To move from lofty Seats, Dogs howl in shade,  
As the *pale Goddess* her Approaches made.  
" Far, O far off, from hence be all prophane,  
The Priests cryes, and from the Grove abstain;



Trim de celo misit Saturnia luno  
Audacem ad Iarum, luno sum forte parentis  
Pitummi formis jacetis velle solent  
Ad quem sic regis Thaumantias ore locuta est:  
"Tunc, quod optasti, divini promittore nono  
Auderet, volens dicit exultant ultro,



Duo Thomæ Abdy. Militi & Baro

Æneas, urbe & sociis, & clasie relicto,  
Septem Palatini, sedemque petit Euan, Arj.  
Nec satis: extrinsecus, Oriti penetravit a turber;  
Lyberumq; manu, collectos armat ager, Arj.  
Quid dubitas: nunc tempus Equos nuncq; optent.  
Rumpere moras omnes, & turbata arripere, Arj.  
Æneid. 6. 3.

Tabula merito votiva  
Æ29

And thou, *Æneas*,<sup>b</sup> draw thy Sword, and go,  
Now use thy Courage, and great Valour shew,  
This said, down in the Cave she boldly leaps,  
As fast he follows with undaunted steps.

You Gods, that Souls and silent Shades command,  
Hell, *Chaos*, and that miserable Land,  
Grant that I may discover under ground,  
Wonders, in deep and utter Darkness drown'd.  
Through solitary Night, through<sup>c</sup> Shades they go,  
Through *Pluto's*<sup>k</sup> empty Courts, and Seats of Woe.  
Like one in Woods, that glimmering Beams receives,  
The<sup>l</sup> new Moon sprinkles through disturbed Leaves,  
When *Jove* hides Heaven in Clouds, and fullen Night  
Makes no distinction betwixt Black and White.

Just in the Gates, and horrid jaws of Hell,  
Sorrow, and Fear, and pale Diseases dwell,  
Revening Cares, and discontented Age,  
Invincible Necessity, and Rage;  
Labour, and Death, and Sleep, to Death a-kin,  
Then all the false Delights of deadly Sin,  
Terrible Forms, Discord, and bloody Wars  
On th' other side lay, broaching still new jars;  
The Furies there their Iron<sup>m</sup> Couches found,  
Their viperous Hair with bloody Ribbands bound.

Just in the midst an ancient Elm display'd  
Extended Branches, with a gloomy Shade,  
Where idle Dreams repose (as Stories tell)  
And under every Leaf in Clusters dwell:  
Then several kinds of monstrous Shapes appear;  
There *Scylla* stood, the<sup>n</sup> Centaurs stabled there;  
<sup>o</sup>*Briareus* fencing with a hundred Hands,  
By<sup>p</sup> *Lernian Hydra*, fiercely hissing, stands;

(a) A Giant first in War against the Gods; but afterwards, when *Juno*, *Minerva* and *Neptune* conspired against *Jove*, boasting his power and strength, and would have thrown him into Chains: by the persuasion of *Thetis*, *Briareus* came to the rescue of *Jove*, and prevented the mischief. Wherefore, whereas other *Titans* were cast into the Hell of Torments, he was honour'd here with a place of Trust, to be of the Guard of Hell. *Hesiod* saith, he was Son of *Cælus* and *Terra*, Brother of *Cœtus* and *Gæa*, had a hundred Hands, and fifty Heads. (b) The *Hydra*, a Serpent which had many Heads, whereof one cut off, another springing in the room: it lurk'd in the Lake of *Lerna*.

(h) Against the Ghosts, and the Monsters at the Entrance: *Calpurnius Rhodiginus* affirms, that the Poet saith this from the Doctrine of the *Platonists*, who believe that Devils fear Swords, which *Hortensius* saith hath been confirm'd by experience; *Delirius, Disquisit.* lib. 6. cap. 2. sect. 1. quest. 1. proves this to have been the opinion of the Jews likewise.

(i) Some take this for an allusion to the *Cimmerians*, whom *Homer* situates near the *Inferi*.

(k) Hell, so suppos'd either in respect to the largeness and capacity, or because only possess'd by Souls depriv'd of their Bodies.

(l) Some interpret this of the New Moon; others of the Moon in Eclipse; *La Cerda* only, under a Cloud; *Lux incerta*.

(m) Beds, improperly put for Dwelling-places. He advicely mentions the Dwellings of the Furies, not themselves, because they are sent to several places: and if perchance they make any abode in Hell, it is not ordinarily in the Porch, though they have Seats there; but within, to whip the wicked.

(n) The *Centaurs* were a People of *Thessaly*, the first Tamers of Horses, suppos'd therefore to have both shapes of Men and Horses: the Sons of *Ixion*, who taken up into Heaven by *Jove*, fell in love with *Juno*, who seem'd to yield to his solicitations, and deceiv'd him with a Cloud fashion'd in her shape, in embraces wherewith he begot these Monsters. The hint of the Fiction is from *Nephelæ* (a Cloud) the name of a Hill inhabited by them.

(p) *Chimera* had the same Parents as the *Hydra*, a Monster that had three Heads, and breath'd Flame. It is believ'd a Mountain in *Lycia*, out of which issued Fire, on tops whereof Lions haunted, Goats frequented the middle parts, beneath Serpents lurk'd *Bellerophon* slew the Monster, when by his Valour and Industry he made the Hill habitable.

(q) *Geryon* a King of *Spain*, whom *Hercules* slew. He was feign'd to have three Bodies, either because of his mighty Stature, or because he had two Brothers also so nam'd, who liv'd in perpetual concord. *Geryon* is a word going in a Round, meant perhaps of the Sun, as *Hyperion*, because he is feign'd Author of all vegetation: Whence likewise the name with *Hercules*, whose twelve Labours relate to his twelve Journey through the Zodiac.

(r) The Ethnicks divided Man into three parts, Soul, Body, Image; which last they call'd also *Umbra*, *Homer*, ὁμοῖον. The Soul and Image they sometimes suppos'd together *apud inferos*, sometimes separate, the Soul in Heaven, the Image in Hell, or the *Elysian* Fields. This Learning the *Sibyls* opens, saying, that Life is thin, bodiless, fleeing under the shadow or Image of the Form.

(f) The first Regions of Hell are surrounded with four Rivers.

(s) Some will have the Poet to allude to the manner of Orators, who stood whilst they pleaded; and so that following, *rendebantque manus*.

*Gorgons*, and *Harpies*, belching dreadful Flame,

Chimera up, with triple Geryon came.

Aeneas draws, surpriz'd with sudden Fear,

Offering the dreadful point to them drew near;

But that his learn'd Associate him perswades,

They were but fleeting, and fantastick Shades,

In vain he had attempted Ghosts to wound.

Hence led the way to th' Acherontick Sound:

With a vast Gulph here Whirl-pits vex'd with Mud,

Cast boyling Sands up from the Stygian Flood.

The Ferriman of Hell, foul Charon, keeps

These horrid Waters, and Infernal Deeps;

His untrimm'd Cheeks are rough with hoarie Hair,

Elf-lock'd his Beard, his fiery Eyes do stare;

Ty'd o're his Shoulders, hangs a sordid Coat;

Whose Pole, and Sails, drive on his crazie Boat

Laden with Passengers; though old, the God

Is youthful still, his Veins still full of Blood.

To these sad Banks, Old, Young, both Rich and Poor,

Hast in confused Throngs; upon this Shore,

Matrons, and Men, lamenting Babes remain

Mongst valiant Kings in bloody Battel slain;

With beauteous Virgins, and brave Youth, that were

Laid, in their Parents preface, on the Bier.

No thicker Leaves in Woods thou may'st behold

Fall from their Trees, nipt with Autumnal cold;

No thicker Fowl from th' Ocean flock, whom Frosts,

From Winter-quarters, drive to warmer Coasts.

With rear'd-up hands, they earnestly implore

For Transportation, to the farther Shore:

But churlish Charon culls his freight, then beats

The rest, lamenting, to remoter Seats.

Here Prince Aeneas, much admiring, spake.

What means this concurrence, Virgin, to the Lake?

VVhat

What would these Souls? Why leave they thus these

Why those roul'able waves, with yielding Oars (Shores?)

Then thus the long-liv'd Priestess straight replies.

Anchises Son, and sprung from Deities,

Thou Styx behold'st, and deep Cocytus now;

By which Gods swearing, dare not break their Vow.

Those woful Souls \* thou seest, are not interr'd;

That's Charon, those he wafts are sepulcher'd.

None are transported o're these horrid Waves,

Until their Bones find quiet in their Graves.

A hundred years they on these Shores remain,

At last their long-expected passage gain.

The Prince at this no further did advance,

And full of Thoughts, plying their sad mischance,

Leucaspes, and Orontes there he spies,

The Lycian Captain, wanting Obsequies;

Drown'd by a Tempest, as from Troy they stood,

Both Men and Vessel swallow'd in the Flood.

Behold! sad Palimurus then appear'd,

Who, whilst by Stars he Libyck courses steer'd,

Tumbled 'mongst Billows, from the lofty Stern.

Him, when he could in so much shade discern,

He thus bespake; Ah! which of all the Gods

Snatch'd thee from us, and swallow'd midst the Floods?

Say, for great Phæbus ne're deluded me,

But only in my hopes concerning thee.

He sung, thou safe should'st on Ausonia land:

What! must we thus his promise understand?

When here reply'd; great Trojan Prince, the God

Not thee deceiv'd, nor drown'd me in the Flood;

For the torn Rudder grasping with much force,

As to my Charge I stuck, and steer'd my course,

With it I fell; by the rough Seas I swear,

Not for my self conceiv'd I so much fear,

(a) This honour, according to the Poets, was given to *Styx*, either in requital to his Son's Victory. Force, Strength, and Fervour, who aided *Jove* against the *Titans*, or because *Styx* discover'd unto *Jove* the Conspiracy of the Gods against him, and their Plot to bind him.

(x) Tertull. de Anima. It is believed (saith he) that such as are not buried went not to the Inferi before their Rites were perform'd, according to *Homer*: *Patroclus* who requires *Achilles* in sleep to dispatch his Funeral, because that otherwise he could not approach the Infernal Gates, being kept off and driven back by the Souls of the buried.

(y) According to the Platonists, (saith *Horrensius*) ten, the most perfect number, being multiplied in itself, produceth a hundred, the term of years delin'd for the purging of Souls, after which they should enjoy *Elysium*.

(z) Who were drown'd, lib. 1.

But that the Master wanting at the Helm,  
 Such threatening Waves thy Ship might overwhelm,  
 Three tedious Nights on swelling Billows born  
 By furious Winds, I *Italy* next morn  
 Saw from an o'regrown Sea; thither I swam,  
 And by degrees to suppos'd safety came.  
 When cruel People, me, with Arms beset,  
 Laden with dropping Weeds, labouring to get  
 Up by the Cliffs, and slew in hope of Prey.  
 VVinds rowl my Body now, to Shore from Sea.  
 By Heaven's more joyful Light, thee I require,  
 And by thy hopeful Son, and happy Sire,  
 Take me from hence, or 'Earth upon me lay;  
 Soon thou may'st find my Corps in *Velin's* Bay.  
 Or if to thee thy Heavenly Mother give  
 Assistance, (neither com'st thou, I believe,  
 To pass such dreadful Streams, and *Stygian* Floods,  
 Without Commission from immortal Gods)  
 Pity a VVretch, and leave me not behind,  
 That I in Death at last may quiet find.  
 This said, the Priestels thus replies again.  
 VVhy, *Palinurus*, mak'st thou futes so vain?  
 VVould'st thou, unburi'd, pass the *Stygian Lake*,  
 And without License these sad Shores forsake?  
 Never believe, the Fates will hear such Prayers:  
 But let this Comfort mitigate thy Cares;  
 The neighbouring Cities shall thy Bones interr,  
 And, mov'd by Omens, build thy Sepulcher;  
 Then at thy Tomb pay yearly Rites, and shall  
 The place for ever *Palinurus* call.  
 These words infesting Sorrow overcame,  
 Proud that a Countrey now should bear his name.  
 Then on they went, and to the Stream drew nigh.  
 As *Charon* these, from *Stygian* VVaves, did spye

(a) This *Germanus* refers to the ancient Rite of the *Greeks*; for it was a high Crime to put by one unburi'd without flinging Dust upon the Body, after that *Burials* had first curs'd such a one. The expiation was a Sow kill'd in sacrifice before reaping of Corn.

(b) *Hyginus* (in *Agellius*, 10.16.) reprehends *Virgil* for making *Palinurus* name *Portus Velinus*, whereas *Velinus*, a Town in *Lucania*, whence the Haven was call'd, was built by *Servius Tullius*, 600 years after the coming of *Aeneas* into *Italy*. But *Turribus* defends our Author by deriving *Velinus* from *Velus*, as if he meant no more than *requiesce portus velut fides*. *Alciat*, by interpreting him not of the Town, but of the Fields and River, which always were in being; and that *Velinus* had its name from the River; is affirm'd by *Stephanus de Urbib. Caput Rodigius* (with whom agree *Jus. Scaliger*, and *Delrinus*) allow *Virgil* to speak prophetically, or by anticipation; not without examples of the like in *Sophocles*; and others.

Through sad Groves, bending to the dismal Flood,  
 Thus rudely he begins, and threatening flood. (Streams,  
 'Who e're thou art, that arm'd draw'st near our  
 Thy business tell; this is the place of Dreams,  
 Or Shades, and drowsie Night; depart; nor can  
 My *Stygian* Boat transport a Living Man.  
 Nor was I proud to carry o're these Seas  
*Theseus*, *Perithous*, nor bold *Hercules*, (crown'd;  
 Though sprung from Gods, and still with Conquest  
 In Chains \* *Alcides* our great Porter bound,  
 And, trembling, him from the King's Palace led;  
 These Hell's fair Queen pull'd from black *Pluto's* Bed:  
 Then briefly thus th' *Amphrysian* Priestels said:  
 This Prince hath no such Plot, be not dismay'd,  
 The Arms he bears are not to hurt, but save.  
 Let Hell's huge Porter, kennell'd in his Cave,  
 Barking, pale Souls eternally affright;  
 Let *Proserpine* her Uncle's Court delight.  
 This Prince, for Arms and Piety renown'd,  
 Would to his Father pass the *Stygian* Sound.  
 If no Example of such Duty thou  
 Regard at all, take notice of this Bough,  
 (Shewing the Branch conceal'd within her Vest;)  
 Then swelling Passion leaves his troubled Breast;  
 Nor more he said, admiring what excell'd,  
 That fatal Bough, after long time beheld;  
 Then turns his Bark, and to the Shores drew nigh:  
 Thence driving other Souls, which fate close by,  
 His Hatches open'd, he receives his freight.  
 Th' old Vessel groans with great *Aeneas* weight,  
 And leakie, freely drinks the *Stygian* Flood.  
 The Prince and Prophetels, from slimy Mud,  
 And fable Rushes clear'd, at last he bore,  
 Setting in safety on the other shore.

(c) Of this form, see *Brissotius*. *La Cerda* supposeth the Poet to allude to an Inscription and Edict upon the Bridge of *Rubicon*, which forbade *Cæsar* to pass over that River arm'd. *Quintus* is a form much us'd in Inscriptions concerning the Dead.

(d) The Souls of the Dead are call'd Shades, because (as *Plutarch* saith) they call no Shadow. Thus *La Cerda*.

(\*) *Hippodame*, the Wife of *Perithous*, being dead, *Perithous* and his Friend *Theseus* resolv'd to marry none, unless born of *Jove*. *Perithous* therefore first aid'd *Theseus* to steal the fair *Helen*, Daughter of *Jove* and *Leda*. In requital, *Theseus* aid'd *Perithous* to steal *Proserpine*, Daughter of *Jove* and *Ceres*, Wife to *Pluto*, King of Hell: but they both fail'd in the Enterprize; *Perithous* at the very entrance of Hell was devour'd by the Dog *Cerberus*, and *Theseus* was taken and cast into Prison. To redeem whom, being his Kinsman, *Hercules* descended into Hell, and deliver'd *Theseus*, and brought up with him the Dog in Chains.

(\*) VVe follow the ordinary reading, *Futiles*; but *Turribus* will have it *cutilis*, because *Pliny* affirms that the *Britains* had such Boats; and therefore he conceives the Epithete given here for the novelty.

Through

Stretch'd

Stretch'd in his Kennel monstrous *Cerberus*, round  
 From triple jaws makes all these Realms resound,  
 But when the Priestests on his Neck esp'd  
 The Serpents bristle, she a Morfel, fry'd  
 With Drugs and Honey, cast; he swallows straight,  
 With three devouring Mouths, the drowsie Bait:  
 Then on the Ground at his whole length he lies,  
 Measuring his Kennel with his mighty size.  
*Æneas* pass'd, whilst *Cerberus* slept, and leaves  
 The Shores of irrenavigable Waves.

When straight they heard the Souls of Infants cry,  
 Which, loud complaining, in Hell's entrance lie;  
 Whom a sad Day depriv'd of Vital Breath,  
 And wean'd from sweetest Teats with bitter Death.  
 Next, those that dy'd falsely condemned, dwell.  
 Nor without order take they place in Hell;  
 A silent Council cruel *Minos* calls,  
 And Lives examines of the Criminals.

Next after these those wretched Ghosts remain,  
 Who, weary of the World, themselves had slain,  
 Casting away their Souls; Life to procure,  
 They Poverty and Labour would endure:  
 But Fate denies, and the most dreadful Sound  
 Binds in, and *Stryx* nine times incircles round.  
 Not far from this open'd a spacious Wilde,  
 Whose dismal Plains were Fields of Sorrow still'd:  
 Here those whom Love's dire Cruelty had slain,  
 In Walks, conceal'd with Myrtle Groves, remain;  
 Nor quiet Death concludes their torturing Care.  
 Here jealous *Procris*, and sad *Phædra* were;  
*Eriphyle* mourning here, *Æneas* found,  
 Shewing her cruel Offsprings deadly Wound;

Mongst these *Pasiphae* and *Evadne* goes,  
 With *Laodamia*, reck'ning up their Woes;  
*Cæneus*, now a Woman, once a Man,  
 Restor'd by Fate to her first Sex again.

*Dido* amongst these Lovers wandred round  
 The spacious Grove, with a fresh bleeding Wound;  
 As soon as near the *Trojan Heroe* drew,  
 Her through the dark obscuring shade he knew;  
 (As one who sees, or thinks he saw the Moon,  
 Which Clouds discover, and conceal as soon)  
 Then from his Eyes a briny Torrent breaks,  
 And, in sweet Language courting her, thus speaks.

That News, ah hapless *Dido*, is too true,  
 Thou didst thy Hands with thy own Blood imbrue.  
 I was the Cause, the Cause of thy sad Death.  
 Both by the Gods and Stars I vow, and Faith,  
 If any is below, I did depart  
 From thee, best Princess, with a bleeding Heart:  
 But me the Gods inforc'd (who now compel  
 To see these Shades, sad Seats, and dismal Hell)  
 To leave thy Realm; Nor did I ere suppose  
 My absence could have wrought so many VVoes.  
 O stay, O turn: Whom fly'st thou, here to thee  
 Lutter my last words by Fates Decree.  
 Thus did *Æneas* ease his burthen'd Soul,  
 Whilst down his Cheeks the briny Billows roul.  
 She, discontented, casting down her Eyes,  
 Did not his moving Oratory prize,  
 But like *Marpesian* Rock or Pillar stood;  
 Then flies to shelter in the shady WWood:  
 There to her former Husband she repairs,  
 Who meets her Love, and comforts in her Cares.  
*Æneas* no less stricken with these VVoes,  
 Follows with Tears, lamenting as he goes.  
 Then bordering Confines of those Plains they found,  
 Possess'd by Valiant Souls, in War renown'd;

(f) *Alphæa viva Dicit*. *Pontanus* conceives the Poet to allude to the Custom of carrying forth those that died young, before the Sun rose; because they thought uniting the Sun should behold such a misfortune; for this reason the Day was said to take them away, because they were carried out as soon as that appear'd: *Black*, because unfortunate. *Macrob. Saturn.* 1. 15. perhaps respecting the marking of lucky Days with White Stones, and unlucky with Black.

(g) Alluding (in the opinion of Interpreters) to the manner of drawing Lots in the *Roman Forum* by the Judges; according to the first Lot the first Cause was tried, and so for the rest.

(h) *Stryx* was supposed to run nine times about the Infernal Regions, (*Novem circumfusa campis*, Stat. 2. Theb.) in respect, as *Germanus* conceives, to the *Novemdiaria sacra*.

(i) In allusion to the belief of the Ancients, that *Cocytus* was enter'd by the ears of the Damned: whence it hath its name, *αὐχὴν τὸ κούειν*.

(k) Some think alluding *ad cellas Lucretiarum*, which were in narrow Lanes, and private places. See *Lucretia*.

(l) *Cephalus* had a Dog of that swiftness, that he took all game; and a Dart of that happiness, that it never fail'd the aim; wherefore he bestow'd himself immediately on hunting. *Procris*, jealous that some other Nymphe was cause of his long stay abroad, watch'd him one day, and lay near him in a Thicket, where he refresh'd himself in the Shade, and courted the Air: She supposing he had courted some Nymphe, drew nearer to him; but he hearing the Bushes rustle, thinking that some wild Beast had lurked there, threw his unerring Dart, and kill'd the fair Deer, his Wife. *Ovid. Met.* 17.

(m) Daughter of *Minos*, and Wife of *Thestus*, fell in love with her Husband's Son *Hippolytus*, whose solicits when he refus'd, she turn'd the Crime on him. *Hippolytus* therefore fled his Country, but bearing with himself the Curse of his Father, was torn in pieces by his Horses, after which *Phædra* hang'd her self. (n) *Eriphyle*, corrupted by *Polynices* with a Chain of Gold, betray'd her Husband, the Prophet *Amphiaraus*, to *Adrastus*, who forc'd him to the *Theban* War, where he fore-knew he should perish. Therefore at his departure he left a charge with his Son *Alcæon*, that as soon as he heard of his death, he should kill his Mother, which he perform'd.

Mongst

(o) *Evadne* the Wife of *Cæneus* (who in the War between *Polynices* and *Eteocles*, scaling the *Thebes* Walls, was overwhelm'd with Stones, and slain) at her Husband's Funerals threw her self into the burning Pyre.

(p) Daughter of *Acæstus*, VVife to *Prætelius* Son of *Iphiclus*, one of the *Grecian* Princes, the first slain in the *Trojan* VVar by *Hector*, who was so foretold by the Oracle, yet went on in that Expedition the foremost. *Laodamia* took the news of his death with excessive sorrow, not to be satisfied without the sight of his Ghost, who appearing by night unto her (upon her extraordinary Complaints) she espied in his embraces.

(q) *Cænis* was a fair Virgin, deserv'd by *Neptune*, who granted her the choice of a wish; she chose to be a Man, strong, and invulnerable, to the end that she might never more be subject to the like violence. VVith her Sex she chang'd her Name for *Cæneus*; slain by the *Centaurs* overwhelm'd with Trees; after death chang'd (according to *Ovid*) into a Swan.

(r) *Marpesus*; according to *Strabo*, is a Mountain in the Island *Paros*; but *Jordanus*, de rebus *Gothicis*, speaking of the *Amazon*s, and particularly of *Marpesia* their Queen, addeh, that she came to *Caucasus*, and staying there some time, the place was after her nam'd *Saxum Marpesia*.

(s) *Virgil* divides the Infernal Places into five Regions, for Infants fallily-condemn'd, Self-murderers, Lovers, VVarriers; alluding to those fibercaneous places describ'd by *Plato* lying circuit.

Tydeus

(i) Son of *Atla*, famous for swiftness in running. See *David. Met.*  
 (ii) Some understand the King of the *Argives*; others a *Grecian* mention'd by *Homer* in the *Trojan* War; but the first is the truer; describ'd pale, in respect to his timorous flight from the Battle.

(x) A *Trojan*, Son of *Antenor*, kill'd by *Agamemnon*, as *Diſſy* reports, the Poet may likewise be understood of another *Glaucus* that came to aid the *Trojans*, *Ilad. 6.*

(y) *Medon* was a *Grecian*, Son of *Oileus*, *Ilad. 2.* nor was there any mention d of that name amongst the *Trojans*; whence *La Cerva* reads here *Mydon*, a *Trojan*, slain by *Achilles*, *Ilad. 21.*

(z) Not meaning the three foregoing persons, such *Servius*, but three others: for *Homer* gives other names to the sons of *Antenor*, viz. *Archilochus*, *Acamas*, *Helicon*.

(a) Charioteer of *Priam*, mention'd in the last of the *Iliads*.

(b) *Diſſy* Cretens's, lib. 5. *Attilianus* (saith he) took *Deiphobus*, who, as we said, after the death of Paris married *Helena*, and cutting off his Ears, his Arms, his Nose, and all other parts of his Body by degrees, kill'd him with great torture. *La Cerva* supposeth the Poet to allude to the *Julian* Law concerning Adultery, whereby the Husband, if he took any Man with his Wife, and would not kill him, might maim or cut off any part of his Body.

(c) With respect to the three-fold repetition of *Vale*. *Servius* upon this Verse, *Aen. 2.*

*Sic O sic postum affati discedite corpus.*

The sense (saith he) is this; Give me the Funeral comfort, that is, speak to me as they do to the Dead, *Vale, Vale, Vale.*

(d) The *Antients* took great care that no Man should be buried in a Grave, which another Body had taken up before.

*Tydeus* and bold *Parthenopeus* here,  
 With pale *Adraſtus* Shade, did first appear;  
 Then many *Trojans*, in that long *VVar* slain,  
 So much above lamented, in a Train;  
 \* *Glaucus*, *Medon*, *Thersilochus* he spies,  
 And th' *Antenorides*, with weeping Eyes;  
 Then *Polybetes*, *Ceres* Priest, and there  
 A *Jew* in his Chariot bore a Spear.  
 Now from all Quarters Souls about him drew;  
 Tis not sufficient once their Friend to view;  
 They stay, and talk, inquisitive to know  
 What business brought him to these Shades below.  
 But *Greek* Commanders, and the *Grecian* Band,  
 A Man in bright Arms viewing, frighted, stand,  
 Trembling with Fear; but some, as in times past,  
 To their Fleet, routed, in disorder hast;  
 Whil'st others, gaping, raise a feeble Cry,  
 And in the birth th' abortive Voices die.

Here *Priam*'s Son, *Deiphobus*, he found,  
 Mangled all o're, his Face one entire *VVound*;  
 His Face, and Hands, his Ears cut off, and Nose,  
 A lamentable Apparition shews.  
 Soon as he knew him, crouching, and dismay'd,  
 Covering dire punishments, he pitying, said;  
*Deiphobus*, great *Teucer*'s Royal Seed,  
 What barbarous Monsters could so vile a Deed?  
 Could Men in such Immanity delight?

It was reported, thou that dismal Night,  
 With mighty slaughter of the *Grecians* tir'd,  
 On a confused heap of Corps expir'd;  
 I rear'd thy Tomb upon the *Rhetian* Shore,  
 And did thy *Manes* thrice aloud implore;  
<sup>d</sup> There are thy Arms, and name; thee not being found,  
 I could not lay, dear Friend, in Native Ground.

Then



*Sicque heu Priamiden laetatum corpore toto  
 Deiphobum vidit, lacerum, crudeliter ora,*

Domino ROGERO  
 Tabula



*Ora manusq. ambas, populatas, tempora raytis  
 Auribus et truncas inbonis sibi vulnere narvis.*  
 LANGLEY Baroneſſo.  
 merito votiva.

Then he reply'd: Thou didst, my dearest Friend,  
 My Funeral Rites, and Obsequies attend:  
 But my own Fate, and false ' Wife, sent me here;  
 I, as Love-tokens, these her Favours wear.  
 For, as thou know'st, we pass'd with fond Delight,  
 Never to be forgot, that last ' sad Night,  
 When through high *Troy* that fatal Horse did come,  
 Bearing an Army in his pregnant Womb:  
 Then she, pretending Piety, advanc'd  
 With *Phrygian* Dames, and ' *Bacchanalia's*, Danc'd,  
 Bearing a blazing Torch amidst the Rites,  
 The *Grecians* from a lofty Tower invites.  
 Drownsie with Sleep, and wearied out with Woes,  
 In my unhappy Bed I took repose;  
 When deep and pleasant Sleep my Soul possess'd,  
 Like the sweet quiet of Eternal Rest.  
 Out of my Chamber then all Arms she laid,  
 And from my Head my ' trusty Sword convey'd;  
 Opens the Gates; lets *Menelaus* in,  
 Expecting thus his long-lost Love to win;  
 And, by so great a piece of Service, gain  
 An expiation from all former stain.  
 Brief, they broke in, with whom *Ulysses* joyns,  
 That curst Contriver of all dire Designs.  
 Ah! may the Gods such Cruelty repay,  
 If for the *Greeks* with pious Lips I pray.  
 But what strange Fortune brought thee here alive?  
 Did some mistake in Navigation drive?  
 What was the Cause? or by the Gods Commands  
 Com'st thou to dark and miserable Lands?  
 By this the ' Golden Chariot of the Sun  
 Celestial stages to high Noon had run;  
 Their whole time thus there they had talking staid,  
 When briefly *Sibyl*, thus advising, said.

X x

Night

(e) *Helena* (as we said) upon the death of *Paris* became the Wife to *Deiphobus*, so order'd by *Priam*; but against her will, as she complains in *Euripides Troad*.

(f) That last night of *Troy* is by *Valerius Flaccus* term'd *Nox Iuvica*, ab equo Duratco.

(g) *Helena* that night pretending to perform the Rites of *Bacchus* round about the Horse, by the Torches (which were in use at those Myteries and Sacrifices) gave Signal to the *Grecians*.

(h) They us'd amongst the *Afric*ians to hang up their Sword and Arms at their Beds head when they went to sleep: So is *Nestor* describ'd by *Homer*, lib. 10. and *Appian*, lib. 3. *Cato* (saith he) *missing his Sword which us'd always to be by his Bed side, cry'd out. that he was betray'd by Domestic Enemies.*

(i) The Interpreters of *Homer* and *Virgil* observe, that these Necromantic Rites must not exceed the space of 24 hours; for which reason the *Sibyl* here haltsens *Æneas*, urging, that it was now past midnight, and the morning of the second day ready to rise. So *La Cerda* best interprets; in which sense *Varro*, *Noctis mœnibus*.



(*f*) *Ixion* having slain his Father-in-Law, wander'd up and down the Earth, despis'd by all; until *Jupiter*, mov'd with his Repentance, took him up to Heaven, where he sollicit'd *Juno* (which Example *Jupiter* had before given him lying with his wife *Lia*, by whom he had *Pirithous*, on a Cloud in her shape, wherewith *Jupiter* deceiv'd him, he begot *Cemæus*: *Jupiter* for the insolence of this attempt, at first onely banish'd him to Earth; But there bragging of *Juno*'s favours, he put him in Hell, to be tortur'd upon a Wheel.

(c) *Fulcræ* are the Feet and Pillars that support the Bed; nor is this any thing repugnant to the custom of the *Grecians* and *Romans*, who laid their Beds on the Ground when they went to supper; since sometimes it is certain they rais'd them upon such Posts, whence the *Tori* are call'd here *Alti*. Thus *La Cerdà*.

(n) The first interpreter of *Tantalus* King of *Corinth*; others of *Phoen.* as King of *Arcadia*, who having pull'd out the Eyes of his sons by intigitation of their Mother-in-Law, tell himself blind, and had his meat taken from him by the Harpyes; *Apollon*, *Argonaut.* 2. Hence they conceive our Author to feign that he had the like Torment in Hell; The wicked (as *Plato* lix) carry the marks of what they have done in this life, at their backs in Hell; that their punishments may be fuitable to their offences: But *Spondanus*, whom *La Cæsa* follows, understands this of *Pirithous*.

(x) Alluding to the Law of the twelve Tables; *Patronus, si clienti fraudem fecerit, sacer esto.*

(7) Some conceive he hath respect to the Servile war, which (as *Florus* saith) was as important as the *Punic*. It was manag'd by *Ennus* General of the Slaves in *Sicily*, and cost much *Roman* blood, against him were employ'd three Confuls, first *C. Fulvius Flaccus*, then *L. Pifo*, and *P. Rapiunus*, who overthrew them; Yet presently after *Athenio* a Shepherd took up *Ennus* his quarrel and Arms, and was overcome by *M. Aquilius*. Others think this is meant of *Spartacus* the *Gladiator*, who got together an Army of Slaves, and gave many *Cills* to the *Romans*, till at last slain by *M. Crassus*.

(z) *La Cerdia* Much of this kind of Torture, as us'd by the *Cretones*, and *Romans*, was circumferential; is this; The *Okner* brought to a high eminent place, was ty'd to the Spokes of the Wheel, his Limbs much distended, in a figure thereof, then hanging; next turn'd about with the Wheel as swift as possible, till his Limbs were all round to a funder: The torment was increased by Fire, and a weight at his feet. (a) The story saith that *Thelfus* went along with *Viribous* to Hell to steal away *Persepheus*, for which he was condemn'd to sit upon a Rock, which he did until *Hercules* came there, who let him at liberty, yet not without some difficulty, that he came from there upon *May 9*, in relation to that part which he left behind *Triton* expounds the reason of our Poet, *lib. 1. Leon. C. 11*, it is described by *Ptilimachus lib. 1. Animad. Cap. 14*. Others referre this to the return of *Thelfus* after his *Leone*, *lib. 1. C. 11*, and then sent him into Hell. The Ambiguity of the word *Phlegyas* admits a second interpretation; for it may be the Accusative Case; as if the *Phlegyas* (a People of great impiety, as *Paulinus in Boet.* attests) were benighted by *Thelfus*. (c) There is a Story of a Maid at *Tadua*, who falling mad, (poke Greek and Latine, whereof the most part she was ignorant; and being three demanded which was the best Sentence in *Virgil*, as often repeated this Verse. (d) *Servius* here cites two, *Leptianus* who fold *Olympus* to *Philip*, and *Curio*, who fold *Rome* to *Cæsar* for twenty seven thousand *Sestertius*. (e) The *Laws* were engraven in Tables of *Brass* fill'd to *Pillars* in publick places, when they were repeal'd were taken down. (f) The Tables *Salustianus* faith besides *Laws* and *Edicts*, were the divisions of *Grounds*, *Astronomical* Tables, and other things ordinarily cut, call'd *Scripturae*, because fasten'd to *Pillars*.

Should I the *Lapithes* dire Seats make known,  
*Ision*, and *Piritheus* ? a huge Stone,  
Ready to drop, hangs o're their frighted heads ;  
On <sup>a</sup> golden Feet stand high and <sup>a</sup> genial Beds,  
And Boards before them fill'd with Princely Cates ;  
But neer the greatest of the Furies waits ;  
Who brandishing a Torch, starts from her seat,  
And thundring in their face, forbids to eat.  
Here Brother-haters are with pains repaid,  
Who slew their Parents, or their <sup>a</sup> friends betraid ;  
Or brooding lay on golden heaps alone,  
These thousands are, which did impart to none ;  
Those in Adulterie slain, or those <sup>o</sup> rebell,  
And did their native Prince to Traitors sell,  
Here meet their Dooms ; seek not these woes to found,  
Nor by what way Fate did their Souls confound.  
These rowl huge stones, and stretch'd on <sup>a</sup> wheels do lye,  
There <sup>a</sup> *Thescus* sits, and shall eternally ;  
Aloud through Shades, sad <sup>b</sup> *Phlegyas* mourning cries,  
Admonish'd, <sup>c</sup> Justice learn, nor Gods despise.  
This to a potent Prince his Country <sup>d</sup> sold,  
And <sup>e</sup> Laws enacted, and repeal'd for Gold ;  
That beds his Daughter, and no Incest spar'd ;  
All dar'd bold Crimes, and thriv'd in what they dar'd.  
Had I a hundred Mouths, as many Tongues,  
A Voice of Iron, inspir'd with brazen Lungs,

I could not all their several Crimes declare,  
Nor the variety of Tortures there.  
When *Phœbus* long-liv'd Priests thus had said,  
Go on, the bids, no time should be delay'd,  
And now our promis'd Gift we must present;  
I see *Cyclopean* Walls of vast extent,  
And mighty Gates, with stately Arches, where  
We were commanded the rich Bough to bear;  
Then through dark ways they went with equal pace,  
The mid-path taking, and approach the place.  
*Æneas*, purg'd with <sup>f</sup> water, enters now,  
And fix'd on gloomie Gates the Golden Bough.

This done, they came to seats of Joy, and Rest;  
Groves, happy Mansions of the ever blest,  
Which larger Skies cloath with a purple Grey,  
New Stars attending their <sup>s</sup> own God of Day.  
Some, in green meads, their time in wraffling spend,  
And gallantly on golden Sand contend:  
Some graceful Footing with a Song present.  
In a <sup>b</sup> long Robe the *Thracian* Poet went,  
On <sup>i</sup> seven sweet strings, descanting sacred Laies,  
His hand now strikes, his <sup>k</sup> ivory quill now plaies.

Here *Teucer's* antient and fair Race appears,  
Magnanimous *Heroes*, born in better years,  
*Ilus*, *Affracus*, and who built *Troy's* Spires ;  
Their Arms, and empty Chariots he admires ;  
Their Spears stuck down, their Steeds about the ground  
At pleasure fed ; what happiness they found,  
In Arms, or Charriots, or brave Horses, alive,  
That pleasure under Earth did still survive :  
Others he saw, on each side banquetting,  
Then in a solemn dance glad '*Pæans* sing,  
Shaded with sweetest Laurel, through whose woods,  
"*Eridanus* rising, rows his swelling Floods.

(f) They who offer'd to Celestial Gods, wash'd themselves, as for the Internal, it was enough to besprinkle themselves: This Sparian, *Servius* refers to the impurity which *Æneas* had contracted by the sight of *Tartarus*; *La Cerva* to another custom of those who went about to sacrifice, which they did not until they had first besprinkled themselves *lastrati aqua*.

(g) They were of opinion, that in *Elysium* there was a new Sun and new Stars.

(b) The habit of Musicians was of old, a long Robe down to their feet: of that kind which was call'd *Palla*, of colour commonly purple, or figur'd. See *La Cerda*.

(*ſee* *L. Cerdas*,  
(*ſee* *Callimachus Hymn in Del.* affirms, that *Apollo* confin'd his *Harp* to seven ſtrings, becauſe uſed the *Swans* at his birth ſung *Seven* times: But that the *Lyre* of the *Antients* was *Heptachordos* is enough known, fo ſirſt order'd by *Terpander*. *Pliny* 7. 56. *Poſidonus* ſuppoſeth the *Poet* here to allude to the ſeven kinds of *Muſick*; *Diſtemmata Syſtemata*, *Phrygiæ*, *Toni*, *Midiatolia*, *Alchææ*, in the ſeventh he is defective.

(k) *Nasimbænnus* affirms, that in the time of *Falsus* the Third, there was found a Marble Statue, holding in the left hand a Lute, in the right, a Quill, or Pecten: Hence saith he) it is manifest that the ancient Musicians used a Quill not a Bow to their Lyre; nor is the Pect here to be understood of the latter.

(1) *Peán* is a warlike Hymn; of which there were two sorts, one to *Mars*, the other to *Apollo*: The first sung before Battel, the second after Victory. Thus distinguished by Sca-

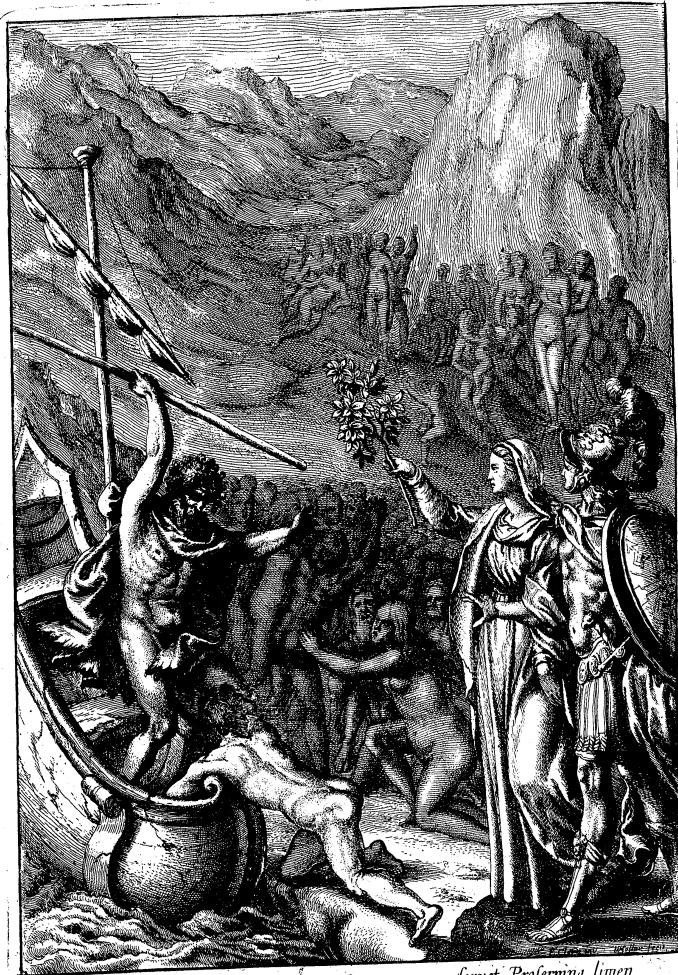
(m) The River *Eridanus* sinks into the ground, and none knows where it riseth ag in; and therefore is feign'd by the Poet to be in Hell, yet not wholly, but *Pluvius annis* in relation to the other part on Earth.

Here

Here those that fighting for their Country dy'd,  
 And Priests, that whilst they liv'd were chaste, reside,  
 With Divine Poets who lov'd *Phœbus* best,  
 Or did b'invented Arts mans life assist,  
 And others in their memory renown'd,  
 Their temples all with snow-white Garlands crown'd.  
 When *Sybil* thus to those about her spake,  
 Addressing to *Musæus*, who did take  
 Place in the midst, and taller than the rest:  
 Say blessed Souls, and thou of Poets best,  
 Where is *Anchises* Seat? to him we come,  
 And o're *Cocytus* dismal Billows swum.  
 To whom the *Heroe* thus in brief replid;  
 We have no certain places, but reside  
 On Beds of Grasse, and walk in "shady Woods,  
 And Meadows ever green with chrystal Floods:  
 But if you please to scale this rising Brow,  
 I shall the nearest way and certainst shew.  
 This said, he leading, they the Banck ascend,  
 Where glorious Fields they view, to which they bend.  
 But old *Anchises* fought with special care,  
 Souls which in pleasant Vales confined were,  
 Ready to view once more etherial Skies,  
 Where he by chance his own dear Off-spring spies,  
 Then takes recognisance of their numerous swarms,  
 Their fates, their fortunes, manners, wealth and arms.  
 As towards him he saw *Æneas* bend,  
 He both his hands did earnestly extend;  
 Then bathing of his cheeks with tears, he said;  
 Ah art thou come! thy Piety hath made  
 Easie the way; Son, have I leave to see  
 Thy face, and freely to discourse with thee?  
 So I did, calculating Seasons, look  
 Just for thee now, nor hath my care mistook.

(n) *Servius* observes that the Souls  
 of *Hæres* us'd to be worshipp'd in  
 Groves: with which agrees the tes-  
 timonie of *Lilius Giraldus Syntag.* 17.  
 That Groves were made consecrated  
 by Temples of the Gods: and thence  
 as *Æ. Cordus* conceives borrow'd their  
 name à *lucendo*; quod ibi accenderen-  
 tur lumina, Religionis causa.

From



Casto licet patrii  
Troius Aeneas, pietate  
Al genitorem, imas  
Sic nulla movet  
At Ramum tunc aperit  
Linguae, tumida ex ira



servet Proserpina limen,  
infixus, & armis,  
Erebi descendit ad umbras,  
tanta pietatis Imago;  
ramum, qui vestis latebat  
tum corda residunt.

Iohanni Rickards de Pressiane, Gen:

Tabula merito votiva.

From what strange Lands, through vast Seas hast thou  
That I enjoy thee now once more, dear Son? (run,  
What perills hast thou past? how did I fear  
Danger in *Libya*, whilst thou linger'dst there?  
Then he repli'd, Blest Father, thy pale shade,  
To seek thee here, oft strickt Injunctions laid.  
On *Tyrrhen* Shores the Navy rides; oh grace  
Me with thy hand! nor fly from my embrace.  
Then down his cheeks a briny deluge rould.  
His neck three times he labour'd to unfold,  
And thrice the Shadow swift evasion finds,  
Like flying Visions, or more nimble Winds.

When in a winding Vale *Aeneas* sees  
A secret Grove, Woods, and resounding Trees,  
And pleasant Seats, which *Lethe* water'd; here  
A world of various Nations did appear;  
As thick as Bees, when they in Meadows cling  
To various Flow'rs, and rifle all the Spring,  
And silver Lillies are beleaguer'd round,  
Whilst with mixt murmurs all the Plains resound,  
*Aeneas* at the wonder struck with Fear,  
Inquires the Cause, and what those waters were;  
Or why so, many persons on each side  
Did fill the Banks? *Anchises* then repli'd;  
Souls that must take new shapes, at *Lethe's* brink,  
Quaff secure draughts, and long Oblivion drink:  
Secrets of Fate now I desire to shew,  
That thou our numerous Progeny mai'st know;  
By which thou mai'st build greater hopes, and more,  
Landing at last on *Latium's* fertile Shore.

Sir, must pure Souls review ethereal air,  
And to slow Bodies once again repair?

Why

Why have the wretches such a dire delight?  
Then thus *Anchises* said; I shall recite  
(Nor will I hold thee in suspense dear Son)  
Each circumstance, so went in order on.

From first, Earth, Seas, and Heav'n's all-spangled Robe,  
The Golden Stars, and *Phœbes* silver Globe,  
A Spirit fed, and to the Mass conjoin'd,  
Inspiring the Vast body with a Mind.  
Hence Men, and Beasts, and Birds, derive their strain,  
And Monsters floating in the marble Main;  
These seeds have fiery vigour, and a birth  
Of Heavenly race, but clog'd with heavy Earth,  
Our dying Bodies, and dull Limbs annoy;  
From hence they fear, desire, they grieve, and joy;  
Nor more they mind their high descent, when they  
Imprison'd lye in a dark house of clay.  
But when an end of pleasant life they make,  
Not all corporeal punishments forsake  
The wretches; for 'tis just to cleanse, with pains,  
Their wondrous and their long contracted Stains:  
There, for old Crimes, they several Tortures find;  
Some hang a sport to every idle Wind,  
Others, vast Billows purge, some fry in Fire;  
All 'punish'd for themselves; some few retire  
To great *Elysium* then, and happy Plains,  
'Til antient Time obliterate their Stains,  
Leaving a Fire cleans'd from all earthly sense  
A pure Etherial Intelligence.  
All these, a thousand years being finish'd, God  
Calls in great Troops to the *Lethæan Flood*,  
That they forgetting, may Heavens convex view,  
And aet Old parts again in Bodies New.  
*Anchises* then his Son and Her, this said,  
'Mongst buie Troops and noysful throngs convoid;

Then

Then takes a Hill, from whence they might discern  
Their March, their Order, and their Persons learn.  
He shew thee now our glorious *Dardan* strain,  
Whose mighty Of-spring must o're *Latium* Reign;  
Illustrious Souls that will our surname bear;  
In brief, I shall thy destiny declare.  
Seest thou that Youth, that leans upon his Lance?  
He first must to Etherial Air advance;  
*Sylvius* an *Albane* name, thy 'Posthume Race,  
Sprung from *Italian* Blood, next takes his place;  
To thee, then old, him thy *Lavinia* brings  
Forth in the Woods, a King, and Sire of Kings:  
From whom our Race shall in long *Alba* reign.  
Next, 'Procas, th' honour of the *Dardan* strain,  
*Caps*, and *Numitor*, then *Sylvius*, he  
*Sylvius* *Æneas* shall be stil'd from thee;  
Like Piety and Arms shall him renown,  
When he in *Alba* shall enjoy the Crown.  
What mighty strength these young men shew, behold!  
But civil 'wreaths their Temples must enfold.  
These 'Gabii shall, 'Noment, and 'Fiden found,  
And 'Collatine Tow'rs erect on rising ground,  
'Pometia, 'Luni, 'Bola, 'Cora plant,  
Such shall their names be, though now names they want.  
And next great *Romulus* to his Grandfire joyns,  
Whose Mother *Ilia* sprung from *Tenecr*'s loyns.  
Seest thou two Crests shine on his stately Crown?  
This *Jove* himself shall honour as his own;

(p) Upon the death of *Æneas*, *Lavinia* big with child fled the Court, and secur'd her self in the Woods, where she was preserv'd by *Tyrheus* the Kings Herdsman, and deliver'd of this *Sylvius*, so nam'd from the woods wherein he was born, but after she had been a while mis'd, the people murmur'd, and laid the asperson of her death upon *Ascanius*, who succeeded his father. This her Host knowing, perswaded her to return to Court, which she did, and was lovingly entertain'd, and well allow'd all his life; And at his death, *Ascanius* prov'd himself son of *Æneas*, and seled the *Alban* Throne upon his brother *Sylvius*, and the chief Pontificate upon his own Son *Iulus*. So from *Sylvius* the *Alban* Kings are said to have descended unto *Romulus*, and from him were call'd *Sylvii*; who reigning in long *Alba*, fulfill'd the promise of *Jove* to *Venus*.

(q) *Procas* is here call'd *Trójane glavia genis*, because the Father of *Numitor*, Grandfire of *Rhea*, Mother of *Romulus*.

(r) An Oken Gushard was the Reward of him who had sav'd the life of a Citizen of *Rome*.

(s) A City in *Via Prænestina*, built by *Galatius*, and *Bius*, brothers, *Stellæ*, thence perhaps the name *Gabii* in the plural number.

(t) A midland City belonging to the *Latines*, according to *Livy* and *Pidonus*.

(u) A Colony of the *Latines*. This City was demolish'd by *M. Æmilius* the Dictator, *Strabo* fifth it was distant from *Rome* thirty Stadia.

(x) *Collatia* (such *Festus*) was a Town near *Rome*, so call'd because the Wealth of other Cities was conferr'd there; whence that Gate of

*Rome* so nam'd. *Servius* fifth it was built by *Tarquinius Superbus*, but rather by the *Alban* Kings, and augmented by *Tarquinius*. That which commonly follows *Laus pudicitie celebris*, &c. is not *Virgil's*, but infer'd by some Impostor, friend to *Lavinia*. (y) By *Pliny* reckon'd amongst the eminent Towns of *Latium*. *Ortelius* will have it the Head of the *Tusci* in *Campania*. (z) A City in *Tuscania*, so call'd from *Fas*, whom the *Latines* nam'd *Iunio*. *Macrob. Saturn.* 1. 22. *ab invicem possum cum convulsis anachilinis*, such *Servius*. (a) A City placed by *Ortelius* among the *Samnes*; mention'd by *Pliny* 2. 5. among the *Latines* towns. It was taken by *Marcius Corvinus* in behalf of the *Volsicians* in his Expedition against the *Romans*. (b) A City mention'd by *Strabo*, and by *Pliny*, who affirms that the *Corani* are descended from the *Trojan Dardanius*. (c) *Romulus* was grown, in his Age, too severe to the Senate; and they in the Senate-house tore him in pieces, and so convey'd him away under their Gown, the multitude mistaking him, born again in the Senate, but are prov'd by the subornation of *Publius Procus*, who swore he saw *Romulus* in the Night season in those more iniquick than was wont; and that he charged that they should cease their Grief for him, and pursue their Military affairs; for his City should at length be the head of the World, and that himself, rais'd up into Heaven, was made a God.

By this man's *Auspice*, Son, great *Rome* shall rise,  
Queen of the *VV*orld, and Rival of the Skies ;  
He shall seven Hills with one huge *VV*all furround,  
Happy with Men in Peace and War renown'd.

As *Berecynthia*, crown'd with Turrets, rides  
In state through *Phrygian* Cities, by her sides  
A hundred Nephews, Off-Springs of the Gods,  
All Heaven's Inhabitants, all in high aboads.

But hither turn thy Eyes, this Nation see,  
Here *Cæsar* comes, and these thy *Romans* be ;  
Now all *Ascanius* Progeny arise,  
Under the mighty Axe supports the Skies.  
There, there's the Prince, oft promis'd us before,  
Divine *Augustus Cæsar*, who once more  
Shall Golden Dayes bring to th' *Asonian* Land,

Kingdoms of old King *Saturn* did command,  
And shall his power to *India* extend,  
Beyond the Annual Circle, and beyond  
The Sun's long progress, where great *Atlas* bears,  
Laden with Golden Stars, the Glittering Sphæars ;  
At his approach Heaven's Oracles will shake

The *Caspian* Realms, and the *Mæotic* Lake ;  
*Nile* in seven Channels shall amazed stand ;

Nor did *Alcides* progress so much L and,  
Though he the *Hart* and *Boar* did overthrow,  
And *Lernian Hydra* trembled at his Bow ;  
Nor *Bacchus*, who with Viney Reigns came down,

Driving fierce Tigers from tall *Nysa's* Crown.  
Doubt we to raise our Glory then ? shall we  
Despair to plant our selves in *Italy* ?

What's he, with Olive crown'd, does Offerings bring ?

The Silver Tresses of the *Roman* King,  
And hoarie Chin, I know ; he first shall come,  
From a mean People, to establish *Rome*,

VVith

With Rites, and Laws, and from a barren Land  
Invited, must receive a great Command ;

*Tullus* succeeds, who shall from slothful Farms  
Rouse idle Men, and exercise in Arms

(Arch,

Troops, knowing no Triumphs yet. To Heavens bright

Next him behold vain-glorious *Ancus* march,

Now also, now too much with popular grace

Delighted. Wilt thou see the *Tarquin* Race ?

And the revenging *Bruus* haughty Soul ?

His *Fasces* born before him to the Pole :

He first the Consul's Dignity shall take,

And o're his Sons the cruel *Axes* shake,

For specious Liberty, and to judgment bring,

Because they rais'd new War for their old King :

Although Posterity the Fact may blame,

It was thy Country's love, and thirst of Fame.

The *Decii*, *Drufi*, stern *Torquatus* see,

*Camillus* bringing Gold and Victory.

But those behold, which shine in equal Arms,

Concording Souls, whilst Night their Spirits charms :

Ah when they live, What Wars shall they maintain,

Opposing each ! What Fights ! What numbers slain !

From the steep *Alps*, and the *Monætick* Tow'rs,

The Father comes, the Son leads Eastern Pow'rs ;

first waver'd should bestow himself upon his Country, which chanc'd upon *Decius*, and he rush'd upon a present death. The like his Son did in the War against the *Gauls*. (c) The Family of the *Drufi* he especially mentions for *Drusus* his sake, surnam'd *Germanicus*, Son of *Livia Augusta*, Wife of *Augustus*. (p) *T. Manlius Torquatus* : who because his son fought a Battle contrary to his Command, although he came off Victor, sentence'd him to death : was nam'd from a Chain (*a torque & armis*) which he took in single combat from a *Gaul* that challeng'd the *Romans*. (q) *Lucius Camillus* : drove *Brennus* and the *Gauls* out of *Italy*, who had taken and burnt *Rome*, by *Plutarch* honour'd with this *Elogium*, *Valens divitiis & auri*. The second Builder of *Rome*. The name, *Tatius* (in *Chilid.*) derives from *talus*, *ornare*. (r) Spoken with a kind of prophetic Omen ; for aligning the *Alps* and Northern Forces to *Julius Cæsar*, the Eastern to *Pompey*, he directly implies, that the first should be Victor. The like happen'd between *Alexander* and *Darius*, *Scythia* and *Niger*, where the Northern Armies overcame the Eastern. *Vegetius*, lib. 1. cap. 2. thus distinguished them. That the Northern were very apt to War, the Eastern most afraid of *VVounds* ; for which he gives this reason. That they have less Blood than the others. (f) A Haven of *Liguria*, from which *Hercules* was call'd *Monætic*, either because driving away all the Inhabitants he liv'd there alone, or because no God but himself was worship'd there. See *Strabo*, lib. 4. *Pliny*, lib. 3. cap. 5.

Y y 2

Your

(d) Of this Stag the story is uncertain, some affirming that it was neither slain nor shot (as our Poet implies) by *Hercules*, because sacred to *Diana*, but taken by him running ; others with Nets, others sleeping ; it is call'd *Eripes*, as by the *Greek* Fables *ἔριπος*, being feign'd to have brazen Feet : Though *Scaliger* affirm the Epithite to be common to all Stags, upon that of *Ascanius*.

*Vincens arripes ter terro Nescire cervi.*

So *Hesychius* interprets *ἔριπος*, *ἔριπος*.

(e) A Boar which haunted *Erimanthus*, and wasted all *Arcadia*, was by *Hercules* taken and carried to *Euripheus*, the Teeth of this Boar hung up a long time in *Apollo's* Temple at *Cama*.

(f) A City of *Arabia*, to the Nymphs whereof *Jove* deliver'd *Bacchus* to be brought up ; whence some conceive he is call'd *Dionysus*.

(g) *Numa Pompilius*, second King of *Rome*, was white-hair'd from his Infancy, but *La Cerda* refers this to his great Wildomè ; of which *Dion. Chrysost.* *Orat.* 25. *Numa* (saith he) undertaking the charge of *Rome*, when as it was little, mean, planted in a strange Country, her Citizens mix'd and bad, Enemies to their Neighbours, poor, unciviliz'd, living dangerously by reason of the cruelty of *Romulus*, he establish'd them in the land, made them Friends to their Neighbours, gave them Laws, Gods, and a Common-wealth, and was Author of all the happiness that ensued to them.

Your hearts to harden with dire War forbear,  
Nor with such force your Countreys Bowels tear.  
But thou, my Blood, who from the Gods deriv'st,  
First pity take, and Arms lay down.  
Fam'd with Greek slaughters, This in ' triumph shall  
From Corinth ride, to the high Capitol;  
He \* *Argos* and *Mycenæ* shall destroy,  
Revening Ancestors of antient *Troy*,

And *Pallas* Temple, which they did deface,  
On great *Æacides*, *Achilles* Race.

Who thee, renowned \* *Cato*, can forget?  
Nor ' *Cossus*, nor the \* *Gracchi's* Deeds repeat?  
Or the \* two *Scipio's*, Thunderbolts of War,  
*Libya's* destruction; or *Fabricius* spare,  
Powerful with little; or <sup>b</sup> *Serranus*, thee,

Turning thy Glebe; where will the *Fabii* Me  
Transport! Thou, \* *Maximus*, the onely Man  
That by delays *Rome's* fortune must regain.

Others, I grant, shall mould respiring Brads,  
And grave on Marble a more lively Face;  
Some better plead; and some Astronomers  
Better describe Heavens motion, and the Stars:

Be thou ambitious how to govern best,  
In these Arts, *Roman*, thou must be profest,  
That we a Peace well-grounded may enjoy,  
Subjects to spare, and Rebels to destroy.

*Anchises* said, they wondering all the while,  
*Marcellus* view, glorious in wealthy <sup>d</sup> Spoil;  
This Conquerour must in Virtue all o'recome,  
And shall in mightiest Tumults settle *Rome*,  
The *Pæni* wast, and *Gauls* rebellious Swarms,  
And to *Quirinus* offer thrice their Arms.

(c) He mentions *L. Mummius*, who being consul, overcame the *Achéti*, whence sprang *d' Achæti*, and demolish'd *Corinth*, for which he triumph'd; and is therefore call'd here to drive his Chariot to the Capitol, whither those that triumph'd went with great solemnity.

(e) *Paulus Æmilius* (who is here intended) overcoming *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, and reducing that Kingdom to the *Romans* (for which he triumph'd) is here, thereby said to revenge the *Trojan* his Ancestors, upon the Race of *Achilles*, from whom *Perseus* was descended, and is therefore here call'd *Æacides*. Of the Victory *Livy* gives this account: *There was so much Spoil, that every Horseman had 400 Denarii, the Foot 200 apiece; they carried away a hundred and fifty thousand Heads of Men.*

(x) The two *Catoes*, both named *M. Porcius*, one having the title of *Consul*, the younger of *Citizenship* were fam'd for Learning, Justice, and Wisdom; here the elder is conceiv'd to be meant, as well from the Epithite, *Maximus*, as because the younger was of the opposite Party to *Julius Cæsar*.

(y) *A. Cornelius Cossus* having conquer'd *Lar. Tullianus*, King of the *Veientes*, offer'd the *Opima Spolia* to *Jupiter Feretrius*. See hereafter.

(z) The *Gracchi* were one of the most noble *Roman* Families, allied to the *Scipios*, and therefore are they joy'd here by the Poet.

(a) Some here understand the two *Scipios*, brothers, *Publius* and *Cornelius*, who died in *Spain*; others, the two *African*, b' cause he adds, *Cladem Libya*. *Publius Scipio Africanus* overthrew *Hannibal*, and made *Carthage* tributary to *Rome*, paying yearly ten thousand Talents of Silver for fifty years. *Paulus Scipio Æmilianus*, the son of *Paulus Æmilius*, adopted by *Scipio Africanus*, took, burnt and level'd *Carthage* with the Ground, and reduc'd it to a *Roman* Province.

(b) *C. Attilius* was taken from the Plough, and made Consul, whence he had his surname *Serranus*, *aserrus*: but *La Cæde* labours to prove the story mistaken for that of *Cicinnatus*, of whom is recorded the same.

(c) Amongst the Family of the *Fabii*, whereof 306 were slain at *Cremora* in the War against the *Veientes*, *Virgil* particularly chooseth for praise *Fabius Maximus*, who from tiring out *Hannibal* got the name of *Emulator*, Delayer. Well known is the Verse of *Ennius* here imitated;

*Unus homo nobis cunctando resistit rem.*

(d) Those Spoils were call'd *Opima*, Rich and Magnificent, that in Battle were taken from the General of an Army. The first of this kind (for we read but of three) were by *Romulus* taken from *Acrus*, King of the *Cæcænes*, in the *Sabine* War; the second by *A. Cornelius Cossus*, taken from *Lar. Tullianus*, King of the *Veientes*; the third here by *Marcellus*, call'd the Sword, as *Fabius* the Shield of *Rome*.

*Æneas* here (for he a Youth beheld  
March in bright Arms, whose Personage excell'd,  
But with sad Looks, and a dejected Face)  
Said, Who is this with him keeps equal pace?  
Is he his Son, or one of his great Stock?  
How like to him! What Noise! What Suters flock!  
But Night with gloomy Clouds involves his Head.  
Then, with abortive Tears, *Anchises* said;  
Know not, dear Son, the Sorrows of thy own,  
This Wonder to the World must be but shewn;  
The *Roman* Progeny too great had seem'd,  
Had Heaven bestow'd this Jewel so esteem'd.  
What Groans, from *Mars* his Field, afflict sad *Rome*!

*Tyber*, when thou glid'st by his recent ' Tomb,  
What Funerals wilt thou see! nor any shall,  
Like him, who sprung from *Troy's* Original,  
Raile *Latium's* hope; and never *Roman* Earth  
Shall boast that she had foster'd such a birth.  
Ah piety, antient Faith, th' unvanquish'd Hand!  
None shall him arm'd, though n'ere so strong, withstand,  
Whether on Foot he charge the Hostile Rank,  
Or spurr his Steed from Shoulder to the Flank;  
Ah pitied Youth! if thy hard Destiny  
Thou overcom'st, thou shalt \* *Marcellus* be.  
Handfulls of Lillies bring, and Purple Flow'rs,  
That I may strew this Noble Soul of ours;  
Let me in Heaps such Presents on him lay,  
And, though the Gifts are vain, an Offering pay.

Then through those Regions they a Progress made,  
And all those wide Aerial Plains survey'd.  
Walking aside, *Anchises* did inflame  
*Æneas* soul with love of future Fame;  
After to him ensuing Wars relates,  
Describes *Lawentum*, and *Lawentian* States,

(e) It was a Custom amongst the Antients to erect their Tombs near a River.

(f) *Virgil* reciting this Book before *Augustus* and *Octavia*, the at the mention of her Son *Marcellus* swooned, and was so taken with the Poet's commemoration, that she gave him for every Verse which concern'd her Son ten *Sesterces*; ten *Sesterces* are about 78 pound, 2 shillings 6 pence of our Money.

(g) *Virgil*, lamenting *Marcellus*, alludes to the *Greek* Fashion of strewing Flowers upon the Sepulchres of those who died untimely, relating to their momentary vigour and shortness of life.

Directing him a course how to oppose,  
Or wave the Fury of his greatest Foes.

There are two Gates of Sleep, one made of Horn,  
Through which true Visions to the Skies are born;  
The other Ivory, polish'd purely bright,  
Whence false Dreams fall to ætherial Light.  
These, when *Anchises* had to's Son declar'd,  
And *Sibyl*, he the Ivory Gates unbarr'd;  
The Prince *Æneas* finds the nearest way,  
Where both his Friends and Fleet in safety lay.



Exin se cuncti diuinis rebus ad urbem  
Perfectio referunt, ibat Rex obitus auro  
Et Comitem Aeneam cuncta quatuor fenebat  
Ingrediens, varoque viam sermone levabat.

RICHARDO BILSTROD armig. fecit Templi



quatur, faciliq; oculo fert omnia circum  
Ence: capiteq; loco: & singula latet  
Exquirat, audique virum monumenta premunt.

Interiore, Tabula merito votum. 375



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Many strange Signs and Prodigies declare,  
A Foreign Prince must wed th' Ausonian Heir.  
Æneas enters Latium; threaten'd Wants  
Turn'd to a jest; the promis'd Land he plants,  
And Embassies to King Latinus sends.  
A Peace is made. Vext Juno stirs the Fiends,  
And calls Alecto's aid, since Heaven denies.  
A tame Deer kill'd, has bloody Obsequies.  
The Queen and Turnus, spur'd by Hellish Charms,  
From long Peace, Latium rous'd to impious Arms.  
Against th' old King's advice, all straight engage:  
Ianus Gates open'd, the fierce Vulgar rage.  
The Martial List. Camilla, in the Rear  
A Virgin, march'd, arm'd with a Myrtle Spear.*



Hou didst, "Æneas Nurse, Cajeta,  
give,  
Dying, our Shores a Name shall ever  
live;

The place thy Honour keeps, seal'd with thy Name,  
'Great Latium hides thy Bones, and spreads thy Fame.

But

(a) As *Polionensis* nam'd a Promontory in Lucania (*lib. 6.*) and *Misenus* a Hill in Campania (*ibid.*) so likewise *Cajeta*; whom *Æneas* upon his return from Hell finding dead, buried near the *Baia*, and built there a City which he call'd after her name.

(b) i. e. *Italy*. *Hesperus*, the Brother of *Atlas*, gave *Spain* its name, it being from him call'd *Hesperia*, afterwards flying from his brother into *Italy*, that receiv'd the same name, which for distinction sake they call'd *Magna*.

But Prince *Aeneas*, Rites of Funeral paid,  
 Her Monument rais'd, and swelling Seas allay'd,  
 Forfakes the Port, unfurling all his Sails,  
 Which Night made pregnant with respiring Gales;  
 Nor the bright Moon denies his course, but paves,  
 With trembling Beams, his way through Silver Waves.  
 By neighbouring Shores, *Circean* Coasts, they run,  
 Where the rich Daughter of the Golden Sun  
 In unfrequented Forests hourly calls  
 With charming Notes, and burns in stately Halls,  
 Loads of sweet Cædar, in Nocturnal flame,  
 Running neat Shuttles through a curious Frame.  
 Hence Yels, and Lions scorning to be bound,  
 In gloomy Night, most hideously rebound;  
 Bears, and wild Boars penn'd up, fill all with Cries,  
 And huge Wolves howl, of a prodigious size,  
 Which the dire Goddesses *Circe* there invests  
 With fierce aspects, and chang'd to \* salvage Beasts:  
 Left that the pious *Trojans* should be made  
 Such dire Examples, by enticements staid;  
 Left there they anchor, *Neptune* swells their Sails,  
 And, o're rough Shoals transports, with gentle Gales:  
 And now the Sea blush'd at the Dawn's approach,  
*Aurora* shining in her Golden Coach;  
 When suddenly the blustering Brethren slept,  
 Onely tough Oars the azure Billows swept.  
 Here Prince *Aeneas* saw a spacious <sup>d</sup> Wood,  
 Through which untroubled *Tyber*'s gentle Flood,  
 In nimble eddies, bright with Golden Sand,  
 Glides to the Sea; the Chancel, and the Strand,  
 Haunted with Fowl, which to the Forrest fly,  
 Lulling with pleasant Notes a froward Skye;  
 He bids them stand to Shore, with joy they stood,  
 And took possession of the shady Flood.

(c) *Circe*, according to the Scholiast of *Apollonius*, was Daughter of *Helios*, and *Hecate* Daughter of *Perseus*; consequently the Sister of *Medea*; but by Poets feign'd the Daughter of the Sun, perhaps because all Magic power is deriv'd from him; her name implying no more than his Circular motion. She poison'd her Husband *Scythas*, King of the *Sarmatians*, whereupon expell'd by her own Subjects from her own Kingdom, she fled to this place, call'd from her, *Circeum*. Then an Isle, now join'd to the Continent, in respect of which former division perhaps her Groves are here said to be impassable, if not in relation to the danger of her Charms. See Mr. *Sandys* his *Ovid. Met.*

(\*) See the several Fables at large in *Ovid. Met. lib. 14.*

(d) *Strabo* expressly, lib. 5. *Aeneas* (saith he) with *Antichiles* his Father, and his Son *Ascanius*, came to *Laurentum*, as the Tradition goes, landing near *Hostia* or *Tyber*.

*Erato*, now the Times I must declare,  
 What Kings of old in <sup>f</sup> antient *Latium* were,  
 When first *Ausonian* Shores the Stranger found,  
 And the Wars prime Original refound.  
 O Goddess aid; I bloody Battels sing,  
 And Troubles, which did Princes ruine bring,  
 The *Tyrrhen* Troops, and all th' *Ausonian* Land  
 Muster'd in Arms; great Tasks I take in hand;  
 A mighty Work. *Latinus* aged grown,  
 Now in long Peace enjoy'd his quiet Throne.  
 Whom Nymph <sup>b</sup> *Marica* did to *Favnnus* bear,  
 And Royal *Favnnus* was King *Picus* Heir;  
*Saturn*, from thee he boasts his Race Divine,  
 And thou the first of that Illustrious Line.  
 This had no Off-spring, no male Issue left,  
 In flow'rie Youth his Sons the <sup>†</sup> Fates bereft;  
 One Daughter must enjoy this vast Estate,  
 Now ripe for Marriage, and a Princely Mate.  
 Many from mighty *Latium* made resort,  
 And all *Ausonia* did this Lady court:  
*Turnus*, the Noblest, and most Eminent,  
 The Virgin fought, and had the Queens consent,  
 Who strove with strange affection them to joyn;  
 But dreadful Omens thwarted her Design.

A sacred <sup>i</sup> Laurel 'midst the Court did rear  
 A lofty Top, long kept by Pious Fear;  
 Which the King finding, he (as they report)  
 To *Phæbus* gave it, when he built his Court;  
 And the <sup>k</sup> *Lawentians* took from this their name.  
 When swarming Bees (a wondrous story) came  
 Murm'ring through Heaven, then all at once fate down  
 Upon the sacred Laurel's lofty Crown;  
 There with imbracing Feet in Clusters clung,  
 And roping down on loaden Branches hung.  
 Then straight aloud the skilful Augure cries,  
 A stranger from that Region of the Skyes

(e) *Servius* observes, that *Erato* is here set for *Calliope*; others are of opinion, that all the Muses are invoc'd under the name of one. *Macrobius* thinks, that the Poet did purposely invoke *Erato*, because all this War of which he is to write was occasion'd by the love of *Lesbia*.

(f) In distinction from the other, call'd New *Latium*, saith *Servius*. That there were two, is attested by *Pliny*, lib. 3. 5.

(g) Alluding (according to *Germanicus*) to *Moneta*, by the Greeks call'd *Minerva*, Mother of the Mules.

(h) The same with *Circe*. For *Lactantius*, l. 1. c. 21. informs us, that *Circe*: for her death was by the *Asinians*; after worshipp'd for a Goddess under the name of *Marica*. Whence *Latinus*, in *Æneid*, is styl'd Son of *Circe*: which if *Servius* had observ'd, he had not been entangled in so many difficulties, as *Turnebus* observes.

(†) He hints at the *Latine* story, which is this, *Amata* had two Sons, whom, with their Father's consent, she caus'd to be slain for promising and plotting to give their Sister in Marriage to *Aeneas*. (*Strabo*.)

(i) That the Laurel was consacral with the *Roman* Empire, is affirm'd by other instances, as of that eminent Laurel which began to spring up not long after the building of the City, call'd *Laureum* Nunc. And from that Laurel-benach which after the Marriage of *Argyllus*, which a white Hen holding, was by an Eagle let fall into *Levia's* Lap, shortly after growing up to a fair Tree, of which were gather'd the Triumphant Wreaths for the Emperours.

(k) The story may be parallel'd with many, as that *Paonia* was nam'd from an Oxe, the Capitol from the head of *Talus* found there: But *Herodian*, lib. 1. avers, that *Lawentum* was nam'd from the plenty of Laurels which grew there.

Coming I see, who must with Foreign Powers  
 Possess these Coasts, and rule our lofty Towers.  
 Besides, as near the King *Lavinia* stood,  
 With chaster Brands kindling the sacred Wood,  
 Her flowing Tresses seem'd to be a-fire,  
 And greedy Flame devouring her Attire;  
 Her rich *Tyara* blaz'd, her Crown of Gold  
 Sparkling with Gems, now busie Flames infold;  
 Fire, and dark Smoke, seize all her Royal Robes  
 And *Vulcan* scales the Roofs, in pitchy Globes.  
 But this strange Chance, and wond'rous Prodigie,  
 Declar'd the Princess should Illustrious be,  
 Her Glory shine, her Fortune should transcend,  
 Yet to the People did great War portend.

But the King troubled, goes t' *Albunean* Groves,  
 And his Prophetick Father, *Faunus*, moves;  
 Where the most great, and shade of all Woods  
 Resounds with sacred and sulphurean Floods.  
 From hence th' *Italians*, all *Oenotria*, sought  
 Answers in doubts: when Gifts the Priest had brought,  
 Here he repos'd on skins of *slaughter'd* Sheep,  
 And in the silent Night prepares to Sleep,  
 When wondrous Shapes of fleeting Forms appear;  
 He talks with Gods, and does strange Language hear,  
 Deep *Acheron's* darkest Counsels doth partake,  
 And sounds the bosome of th' *Avernian* Lake.  
 Here King *Latinus* seeking Answers, slew  
 A hundred chosen Sheep, by Custome due;  
 Then on their skins, being spread, to rest prepar'd;  
 When from the lofty Grove a voice he heard.  
 To no *Italian* Prince thy Daughter wed;  
 Unmake, dear Son, the ready Marriage-bed;  
 A *Foreign* Match is coming, who shall place  
 Our Stock and Name amongst the Stars, whose Race

Must

(1) A Spring and Wood there are of the same name, dedicated to the Nymph *Albunea*, which some suppose to have been *Ira*, Wife of *Athamas*, who threw her self with her Son *Meleager* into the Sea, to escape her Husband's fury, but swimming, recover'd these parts, and was here also Deified. Others suppose her to be the *Tiburtine* Sibyl.

(m) *Faunus* was Grandchild of *Saturn*, Son of *Picus*; for the merits of his life, he was consecrated a God after his death, and his Oracles in the Wood *Albunea* frequented.

(\*) Properly that part of *Italy* inhabited by the *Sabins*, so call'd from *Oenotrium* their King.

(n) In allusion (as is suppos'd) to the Oracle of *Amphiarus*, which who consulted, they lay upon the skins, especially of Rams, for the interpretation of Dreams. See *Cal. Rhod.* l. 27. c. 14. Or as *La Cerda*, because the *Roman* Commanders lay on beds of skins. *Claud. i. Sili.*

— *quoties sub pellibus egit  
 Edona hyemes*—

(o) The like Oracle is attested by *Joh. Lesley*, lib. 1. of the *Scyth* Chronicles.

Must in full power those numerous Nations sway,  
Which *Phæbus* sees, posting from ' Sea to Sea.  
This Counsel by old *Fænnus* given in deep  
And silent Night, *Latinus* did not keep,  
But it was trumpeted by flying Fame,  
Which round through all th' *Ausonian* Cities came  
When first the *Trojans* did at anchor ride  
Near *Tyber's* pleasant Banks, and flow'rie side.  
The King, some prime Commanders, and the Prince,  
Repos'd under a spreading Trees defence;  
Then, to refresh, on verdant Grass being set,  
Viands they lay on ' Cakes of purest Wheat,  
Making, with juicy Fruit, their Biskets swell:  
Food short, and Stomacks sharp, straight on they fell,  
And hard Foundations violently brake,  
Storming, with bolder Teeth, the fatal Cake;  
Then round about their wheaten Plates invade:  
We eat our ' Trenchers too, *Ascanius* said.

Nor saying more; this heard, an end affords  
To all their Toyl; his ' Father takes the words,  
And, frivolous, did former Threatnings find:  
Then said, Hail Lands, to me by Fates consign'd,  
Welcome ashore, our never-failing Gods,  
This Soyl is yours, these Kingdoms your aboads:  
Such Secrets, now I call to mind, my old  
Father *Anchises* thus to me foretold;  
When thou, dear Son, on Forein Shores being set,  
Sharp Hunger, Trenchers shall inforce to eat;  
Then let the ' weary rest, remember there  
To build a City, and strong Bulwarks rear.  
This is that Famine, thus we are undone,  
When Ruine threatned.  
Then let us boldly, with the rising Sun,

(p) From the Eastern to the  
Western Ocean.

(q) *Adorea liba*.

(\*) Of this eating of their  
Trenchers, *Sirabo*, lib. 13. and *Dionys.*  
*Halicar.* lib. 1. make mention, so that  
there seems to be as much of Historie  
as Fiction in this Omen. See *Germanus*  
upon this place.

(†) Not much unlike to this was  
that apprehension of as happy an  
Omen by *Paulus* the Consul in *Valerius*  
*Max.* who preparing to war  
against the *Persians*, coming home one  
day from the Senate, meets at the  
door his Daughter *Tertia*, then a  
Child, whom taking in his Arms to  
kiss her, and perceiving her to look  
sad, ask'd her the reason of it; she  
told him that *Pesva* was dead, mean-  
ing her little Dog; the Consul pre-  
sently takes hold of the words, and  
builds thereupon certain hopes of a  
most glorious Victory. *Val. Max.* lib. 1.

(‡) This Fiction some parallel with  
a story related by *Cromwell*, *Histor.*  
*Vandal.* lib. 1. ca. 17. Libani, *Orator* of  
Bohemia, was advis'd by *Orator* to  
marry him that should die in the Field  
upon an Iron Table, which happen'd to  
be a Countryman nam'd *Pribil* us, who  
turning up his Plough, eat his Meat  
upon it.



*Enas primique duces, & pulcherrimus  
Corpora sub hanc deponunt arboris alta;  
Instituitque dapas, & adorea liba per herbas  
Subjiciunt epulas (sic Duxerit ipse monchat)  
Et Cereale solum pennis agrestibus augent*



Duo: Henrico Puckring dno Newton de  
Tabula me,

*Consumptis hinc forte aliis, ut vertere, mox  
Exiguam in Cavernam penitus adjunt cecidit,  
Et Volare manu multique audacibus oritur.  
Haud crassa patiens nec parcere quadam  
Hæc etiam mentis confusio, inquit, fuit.*

Charlestown in Com. Cantab. Baronello  
votum, 280





I take your Gifts; whilst I am King, enjoy  
 Riches of fruitful Fields, and Wealth of *Troy*.  
 And let *Aeneas* come, if he intend  
 Such Love to us, and would be styl'd our Friend,  
 Nor shun an interview of lasting Peace;  
 I'll give him Earnest with a strict embrace.  
 Now to your King from us this Message tell:  
 I have a Daughter, which the Oracle,  
 And many Signs from Heaven, to match at home  
 Forbids; from Foreign Shores a Prince must come,  
 (Such happy Fates for *Latium* they declare)  
 Who to the Stars our Stock and Name shall bear;  
 This, I believe, is he whom Fates require,  
 And, if my Mind prompt rightly, I desire.

He orders then choyce Horses forth be led,  
 Snow-white three hundred, in high Stables fed;  
 Which to the *Trojans* were in order brought,  
 In Purple Trappings curiously wrought:  
 Gold Pottrels on their Breasts, from Head to Feet  
 Cover'd in Gold, they champ'd the Golden Bitt.  
 A Chariot for *Aeneas*, every Steed  
 Breath'd from his Nostrils Fire, ætherial Breed,  
 Of the same kind, which cunning *Circe* stole,  
 Whose Mortal Dam brought an Immortal Fole.  
 With these Gifts, and the Answers of the King,  
 Home Peace, the *Trojans* bravely mounted bring.

But then behold! from *Argos* did repair  
*Jove's* cruel Wife, and flying, cuts the Air.  
*Aeneas*, and the *Trojan* Fleet, she spies  
 From high *Pachynos*, through ætherial Skyes,  
 Saw how they Houses built, and left the Flood,  
 Now trusting Land, fix'd she with Sorrow stood,  
 Benumm'd with bitter Grief, all Motion ceas'd;  
 Her Head then shaking, thus she eas'd her Breast.

Ah hateful Race, and *Trojan* Fates, which stain  
 Our Fates; why dy'de not these on th'*Ilion* Plain?

Why

Why not made Slaves? why did they not expire  
 In *Trojan* Flames, through Enemies, through Fire,  
 These found a way. I weary grow of late,  
 Or without Vengeance satisfi'd my Hate.  
 Yet bravely I these Fugitives pursu'd,  
 Whom their own Countrey's ruines did exclude,  
 Against them, I made the whole Ocean rise,  
 With the united power of Waves and Skies.  
 What *Scylla*, *Syrts*, *Charybdis* me avail'd?  
 They to sweet *Tyber's* long'd-for Chancel sail'd,  
 Clear from rough Seas, and me. <sup>d</sup> *Mars* ruin'd quite  
 The mighty *Lapithes*, ' *Diana's* spight  
 Jove himself wreak'd on antient *Calydon*:  
 What were their Crimes? or what had either done?  
 But I, *Jove's* Royal Spouse, unhappy I,  
 A thousand wayes did all Conclusions try,  
 Yet worsted by *Aeneas*: If Heaven's Queen  
 Wants power to wreak on him deserved spleen,  
 Thou scruple Aid I'll seek, where e're they dwell;  
 Will Heav'n not help allow, I'll raise up Hell.  
 Grant, spight of us, that he in *Latium* reign,  
 And immov'd Fates *Lavinia* his ordain;  
 But yet we may obstruct this great Affair,  
 And waite both Nations, with destroying War.  
 At such cost let them joyn; thy Dowry, Maid,  
 In *Rutil* shall, and *Trojan* Blood, be paid;  
 And stern *Bellona* shall for *Hymen* stand;  
 Nor *Giffis* onely shall bring forth a Brand:  
 Another *Paris* comes, and *Venus* Son,  
 And Fire for rising *Troy's* destruction.  
 This said, she dreadfully to Earth descends,  
 Then from Infernal Shades, and Seats of Fiends,  
*Aleto* calls, who in her Bosome bears  
 Treason, dire War, fond Jealousies and Fears.

Aaa

The

(d) *Pirithous*, Son of *Ixion* King of the *Lapithæ*, at his VWedding invited the Neighbour *Centauri*, and all the Gods but *Mars*, who being inrag'd, sent a Fury amongst them, that set the *Lapithæ* and *Centauri* together by the ears.

(e) The lesser Deities, without leave, could hurt no body. *Jupiter* gave power to *Diana* to pour out her Fury upon *Calydon*, which is a City of *Ætolia*, the Royal Seat of *Oeneus*, who when he had sacrific'd of the first-fruits to all the Gods but *Diana*, she for anger sent in a Boar that destroy'd all, which was afterwards slain by *Meleager*.

(f) He makes *Hecuba* the Daughter of *Cissus* King of *Thrace*, as *Enripidas* and *Æneas* do likewise. *Homer* and *Ovid* will have her to be Daughter to *Dymas*. She dream'd that she was deliver'd of a Fire-brand, and brought forth *Paris*, who was the cause of burning *Troy*. I therefore our Poet fith, that the birth of *Paris* shall be like to *Paris*; and as *Troy* was consum'd by him, so the remnant of the *Trojans* by *Aeneas*: For he compres *Hecuba* to *Tenis*, *Paris* to *Aeneas*, and *Helen* to *Lavinia*.

The Devil himself at this Hag shuts his Gate,  
This Monster the Infernal Furies hate:  
So oft she is transform'd, such faces makes,  
Her foul Breast broody with ten thousand Snakes,  
Whom *Juno* in such Language did persuade,

Virgin, Night's Daughter, muster all thy Aid,  
Bring all thy Forces, lest our honour'd Name,  
Ruin'd, now sink, with our declining Fame;  
Lest that the King his Child *Aeneas* grant,  
Lest needy *Trojans* rich *Ausonia* plant.

Unanimous Brothers thou canst arm to fight,  
And settled Courts destroy with deadly spight,  
Storm Palaces with Steel, and Pitchy Flames,  
Thou hast a thousand wicked Arts, and Names;  
Thy Bosome disimbogue, with Mischief full,  
And, Articles concluding Peace, annull:  
Then raise a War, and with bewitching Charms  
Make the mad People rage to take up Arms.

Big with foul Poyson, thence the Hag resorts  
To *Latium*, and *Latinus* lofty Courts,  
There silently *Amata's* Chamber stole;  
When female Rage and Care perplex'd her Soul,  
About the *Trojans* coming to their Coast,  
And *Turnus* Marriage spightfully thus crost.  
At her the Goddess from foul Elf-locks cast  
A Snake, and near her Stomack fix'd it fast:  
By which distracted, she might all distract.  
It gently gliding in a harmless Tract,

Did through her Garments to her Bosome rowl,  
Her Breast inspiring with a viperous Soul:  
Wound up in Links, the Snake's a Chain of Gold,  
A Fillet now her Tresses to infold.  
Before the Poyson, and sharp Pestilence  
Rais'd swelling Palsion, and secur'd all sense;

(c) *La Cerda* observes out of *Arnobius*, that when any were initiated into these prophane Mysteries, a Snake was cast into their Bosoms, by which Ceremony they were consecrated.

Before the Flame her sweet Affections catch'd,  
And milder Thoughts; about her Daughter match'd  
Unto a Stranger, weeping, much dismay'd,  
As Mothers use t'express their minds, she said.

On th' exil'd *Trojan*, Sir, will you bestow  
*Lavinia*, and on her no pity shew?  
Nor pitiest me, whom he, when North-winds rise,  
Will leave, and bear to Sea his Virgin-prize?  
The *Phrygian* Swain in *Greece* no longer staid,  
And *Helen* to the *Trojan* Tow'rs convey'd.  
Where is thy sacred Faith, and antient Care,  
And Vows so oft thou didst to *Turnus* swear?  
But if a Match from Foreign Lands must come,  
And thou decreest what is thy Father's doom;  
Sure I believe all Countreys Foreign are  
Which thou not rul'st, and so the Gods declare.  
From *Inachus*, and old *Acrisius*, springs  
*Turnus*, thou know'st; and these were *Grecian* Kings.

When she perceiv'd Perswasions vain, and found  
No Argument could move him from his Ground,  
Th' infernal Poyson shoots through every part,  
And Serpentine Affections seiz'd her Heart:  
Then the unhappy, direly discontent,  
Through the great City, like a Frantick, went.

So turns a Top, which Boys through empty Courts  
Drive with huge lashes, eager at their Sports,  
Running in Circles, counter-circled round  
Through winding Entries, which with Blows resound;  
The ignorant, and childish Troop, admire  
That Blows should smooth-skinn'd Box with Life inspire:  
Thus giddily about the Town she rag'd,  
And the rude Vulgar, apt to catch, engag'd.

Then flies to Woods, pretending *Bacchus* Rites,  
The foul Crime heightning, greater Rage excites;

(b) All Poets, as well *Greek* as *Latine*, suppose *Helen* to be Daughter of *Leda*, except one cited by *Athenæus*, lib. 8, who makes her the Daughter of *Nemesis*: but *Lactantius*, lib. 1. cap. 21. affirms, that *Leda* died her death (at which time the change of names was usual) was call'd *Nemesis*.

(i) As soon as *Demeter*, who was with Child by *Zeus*, as they say, descending into her Bosome into a golden shower, was deliver'd, her Father *Acrisius* put her and her young Son in a Boat, and expos'd them to the mercy of the Winds and Seas: but she was safe brought to the *Apulian* shore, and presented by a Fisherman, who took her up unto *Pilemenus* the King, he having learn'd her Progenitors, married her, and had Issue of her *Darius* Father of *Turnus*.

(k) *Lymphata*, q. *Nymphata*, such as those were said to be whom the Nymphs tormented with Furies for beholding them naked; or such as runn'd upon sight of their shadows in the Water: though *La Cerda* derive the word immediately from *Lymphæ*, because *Vine* drunk at Feasts pure was believ'd to procure a Lymphatium in the Body, but mix'd half with Water, madnes and Fury.

For the her Child t'obscuring Groves convey'd,  
 That so the *Trojan* Match might be delay'd.  
*Euxæ*, *Bacchus*, crying in a dreadful tone,  
 The Virgin thou deserv'st, thou, thou alone;  
 Deck'd with Vine-leaves, for thee they Javelins bear,  
 For thee they dance, and save their sacred Hair.  
 The modest Matrons startle at the Fame;  
 At last all burn in like Infernal Flame;  
 Their Houses they forlake, new Rooves to find,  
 Treffes exposing to the wanton Wind.  
 But others deaf with Cries Heaven's Chrystal Arch,  
 And girt in <sup>m</sup> Skins, with Viney Javelins march.  
 She with a blazing Pine amidst them flings,  
 And *Turnus*, and her Daughters *Hymens* sings;  
 Rowling her bloody Eyes, thus she exclaims  
 With direful Looks; Io! you *Latine* Dames,  
 If any Love in your chaste Bosomes yet  
 Remain for me, the most unfortunate;  
 If any Care of Mothers power excites,  
 With flowing Treffes act now *Bacchus* Rites.  
*Aleto* such a Queen through Desarts brings,  
 And drives, where wild Beasts dwell, with Furies Stings.

After she saw enough that Fury burn'd,  
*Latinus* counsel his whole House o'return'd,  
 From thence the ugly Goddess made resort,  
 On black wings mounted, to bold *Turnus* Court;  
 Whose City, *Danae* (as Fame informs)  
 Planted with *Grecians*, thither drove by Storms:  
 From Augury of old they call'd this Seat  
 = *Ardua*, and *Ardua's* name is ever great.

Here *Turnus* in his Royal Court repos'd,  
 When silent Night with Darknes all inclos'd.  
*Aleto* straight transforms her Hellish Limbs,  
 Her Furies Face, and an old Woman seems:  
 Plowing deep wrinkles in her horrid Brow,  
 Her grey Hairs binding with an Olive-bough.

(l) Respecting the ancient superstition, *regem regum*, where they let grow their hair for some god to whom they vow'd it for Health and Prosperity. See *Turneb.* l. 7. c. 14.

(m) Of Harts; Others say, of Does. *P. Latinus* affirms that the *Bacchantians* were cover'd with the skins of Foxes.

(n) So read (as *Pierius* attests) the ancient Manuscripts, not *Ardea*; with which agrees the exposition of *Servius*; He alludes well (with he) for *Ardea* is so call'd, q. *Ardea*, i. e. Great and Noble, though *Higinius*, in *Italic.* Urb. will have it to be call'd from the augury of the Bird *Ardea*. For that of *Odd. Met.* is fabulous, that the City burn'd by *Hannibal* was chang'd into this Bird.

Like *Calyb*, *Juno's* Priestess, she appears,  
 And with these Voices fills the Princes Ears.  
 Must all th'indeavours, *Turnus*, prove in vain?  
 And shall *Æneas* o're thy Kingdoms reign?  
 The King thy Match, and promis'd Dow'r, withstands,  
 And sues a Forein Prince t'injoy his Lands.  
 Go, baffled Prince, to thankless Dangers go,  
*Latins* protect, and *Tyrrhens* overthrow.  
 Heav'n's Queen commanded me I should declare  
 These things to thee, now sleeping without care.  
 Then muster up thy Forces with all speed,  
 And, arm'd completely, to the Port proceed,  
 In pleasant *Tyber*, where the *Phrygians* sit;  
 A God commands thee burn their painted Fleet:  
 And if the King thy promis'd Bride deny,  
 Let him in Arms bold *Turnus* Valour try.  
 Then thus the Prince, smiling on her, reply'de.  
 That now a Fleet in *Tyber's* Channel ride,  
 Could'st thou believe the News escap'd my Ear?  
 Spare me the trouble of such idle Fear,  
 Heaven's Queen will mindful be of us.  
 But Mother, thee, Age growing back to Youth,  
 Wither'd with Time, and barren of all Truth,  
 In vain so oft Affrights, with false Alarms,  
 And Mocks, with causeless fears of Kings and Arms.  
 Take for the Temple, and the Statues, care,  
 Let Men t'whom it belongs, make Peace and War.  
*Aleto's* Rage swells high at what he said.  
 But sudden trembling seiz'd him as he pray'd;  
 His Eyes grow stiff, Faces so dire she makes,  
 Whilst round she hisseth with Infernal Snakes;  
 Rowling her bloody Eyes, she drives him back,  
 Labouring Requests, and once again to speak:  
 Then with two Serpents from her Snakie Hair  
 She scourging him, did thus her Rage declare.

Age void of Truth, behold! whole false Alarms  
 Mocks thee with causeless fears of Kings and Arms;  
 I from the Seat of the dire Sisters bring,  
 In this hand, War and Death.

This said, at him a blazing Torch she cast,  
 And Hellish Fire fix'd in his Bosome fast.  
 VVith extreme Fear he wakes; through all his Limbs  
 A salt Sweat flows, in Brine his Body swims:  
 Arms, Arms, he cries; about for Arms he fought;  
 Love of Steel rag'd, and Wars dire Madnefs wrought.

As when a blazing Bavinge is apply'de,  
 With crackling Flames, to a full Caldrons side,  
 The simpr'ing Liquor musters to the Brim,  
 Whil't bubble Mountains raging, sink and swim:  
 Now fomy Streams above the Verges rise,  
 And fullen Vapours muffle all the Skies.

He to the King against the Peace declar'd,  
 Bids the Prime Youth all be for Arms prepar'd,  
 To protect *Latium*, and expel the Foe,  
 Else he 'gainst *Trojans* would, and *Latins*, go.  
 This said, he makes his Vows, *Rutilians* rage,  
 And one another for the Cause engage;  
 T his *Turnus* Youth, and gallant Person, charms;  
 That his high Birth, this his great Deeds in Arms.

Whil't *Turnus* his *Rutilians* did inflame,  
 Mounted on *Stygi'n* Wings, *Alecto* came  
 Amongst the *Trojans*, to the place where fair  
*Ascanius* did, to hunt wild Beasts, prepare.  
 Here suddenly th' Infernal Maid inrag'd  
 The Dogs, and with known scent their smell engag'd  
 More hot to chace: hence sprung the woful Jar  
 That first incens'd the Rustick Souls to War.

There, was a fair Deer with a stately Head,  
 Which *Tyrrheus* Son took from the Dam, and fed,  
 And

(e) The Poet, an ingenious Flatterer of *Augustus*, by the by alludes to the *Principes Juventutis*, an Order instituted by *Augustus*, as appears by *Tacitus*, *Annal.* i. He adopted *Caius* and *Lucius*, the sons of *Agrippa*, into the Family of the *Cæsars*, before they were out of the *Prætorate*, and desir'd they might be call'd *Principes Juventutis*. Of whom there is extant a Coin in *Galizius*, with this inscription, *C. L. C. CÆSARES AVGVSTI F. COSS. DESIG. PRINC. JOVENT.* These *Principes Juventutis*, the next year call'd *Cæsars*, were such as were destin'd to succeed in the Empire.

(f) See *Virgil* defended from *Macrobius* (who supposeth this to be too slight a ground for War) by *Medicus*, cap. 7. and *LaCerte*.

(g) This *Tyrrheus* is mention'd by *Dionysius Halicarnassens*, lib. 1. as Chief over all the Shepherds of King *Lavinus*, and that he was the same to whose trait *Lavinia* committed her self when she fled into the Woods, and was there deliver'd of *Sylvius*, who rul'd after *Ascanius*.



*Cervus erat forma præstanti,  
Tyrreidae pueri quem  
Nutrivi, Tyrreusque  
Armenta, & late custodia*

DANIEL HARVEY de Combe

272



Tabula me.

*& cornibus inæne,  
matris ab ubere naptum  
Tale, cui regia parvit.  
credita campi.*

Enid 1.

in Com. Surrey Arm.

Volina.

And *Tyrreus*, whom the Royal Herd obey'd,  
To whom those fertile Plains obedience paid,  
*Sylvia*, their Sister, daily comb'd the Beast,  
And his fair Horns with curious Garlands dress'd ;  
Then bath'd the gentle Hart in Chrystal Floods.  
He us'd to's Masters Table, would through ' Woods  
Wander all Day, and though grown late, would come  
Back to his Stall, and well-acquainted home.  
This tame Deer, wandering through remoter Grounds,  
Was rous'd by young *Ascanius* eager Hounds,  
As he by chance pass'd pleasant *Tyber* o're,  
And hot, repos'd upon the verdant Shore.  
The love of Praise *Ascanius* Soul inflam'd,  
He bends his Bow, and his swift Arrow aim'd ;  
Nor wanted there a Power his hand to guide ;  
It pierc'd his Bowels through his tender side ;  
Home the hurt Deer with speed directly flies,  
There bleeding, fills his Stall with plaints and cries,  
And like one begging aid his wrongs exprest.  
*Sylvia*, their Sister, beating first her Breast,  
Loud to stern Rusticks for assistance cry'd.  
They (for the Hag in silent Woods did hide)  
With Clubs and Staves straight answer the Alarms,  
What Tools they us'd, Fury converts to Arms.  
*Tyrreus* his Hinds calls, cleaving of an Oke,  
And threatning mainly, a sharp Hatchet took :  
But the foul Hag that Mischiefs time did watch,  
Ascends a Roof, and sounds, on lofty Thatch,  
From her dire Horn, the Pastoral Alarm ;  
The tall Woods shake, and thunder at the Charm ;  
The Lake of *Trivia* heard ; 'twas heard as far  
As *Velin's* Fountains, and Sulphurean *Nar* ;  
Where trembling Matrons their dear Babes embrac'd.  
From all parts Swains with snatch'd up Weapons hast.

Nor

(r) *Arctium nemi*, the *Arician*  
Wood near the Town *Aricia*, behind  
the *Alban* Hills in *Lazio*.

(f) A Pool by *Aricia*, sacred to *Di-*  
*ana*, and call'd her Looking-glass.

(g) A River emptying it self into  
the *Nar*, as *Nar* doth into *Tyber*.

(h) A River dividing the *Sabin*  
from the *Umbrians*.

Nor in their Camp the *Trojan* Youth delay'd,  
 But, like a Torrent, hasts i' *Ascanius* aid.  
 Their Ranks are clos'd; these not like Rusticks fight,  
 With Clubs and Staves, but in sharp Steel delight.  
 A horrid Crop of drawn Swords hides the Fields,  
 Reflections, gilding Clouds, from glittering Shields.  
 Like Winds that first the Sea with Silver purls,  
 And by degrees *Neptune's* green Tresses curls:  
 Then Waves grow high, at last huge Mountains rise,  
 And Sandy Bottoms wash Imperial Skies.

Here youthful *Almon*, *Tyrrhus* eldest Son,  
 Was in the Front, by a swift Shaft o'rethrown;  
 For in his Throat it stuck; the stifling wood  
 Stopp'd the moist passage of his Life with Blood.  
 There many were with old *Galesus* slain,  
 Whil'st he for Peace oppos'd himself in vain;  
 The justest Man which all *Ansonia* yields,  
 And once the Richest both in Stock and Fields:  
 Five bleating Flocks, five herds in his command,  
 A hundred Ploughs turn'd up his fertile Land.

Now whil'st the Fight with equal Fortune stood,  
*Alecto's* promise kept, when she in Blood  
 And Slaughter had first-fruits of Battel paid,  
 Forsaking Earth, to Heaven her self convey'd,  
 And boldly these to *Juno* did declare,  
 Behold! Division ripen'd for sad War;  
 Let them in Solemn League and Covenant joyn;  
 So with their Blood the Articles they sign.  
 More, if thou wilt, I'll adde, and spreading Fame  
 The neighbouring Cities shall to War inflame;  
 Mad Discord they shall court, provok'd by Charms;  
 Aids from all parts shall fill the Fields with Arms.

Then *Juno* said, Fair the Pretences are,  
 And Jealousies, and Fears, enough for VVar;

Since

Since they have fought already, and imbrew'd,  
 In this first Fight, their Arms with Forein Blood:  
 Let *Venus* Off-spring, and th' old King, in state  
 Such happy Hymeneals celebrate:  
 But thou thus boldly 'mongst bright Sphears to rove,  
 Is not the will of Heayen-commanding *Jove*:  
 Go to thy place; I'll carry on the rest,  
 As Fortune and Occasion shall assist.

This said, the Hag on wings, with hissing Snakes,  
 Swoops straight to Hell, and lofty Skyes forakes.

In \* *Latium's* Center is a sacred Ground,  
 Under high Hills, through all the World renown'd;  
 On each side guarded with a shadie Wood, (Flood:  
 Through which there glides 'mongst rocks a murmuring  
 Here is the dreadful Cave, and Mouth of Hell,  
 Where boyling *Acheron* a deadly smell  
 Sends from foul jaws. Hither *Alecto* flies,  
 And here concealing, eas'd both Earth and Skyes.

Heav'n's Queen, mean while, no less did ripen War;  
 To Town the Shepherds fly, and slain Friends bear,  
 Young *Almon*, and *Galesus*, foul with gore;  
 The Gods attesting, they the King implore.  
*Turnus* was present, and their wrath incends,  
 Straight to revenge the Murther of their Friends;  
 Nor there let *Trojans* plant, nor *Teucer's* Race  
 To match with theirs, nor suffer this disgrace.  
 Then they whose Mothers in the Desert rag'd,  
 Whom *Bacchus* dreadful Orgies had engag'd,  
 (Great was the Queens example) now repair  
 From every part, and weary *Mars* with Prayer.  
 Against the Gods, and Fate, and Omens, all  
 For impious War, with strange perverseness, call;  
 And clamouring, round *Latinus* Palace stood.  
 But he, like a fix'd Rock against the Flood,

Bbb

Like

(\*) *Flavus*, L. 2. c. 18. *L. 2. sacrif.*  
 fith, that the place which *Virgil*  
 here describes is in the midst of Italy,  
 that is, in *agro Rheano*, where the  
 Lake *Filinus* falls from steep Hills  
 into the pestiferous River *Narvis*,  
 and is still by the neighbouring People  
 call'd *Amfatti*. But because there was  
 so filthy a stink, that the Victims  
 brought to the Water (according to  
 some manner of sacrifice) dy'd, it  
 was said to be the passage to the  
*Inferi*.

(\*) This was taken from a Custom  
 of the *Greeks*, who accounted all Mar-  
 riages with Strangers incestuous and  
 illegitimate, whence those were  
 call'd *bastards* among them, and  
*Hybride* among the *Romans*, that  
 were born of such Parents.

Like a fix'd Rock, which when a breaking Wave  
Tumbles against him, and loud Billows rave,  
Stands by his weight; the sornie Cliffs rebound,  
And broken weeds 'gainst bruising sides rebound,  
But when no Power mad Counsels could prevent,  
And th'whole Affair with cruel *fumo* went,  
The King, the Gods attesting, said; Our State  
Is Tempest-torn, and we are rack'd by Fate;  
Your impious Blood, Wretches, for this shall pay,  
And for thee *Turnus* waits a woful day,  
When thou too late shalt Heaven implore in vain;  
I soon my wish'd-for Harbour shall obtain,  
Though Funerals I want. Nor more he spoke,  
But straight retires, and Government forsook.

There was an ancient use in *Latium*,  
Which *Alban* Towns held sacred, and now *Rome*,  
Greatest in power, observes, when they prepare  
'Gainst *Arabs*, <sup>2</sup> *Getes*, or fierce *Hyrceanians* War,  
Or march to *India*, or the Eastern Main,  
Or Ensigns from the *Parthians* to regain;  
Two Gates there be, are styl'd the Ports of War,  
Sacred to *Mars* with reverential fear,  
Shut with a hundred Iron and Brazen Bands,  
There in the Porch bifronted *Janus* stands;  
Here, when the Senate have a War decreed,  
The Consul, glorious in his Regal Weed,  
And <sup>b</sup> *Gabine* Robe, doth groaning Gates unbar;

In his own Person then proclaims the War;  
The valiant Youth attending, guard him round,  
And doleful Trumpets *Diapasons* sound.  
The King was here required by the States,  
War to denounce, and open *Janus* Gates.  
He flies th'Engagement, and so foul a Cause,  
And straight himself to privacy withdraws.

(2) He celebrates the *Trojan*, *Dacian*, and *Sarmatian* War, in honour of *Augustus*, and withal shews how largely the *Roman* Empire was extended towards the East, North, and South. Of which, *Lipsius* in *Admiranda*, l. i. c. 2, 3.

(a) The *Romans* took it most hainously that *Crassus* being cut off with their Army, their Ensigns should be carry'd away in triumph by the *Parthians*: and they requir'd them again, which afterwards they restor'd of their own accords to *Augustus*. *Horat.* 4. Od. 15.

(b) *Cicilius Gabinus*, the *Gabian* Girl, was when the Gown was thrown behind, and the middle girl round with one skirt thereof. The *Roman* Consul us'd this guard in denouncing War, from the *Gabinenses*, People of *Gabii*, a City in *Campania*, upon whom at sacrifice, while the Enemy set, they thus girt went from the Altars to the Wars, and gain'd the Victory; whence this Custom.

Then from high Heaven the Queen of Gods descends,  
And the resisting Portals open rends;  
She breaks the Hindges, tears down Iron Bars,  
And makes a spacious way for impious Wars.  
*Ausonia* burns, rows'd from long happy Peace.  
Some in the Field Foot-Squadrons exercise;  
Some break proud Steeds, and use them to Alarms  
Wrapp'd in a Dusty Cloud; all mad, take Arms;  
This scours his Shield, his Axe whets, oils his Spear,  
Glad to bear Ensigns, and shrill Trumpets hear.  
Five mighty Towns, to make Arms, Anvils lay,  
*Tyber*, *Ardea*, and strong <sup>a</sup> *Atina*,  
Tow'rie *Antemna*, *Crustumere* the great:

(a) *Atina*, an ancient Town in *Campania*, near the *Pavane* Fens a place, by reason of their nearness, unhealthful.

Helm of high Proof the Work, and Shields compleat  
With Sallow wrought; these shining Breast-plates cast,  
Or with fine Silver smooth-wrought Greves inach'd.  
Farewel all Love, and honour of the Plough!  
Their Fathers Swords again they furbush now;  
Loud Trumpets sound, the Word is given; with speed  
This takes his Cask, that mounts his neighing Steed;  
This claps on Mail, which finest Gold did gild,  
Then takes his faithful Sword, and solid Shield.

Open, you Muses, now your sacred Springs,  
And raise my Verse to tell what valiant Kings,  
Provok'd to War, with Armies spread the Field,  
And what great Princes *Italy* did yield.  
You Goddeses assist, you all did hear,  
Onely a slender Fame hath touch'd our Ear.

First proud *Mezentius* from the *Tyrrhen* Lands,  
The Gods Contemner, march'd, with armed Bands;  
And *Lausus* next, his Son, then whom more fair  
Was none, unless *Laurentian Turnus* were.  
*Lausus* rid bravely, and, a Hunter bred,  
A thousand he from *Agyllina* led;

To rule Paternal Realms, a worthy Heir,  
 If proud *Mezentius* not his Father were.  
 With conquering Steeds, in's Chariot next to these,  
 March'd *Aventine*, thy Son bold *Hercules*;  
 He bore a hundred Snakes on's Father's Shield,  
 And *Hydra*, girt with Serpents, charg'd the Field;  
 Him *Rhea* bore, in th' *Aventinian* Wood,  
 A Mortal Woman, proving by a God,  
 When entering *Latium*, *Geryon* being slain,  
 His *Spanish* Bulls bath'd in the *Tyrrhen* Main.  
 These war with cruel Tucks, and Darts they bear,  
 Charge with strange Weapons, and a fable Spear.  
 He march'd on foot, clad in a Lion's skin,  
 Dreadfully rough, on's Head the white Teeth grin:  
 The Courthe enters, in this horrid guise,  
 And on his Back th' *Herculean* Mantle ties.

(c) *Tyburus*, *Capillus*, and *Coras*, were Sons of *Amphiarus*, who, after the death of their Father at *Thiber*, came under *Evander's* conduct into *Italy*, and there settling themselves, built *Tybur*, which hath its name from *Tyburus* the elder Brother.

(f) Two Mountains in *Thesaly*, inhabited by the *Centaurs*.

(g) *Caculus*, from the finalness of his Eyes to call'd, was Author of the *Cacilian* Family in *Rome*, and is said to have built *Præneste*, nam'd, &c. &c. from the abundance of Oaks growing there.

(h) *Anio*, or *Anion*, is a River in *Italy* which watheth the Field of *Tyber*, so nam'd of an *Etrurian* King there drown'd.

(i) The *Hernici* which inhabited the *Horon* Hills, nam'd *ab hermis*, so: so the *Sabins* call'd Rocks: yet *Macrobius*, *Sat. l. 5. c. 48*, that they had the name from *Hernicus*, a *Grecian* Commander; their Metropolis was *Anagnia*.

(k) A River of *Campania*.

Two Brothers from *Tybur* *Tybur* Bulwarks came,  
 Whose Brother, *Tybur*, gave their Walls his name;  
*Capillus*, and fierce *Coras*, youthful *Greeks*,  
 Lead bravely, guarded with a Stand of Pikes.  
 So Cloud-born *Centaurs* from the Hills descend,  
 When they from *Homol*, or cold *Othrys*, bend  
 Their rapid course; the mighty Wood gives way  
 And rusling Branches wide themselves display.  
 Nor *Caculus*, that did *Præneste* build,  
 Was wanting, whom (as antient Stories yield)  
 Found on a Hearth, black *Vulcan* did beget,  
 And, as a Prince, o're Herds of Cattel set.  
 Rusticks a Legion, *Caculus* commands  
 From high *Præneste*, and cold *Anio's* Strands,  
 Whom *Gabii*, and rough *Hernici* bred,  
 Those rich *Anagnia* with clear Rivers, fed,  
 Old *Amasen*: nor all bore Arms, nor ring  
 With Shields and Chariots; a great number fling

Bullets

Bullets of Lead, and some two Javelins bear,  
 And on their Heads did yellow Bonnets wear,  
 Made of Wolfs skin, with their left foot they did  
 March naked, a raw brogue the other hid.

Well-hors'd *Mesapus*, *Neptune's* Off-spring, whom  
 Nor Fire, nor Sword, had power to overcome,  
 Soft People, unaccustom'd to Alarms,  
 Invites to War, and taught the use of Arms.  
 These just *Falisci*, and *Fescennie* Bands,  
 Those hold *Soracte's* Towers, and *Flavin* Lands,  
 Mount *Cymin's* Lake, and *Capen* Groves, who sing,  
 Marching in order, Verses of their King.  
 Like silver Swans, which through the Clouds retire  
 From sweet repast, they in a joyful quire  
 Tune their long Pipes; then all the *Asian* Coast,  
 And Floods far off, resound.

Nor think the brazen Bands of such an Hoast  
 Confused were; they did in order march,  
 Like Fowl from Sea, through Heaven's ætherial Arch.

Next *Clausus*, of the *Sabine* Blood, commands  
 Great Troops: himself more worth than all his Bands.  
 From *Clausus* did the *Claudian* Off-spring come,  
 After the *Sabins* shar'd a part in *Rome*.  
 Then old *Quirites*, *Amitern's* renown'd,  
*Eretians*, and *Mutuscans*, Olive crown'd,  
 Who *Nomentum*, who rosy *Veline* till,  
 Who plow rough *Tetric*, and *Severus* Hill:  
 Those plant *Casperia*, *Folurus*, and them  
 Drink *Himel*, *Faber*, and sweet *Tyber's* Stream.  
 Next *Nursia*, *Hortine* Troops, and *Latines* came,  
 Those *Allia* parts, with an unlucky name.

(l) From this Custom *Virgil* proves covertly, that the *Hernici* were an antient Colony of the *Ætolians*.

(m) *Mesapus* was *Neptune's* Son, because a good Horseman, for Horses are under the patronage of *Neptune*; said to be invulnerable, but the use he peris'd not in this War; or perhaps in honour of *Æneas*, who was overcome by him, yet had slain him had it been possible.

(n) After the *Sabine* War, wherein while the Fathers and Sons-in-law are in cruel fight, the Daughters and Wives come between, and win a Conquest, and Peace; and an eternal League between both, so that both Nations became one, under the equal Empire of *Romulus* and *Tatius*, one *Clausus* came to *Rome* with a Troop of his Tenants; and had his name chang'd into *Claudius*: Hereto the Poet alludes, and so endears himself to the great Families of *Rome*, which he deduceth either from the antient *Latian* Kings, or *Trojan* Heroes.

(o) A River rising out of the *Crustumina* Hills, and enricheth *Tyber* with his Streams; famous for the great overthrow which *Brutus* with his Gauls gave the *Roman* there; therefore was the River shor'd, as here 'tis call'd *Infantium* women; and in the *Roman* Calendar, *Alliensis* dier was written *Infantibus*, *Lucan*.

As *Et demata diu Romanis Allia fessis*.

As many Waves from *Libyck* Seas are rowl'd,  
 When stern *Orion* Winter storms infold;  
 Or as thick Corn, parch'd in the Summer, stands  
 On *Hermus*, or on *Lycia's* Golden Strands:  
 So Shields refound, Earth trembling as they came,  
*Arides* Son, Foe to the *Trojan* name,  
*Halesus* straight his Chariot-horses joyns,  
 And leads a thousand Men; those, blest with Vines,  
*Mafica* plow; th' *Aruncian* Father's train  
 From Mountains, and *Sidicine* near the Mai  
 Those who left *Cales*, and dwell near the Stream  
 Of dry *Vulturius*, *Saticle* with them,  
 And *Oscian* Bands; Those fight with Javelins long,  
 But, as their Custome, fitted with a Thong;  
 Those Falchions use, and Leather Shields protect.  
 Nor thee, *Oebalus*, must our Muse neglect,  
 Whom Nymph *Tebetide* to *Telon* bore,  
 Now old, he rul'd the *Teleboon* Shore;  
 The Son not with his Father's Realms content,  
 To his subjection the *Sarrastians* bent,  
 And them which *Sarnus* watereth, forc'd to yield;  
 With those held *Batulus*, and *Celen* Field;  
 And those *Abella's* fruitful Countrey view,  
 Who darts in the *Tentonic* manner threw;  
 Rinde arms their Heads, which spungie Cork affords,  
 They shine with Brazen Shields, and gallant Swords.  
 Thee *Ufens*, *Nursia* sent to these Alarms,  
 Renown'd by Fame, and fortunate in Arms;  
 Whose hardy People did in Hunting toyl,  
 And till'd *Aequicola*, a barren Soyl;  
 These armed plow, and Preys delight to drive,  
 Who by base Plunder, and vile Rapine, live.

Next

Next march'd a Priest of the *Marrubian* race,  
 His stately Crest did branching Olives grace,  
 By King *Archippus* sent, *Umbro* the bold,  
 Who deadly Vipers, and fierce Serpents, could  
 Cast with his Charms in sleep, soften their rage,  
 And by his Art their Bitings could assuage:  
 But for the *Dardan* Spear no help he found,  
 Nor could a sleepy Medicine ease the Wound,  
 Nor all those Herbs in *Marfan* Mountains grow.  
 Tears from the Woods, Tears from the Floods did flow,  
 For thee the Fountains wept.  
 Next *Virbius*,<sup>p</sup> *Hippolytus* Off-spring, went,  
 Whom his fair Mother to *Ægeria* sent,  
 For Education, near *Hymettia's* Strands,  
 Where pleas'd *Diana's* stately Altar stands.  
 After his Stepdames' art *Hippolytus* kill'd,  
 Paternal Punishments with Blood fulfill'd,  
 Torn by scar'd Horses, His departed Soul  
 Return'd again to the ætherial Pole,  
 Restor'd by Physick, and *Diana's* love.  
 This much incens'd all-commanding *Jove*,  
 That from the Dead a Mortal should arise,  
 Therefore great *Phœbus* Son, that did devise  
 The wond'rous Med'cine, him he did alive,  
 With Thunder, down to *Stygian* Billows drive.  
 But *Trivia* did to Nymph *Ægeria*,  
 In secret Groves, *Hippolytus* convey,  
 Where in *Italian* Woods he liv'd alone,  
 And by a new name *Virbius* was known.  
 Therefore all Horses they far off remove  
 From *Trivia's* Temple, and her sacred Grove,  
 Since boggling they his Chariot overthrew,  
 And torn in pieces, their young Driver, slew.

(p) *Hippolytus* flying from his Father, in his Chariot, his Horses affrighted with the Sea-Monsters, dragg'd him on the Rocks, and tore him in pieces; but the chaste *Diana* pitying the chaste *Hippolytus*, by help and art of *Esculapius* restor'd him to life, and sent him into *Italy*; and changing his name into *Virbius* (that is, *His vir*) married him to *Aricia*, after whose name he call'd both a City and Grove there, sacred to *Diana*, whence she is call'd *Aricina*. Here he had an Altar, where Beasts were sacrific'd, not Men, as at *Taurica Characulus*, where they us'd to sacrifice to her strangers, whereof she is call'd *Taurica*. *Esculapius* the Son of *Apollo* and *Cornia*, *Ovid. Met. l. 2.* for this so admirable a cure performed on a Subject so worthy, *Jove* slew him with Thunder, and threw him into Hell; yet thence the *Epidaurians* fetch'd him, and made him a God. Of them the *Romans* borrow'd him, and worshipp'd him in the form of a Snake.

His

His Son no flower his swift *Horfes* trains,  
And in the Battel gives his Chariot reigns.

Amongst the first most valiant *Turnus* led,  
Glorious in Arms, and taller by the Head.  
On's crest *Chimera*, through a triple tire  
Of bushy *Horfes* Mains, breath'd *Ætnean* Fire;  
Strangely it roars, and Flame more fiercely glows,  
When in the Battel Blood in Rivers flows.

His dazzling Shield, ' *Io* in Gold adorns,  
Hair cloaths her Limbs, her Head is deck'd with Horns:

There *Argus* watch'd, left to her shape she turn,  
By *Inachus* pouring from a graven Urn.

A Cloud of Foot did follow, the whole Strands  
Shield-bearing Squadrons hide; the *Argive* Bands,  
The *Arunci*, *Rutuli*, antient ' *Sicani*,

' *Sacrans*, and Shields of painted ' *Labici* :

Those plow thy Shores, O *Tyber*, People til  
Sacred *Numicus*, low *Rutilian* Hills,

*Circæus* tops, who " *Anxur's* Fields, where *Jove*  
Commands, and glad *Feronias* verdant Grove,  
Where black-fenn'd *Satur* lyes, and *Ufens* glides  
Through the deep Vales, and in the Ocean hides.

*Volscian Camilla*, next to these, march'd up,  
Preceding gallantly her glorious Troop :  
She was no Spinster, us'd to card and reel,  
Nor female Fingers wet at *Pallas* Wheel;  
But the bold Virgin did in War delight,  
And to outstrip the swiftest Winds in flight;  
She over standing Corn would run, and ne're,  
In her swift motion, bruise the tender Ear;  
Or over bounding Billows fly so fleet,  
That Water should not touch her nimble Feet.

(g) The Daughter of *Inachus*, King of *Argos*, coming aboard a *Phœnician* Ship, was thence carried into *Egypt*, where she was married to *Osiris*, call'd *Isis*, and after death was worshipp'd in the form of a Cow, as *Osiris* in the form of an Ox, because the first taught there Husbandry. From this worship of the *Egyptians*, the *Israelites* in *Moses* his absence made their Golden Calf; and *Jordanus*, who had long sojourn'd in *Egypt*, his two Calves; But the Poet gives him this fancy in his Shield, because he was of *Grecian* descent.

(h) The *Sicani*, a People of *Spain*, that feasted themselves here in *Italy*.

(i) People near *Rome*, so nam'd from strutting, who had their Origin from *Corybas* a Priest of *Mars*, or the *Arduetæ*, & *ver sacrum*, because they being in eminent danger vow'd to the Gods all the increase of the ensuing Spring.

(j) A People under *Turnus*, descending from *Glancus*, *Mnus* his Son, firm'd *Labicus* from a kind of Shield with a handle, call'd *labrum*.

(k) Here *Jupiter Induvius*, or *Pæur*, was worshipp'd, call'd *Avevius*, & *and Evis*, because never shaved; and *Juno Virgo*, who was likewise nam'd *Feronia*, a *ferendis arboribus*, from giving increase and fruitfulness to Trees: A Grove was sacred to her under the Hill *Soracte*, which was once consum'd with Fire; mov'd with which bad presage, the Inhabitants would have remov'd the Image of the Goddess to another: To prevent them, being delighted with the place, the Patroness of Trees, who made them spring and fruitful, made the Trees in her own Grove on the sudden flourish again.

From Fields and Houses, Men and Women hast,  
With greedy Eyes, admiring as she past;  
Her Royal Habit wondring to behold,  
Her Treffes pleated with a Jem of Gold:  
Then how her *Lycian* Quiver she did bear,  
And tip't with Steel her past'ral Myrtle Spear.



From

Ccc

VIRGIL'S



*Quanta per Ithos saevus effusa Mycenis  
Tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus utroq;  
Europae atq; Asiae talis concurrerit orbi;*

Roberto Dormir de Dortoir in  
Tabula



*Audis, et si quem tollis extrema refuso  
Submovet Oceano, et si quem extenta plagam  
Quatuor in medio dirimit plaga Solis inquit.*

Comitatu Buck. Armig.  
merito vivat.

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# VIRGILS ÆNEIS.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Æneas is admonish'd by a Dream,  
To seek Evander's aid, up Tyber's Stream.  
Arcadians solemnizing Annual Feasts,  
Æneas and the Trojans make their Guests.  
Cacus strange story, and Herculean Rites.  
The King Æneas to his Court invites.  
Fair Venus with sweet Love her Husband charms,  
And for her Son obtains Vulcanian Arms.  
Evander, Pallas sends Æneas aid.  
A League th' Hetrurians and the Trojans made.  
Venus presents the Arms; a Golden Field,  
With Roman Victories charg'd, adorn'd the Shield.*



Whil'st Turnus' Ensigns of Defiance  
crown'd  
Laurentian Tow'rs, whil'st dismal  
Trumpets found,  
Whil'st Horse he rais'd, and exercis'd in Arms  
His willing Foot, frighted with false Alarms,

(a) He alludes to the Custom of the Romans, who in sudden Tumults hung forth two Flags out of the Capitol, whither all those repair'd who wish'd well to the Common-wealth; the Foot to *Vexillum* *Rosum*, a red Banner; the Horse to *Vexillum* *Cæruleum*, a sky-colour'd Banner. This kind of Levy was call'd *Conjuratio in tumultu*, if the War were within Italy, or with the Gauls; *Conjuratio*, because the suddenness of the Expedition not giving leave otherwise, the People swore all together; not as in the second kind call'd *Sacramentum*.

where they took Oath one by one; there is a third kind, *Evocatio*, when divers were employ'd into sever'd parts, *ad evocandos milites*. (b) Others interpret *impulsit arma* with reference to another Custom of the Romans, whose General going to War, enter'd the Temple of Mars, and clasp'd the Shields which hung there, and mov'd his Image, saying, *Mars vigile*.

CCC 2

All

All *Latium* then tumultuously engage,  
 And the mad People, covenanting, rage.  
*Mesapus*, and bold *Ufens*, Generals were,  
 With proud *Mezentius*, who no God did fear;  
 Each where they press, and empty spacious Plains,  
 To fill their Regiments with sturdy Swains.  
 They *Venus* send to great *Titides* Seat,  
 Against the *Trojans* landed, aid t'intreat,  
 And tell, *Aeneas* vanquish'd Gods did bring,  
 Who stiles himself, by Fates Decree, a King;  
 That many Nations with the *Dardian* side,  
 His Name through *Latium* spreading far and wide.  
 Of such beginnings what may be the End,  
 If favouring Fortune should his Sword attend,  
 Was far more evident to him alone,  
 Than to King *Turnus*, or *Latinus*, known.  
 Against all this, the *Trojan* Prince prepares,  
 Surrounded with a Sea of swelling Cares,  
 His active Thoughts a thousand wayes divide,  
 And swift through all imaginations glide.  
 As when the Sun, or Silver Moon, their Face  
 In trembling Water view, or shaking Brals,  
 Reflected Beams dance near, now fly aloof,  
 Then strike high Seelings, and the Golden Roof. (Beast,  
 'Twas Night, and through the World, Man, Bird, and  
 Fetter'd with Sleep, from Labour were releast;  
 When on a Bank, under th'ætherial Pole  
 Lay Prince *Aeneas*, with a troubled Soul,  
 About the sad concerns of this War,  
 At last soft Slumber mollify'd his Care.  
 The Genious of the place, <sup>d</sup> old *Tyber*, here,  
 Amongst the Poplar Branches, did appear;  
 Of finest Linnen were his azure weeds,  
 And his moist Tresses crown'd with shady Reeds.

(c) i.e. *Arpas*, or *Argirippa*, which he built: for when by reason of the anger of *Venus*, who was wounded by him, his Wife *Ægialia* liv'd loonly at *Argas*, he would not return home, but marry'd the Daughter of *Damon*, and seated himself in *Apulia*.

(d) In the same fashion as *Tyber* is here describ'd, there is yet remaining a Statue at *Rome* of him.

(e) A colour proper to River-Gods. So *Paterculus*, lib. 2. of *Plancus* fluting *Glancus* the Sea-God.

Then

Then thus he spake, in words appeasing care;  
 Thou Off-spring of the Gods, who *Troy* didst bear  
 From Foes to us, and ever shalt protect;  
*Laurentian* Tow'rs, and *Latine* Fields expect:  
 This is the Seat, here are thy fixt Abodes,  
 Fear not these threatning Wars; the angry Gods  
 Are now appeas'd.  
 (Nor think a Dream vain Fictions coyns) for thou  
 Under an Oke shalt find a pregnant Sow,  
 Suckling her thirty young ones, laid to rest,  
 A white Sow, a white Issue at her Breast:  
 There thou must settle, there thy City build;  
 When thrice ten years have circling Periods fill'd,  
 I tell thee truth, *Ascanius* on that Ground  
 Shall *Alba* rear, whose Name shall be renown'd.  
 That better thou mayst carry on this War,  
 Attention give, and briefly I'll declare.

Here the *Arcadians* of Prince *Pallas* Race,  
 Following *Evander*'s Ensigns, chose a place,  
 And on these Mountains did their City frame,  
 Still'd *Pallanteum*, from their Grandfires name.  
 These restless Wars with valiant *Latins* make;  
 Joyn, and these People to thy Friendship take:  
 Betwixt my Banks I'll guide thee to their Shores,  
 Oppos'd Streams breaking with thy ponderous Oars.  
 But now arise, and, Goddess Son, prepare  
 (The Stars being set) for *Juno*'s Rites, and Prayer;  
 With humble Vows her ancient Spleen allay,  
 And, Conquerour, to me due Honour pay;  
 I am bright *Tyber*, lov'd of all the Gods,  
 Whose streams thou seest now bathe with silver Floods  
 These fertile Banks, here must my City stand,  
 My City mighty Cities must command.

This

(f) *Evander* was an *Arcadian*, Grandson of *Pallas* King of *Arcadia*; he slew his own Father by the persuasion of his Mother *Nisibata* (who was call'd *Carmentis* for prophesying in Verse). Others say, that *Nisibata*, Mother of *Evander*, when she was 110 years old was slain by her Son. *Evander* being buri'd, went to *Italy*, drove out the *Aborigines*, founded at *Rome* a little Town upon the *Pallatine* Mountain, as *Varr.* 1. 1. 1. Did not the best of *Arcadians* fly into the *Palatium* under the Conduct of *Evander*? There are many reasons given why the *Pallatine* Hill was so call'd; *Virgil* derives it from *Pallas* Grandfather of *Evander*.

(g) *Helenus* commended the same, lib. 3. And that the *Vijores* were to be appeas'd, you have from *Homer* and *Apollonius*. The Gods and Goddesses, Enemies to *Troy*, are thus reckon'd;

*Homer*, *Neptunus*, *Vulcanus*, *Janus*, *Minerva*.

The Friends thus;

*Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Mars*, *Lavinia*, *Diana*.

This said, the River drives into the Deep,  
And from *Æneas* flies both Night and Sleep.

Then up he rose, and views *Sol's* Eastern beams,

<sup>b</sup> Taking the Water from the gliding Streams,  
Up in his Hand, and thus invokes the Gods ;

*Laurentian* Nymphs, you Parents of these Floods,

And thou, Prince *Tyber*, with thy sacred Wave,  
Protect me now, and from all Danger save ;

And wherefoe're, thou, pitying our Woes,  
Blest River, glid'st, where e're thy Chancel flows,

There I'll for ever honour'd Presents bring :

<sup>c</sup> Horn'd Flood, of all th' *Hesperian* Rivers King,

<sup>d</sup> O help us now, and with thy power protect.

Then from the Fleet ' two Ships he did select,

And Men, and all things fitting, did provide :

When he, behold ! the wondrous Omen spide,

A white Sow, her white Issue at her Breast,

Laid in a Grove, on a green Bank, at rest :

To thee, to thee, great *Juno*, this he flew,

And with her Race thy Altars did imbrew.

*Tyber* all night appeas'd his swelling Flood,

And silent now, his murmuring Billows stood ;

His Streams he levell'd, to make smooth their way,

Like to a Chrystal Lake, or glasse Sea.

Therefore they launch, and straight their Vessels trim,

And o're the Shallows well-calk'd Bottoms swim :

The Waves and Groves admire, when Shields they spide,

And painted Gallies up the River glide.

With lusty Oars, a Day and Night they waft,

And doubling Points, through winding Reaches past ;

Through quiet Streams, through shady Groves, they

Shelter'd with Trees, which cast a "pleasing shade. (made,

Now the bright Sun had reach'd the middle Skye,

When they far off did scatter'd building's spy,

And

And slender Bulwarks, with a little Tower,  
But now to Heaven advanc'd by *Roman* power :

Then Prince *Evander's* City was but poor.

They turn their Prows, and sudden make the Shore.

It chanc'd th' *Arcadian* King upon that day,

Did solemn Rites to great *Alcides* pay,

And near the Town, in consecrated Woods,

With his Son *Pallas*, offer'd to the Gods :

There the prime Youth, and thrifty Senate, gave

Incense, and Altars with warm Offerings lave.

As they tall Ships saw through the shady Grove,

With silent Oars towards landing gently move,

At the first sight, strangely amaz'd they were,

And from their Tables rose, surpriz'd with Fear.

Bold "*Pallas* straight commands them ' keep the Board,

And forth he hastens, snatching up his Sword :

Then from the rising Bank aloud did say ;

What brought you, Sirs, this unfrequented way ?

Where are you bound ? whence come you ? whether are

You Friends, or Foes ? is't Peace you bring, or War :

Then, from the lofty Stern, *Æneas* said,

(And Olive-boughs, Emblems of Peace, display'd)

*Trojans* thou seest, that Foes to *Latins* are,

Which exil'd, they invade with cruel War ;

A prime Commander of *Evander* begs

To make Offensive and Defensive Leagues.

The *Trojan* Name put *Pallas* to a stand.

Who e're thou art, he said, be pleas'd to Land,

And with my Father speak ; then take a share

Of hospitable, though but homely Fare.

Embracing him, then his right hand he shook ;

The Grove they enter, and the Stream forfook,

Where thus *Æneas* to *Evander* said ;

Best *Grecian* Prince, to whom my Fortune made,

With

(b) Those that were about to sacrifice, or to pray, wash'd their hands first. *Ovid. Fast. 4.* *Claudia* going to her prayers, took up pure River-water with her hands. *Virgil. Formid. Book 1. 1.* *Credebatur enim nos, fuit Servius, felo fano pollere.*

(c) The Poets feign Rivers horn'd, or *cornu* (horn) Bull-headed. So *Ovid. Met.*

*Et gemina auratus Taurino cornu vulu.*

Why Horns were attributed to them, see *Tarab. 1. 24. c. 40.*

(d) That is, quickly. For *Æneas* doubts not the truth of the Oracle, but desires its speedy execution. *J. Palmerius Spicing. fol. 4.* reads *omina fore numina. They spie expell'd Omens were not numina. (with he) though the signs were deceptions, to be presently satisfied, unless there were an accession of something in confirmation of it ; for it might be Chance. Therefore after the sudden Flame which had caught the Hair of *Julus* (*Æn. 2.*) *Æneas* begs presently, *Da deinde auxiliam Pater, atque hoc omnia firma.* By and by it thundered on the left hand, and the Star falling, seem'd to carry Fire with it. *Propius* is accurately added by our Author (according to the same *Palmerius*) for the first Omen was given when he was asleep: now it was to be confirm'd to him when he was awake. So he reads that of the *Eclage*, *Credimus an qui amant ipsi fide omnia. [not fœmia] fœgunt ;* for there is nothing relating to Dreams, but Omens, the *Athes* having taken hold of the Altar, and *Hylax* being barking at the Door.*

(1) *Virgil's* sword is *Biremes*, which were not in use in *Æneas* his time. *Tarab. 1. 24. 40.*

(m) The reflection of the neighbouring Woods upon the Water. *Terentianus.*

*Natura sic est fluminis,  
Ut obvia imagine  
Nemora receptæ in specum  
Luccent.*

(n) *Virgil* (with *Servius*) uses the word *bold* to often as he desires to represent *Virtue* without Fortune; Therefore *Æn. 9. v. 3.* calls *Turnus* bold, i.e. valiant without success.

(o) He alludes to the Religion of the *Romans*, by which it was a heinous sin to break off the Sacrifices and Plays instituted to the Gods upon any intervening occasion whatever. Whence that Proverb, *Salva res est, sine salute.* All is well, the old man dances: who understanding the Pontifical Law, whilst others ran to their Arms to oppose the entrance of *Hannibal*, avoided the sin by his continual dancing.

(p) The Olive signifies Peace; the Olive, Religion.

(q) *Agamemnon* and *Meneleus* were sons of *Atræus*; he defended of *Peleus* and *Hippodamia*, the Daughter of *Oenone*, he Son of *Mars*, and *Styx* is one of the *Pleiades*, Daughter of *Atlas*. *Evander* was Son of *Mercury* and *Carmentis*, or *Niostrata*; *Mercury* son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*, the fairest of the *Pleiades*: But the alliance was nearer between *Evander* and the *Trojans*, whose Ancestour *Dardanus* was son of *Jupiter* and *Eletra* and her of the *Pleiades*, Daughter of *Atlas*.

(r) That Region was not at that time call'd by this name, for *Dardania* (time long before from *Samos* & *Phrygia*, built the Town *Dardania*, and there died. His Sepulchre was near *Troy*, in the Territory of *Dardania*. Afterwards *Dardania*, *Ilium*, and *Troy* were united into one City.

(s) *Fudit*. Physically. For *Mercury* being every where swift, why not in his Nativty? *Mercurius ubique* *in* *su* *Matre*. *Arnob.* l. 4.

(t) Alluding to the founding of Water with Plummets, to the searching of Wounds with Probes.

(u) The *Adriatick* and *Tyrrhen* Seas, *Mare Superum* & *Inferum*.

(x) The Metropolis of *Telemus*'s Kingdom, who married *Hesione*, *Priam*'s Sister, by whom he had *Ajax* and *Tucæus*.

With Olive-branches me a Suter here:  
Nor thee do I, though an *Arcadian*, fear,  
Although thy Stock from both th' *Atrides* came:  
But my own Virtue, and thy spreading Fame,  
Our antient Kin, Fate, and the Gods commands,  
My will concurring, brought me to these Lands,  
*Dardan*' *Troy*'s Founder, and first *Trojan* King,  
As *Greeks* relate, did from *Eletra* spring;  
Great *Atlas* got *Eletra*, he that bears,  
On his huge Shoulders, the Celestial Sphears;  
*Hermes* got thee, whom *Maia*'s soon brought forth,  
On cold *Cyllenian* Mountains in the North;  
But *Atlas*, *Maia*'s Father was, the same  
*Atlas*, they say, supports Heaven's starry frame.  
Thus from one Blood the Stocks of both divide.  
This trusting, I no Messenger employ'd,  
Nor felt thee first by art, but my self came,  
And, life adventring, here now Suppliant am.  
These *Rutiles*, which vex thee with cruel Wars,  
When us they have expell'd, think nought debars,  
But all *Hesperia* shall their yoke obey,  
Or whatsoe're is wash'd by either Sea.  
Let us conjoyn, our People valiant are,  
Train'd up to great Experience in long War.  
Whil'th these he spoke, *Evander* him survey'd  
All o're with busy Eyes, then briefly said;  
Bold *Trojan*, I receive thee as my Friend,  
And to thy will most willing condescend;  
I call to mind thy Father, such a Face  
*Anchises* had, and spoke with such a grace,  
When *Priam*, I remember, came to see  
His Sisters Kingdome, fair *Hesione*,  
From thence he straight for *Salamina* bore,  
Then visiting the cold *Arcadian* Shore.

When

When budding Youth had first my Cheeks attir'd  
With a soft Down, I *Trojan* Chiefs admir'd;  
With wonder youthful *Priam* me possest,  
But most *Anchises*, 'taller than the rest,  
With great Affection did my Mind excite  
To know the Man, and joyn right hand to right.  
I gladly lead him round our Battlements:  
He a fair Quiver, and neat Shafts, presents,  
With a rich Cloke, to me, taking his leave,  
With Golden Reigns, which since I *Pallas* gave.  
Therefore I grant thy Sute, and Leagues conjoyn;  
And when the Morn with purple Light shall shine,  
I will dismiss you safe, with Aid, and Gold.  
Mean while, since you are here, these Annals hold,  
(A sin now to neglect) and keep our Feast,  
Making your selves to Friends a welcome Guest.  
Then he commands Goblets of Wine, and Meat,  
And plac'd the *Trojans* on a Grassie Seat:  
But up he leads the Prince, and sets him in  
A maple Chair, grac'd with a Lion's skin.  
The Priest, and Chosen, adorn'd Tables spread  
With store of Cates, and Waiters serv'd up Bread;  
Rich Wine they fill: the *Trojans*, and their Chief,  
Feed on fat Inwards, and huge chins of Beef.  
Hunger appeas'd, and feasted to the height,  
*Evander* said, On us this solemn Rite,  
This Feast, these Altars, to so great a Name,  
By Superstition, nor by Ignorance, came  
To be impos'd: From Dangers sav'd, we do,  
Yearly these Honours (Noble Guest) renew.  
First on that hanging Rock, with torn Cliffs, look;  
Then view those Ruines, and that Place forlook  
Upon yon Hill, and Breaches wide as Hell:  
There did that horrid Monster, *Cacus*, dwell.

D d d

He

(y) He imitates the receiv'd opinion of the Heroes, that they excell'd not only in the endowments of the Mind, but in greatness and excellence of Body. Mov'd by those bounties of Nature, they bestow'd Empires and Magistracies, after the example of the *Indians* and *Ethiopsians*, German.

(z) *Plœnum* is a Town of *Arcadia*. The Poets (with *Strabo*) take all neighbouring Cities for one and the same.

(a) *Gramineis sedili*, whereon at the Rites of *Hercules* they did banquet sitting, with *Matruhius*, Sat. l. 3, c. 36. 'Tis further observ'd, that at the greatest Altar there was no *Lettisternium*.

(b) By *Servilius* and *Scaliger* understood either of fat ones, which the Censors kill'd at the end of the *Lustrum*, or of a five years Ox. *Turnebus* understands them to be simply purifying; and whereas all Sacrifices purge, the eating of the Entrails does much more, to which the wicked are not admitted. *Livy* calls them, *Salmastina* &c. See *Terent.* l. 7, c. 13.

(c) Feign'd half a Beast, in respect to his savage conditions; Son of *Paleus*, because he wall'd the Countrey round about with Fire, say the Mythologists.

He in those vast Recesses, his dire Face  
 Did always hide, the Sun ne'r pierc'd that place,  
 Steeming with recent Slaughter; on his Door  
 Pale Heads of Men hung, loathsome in their gore.  
 Of this huge Monster, *Vulcan* was the Sire,  
 A mighty Giant, breathing Smoke, and Fire.  
 But Time brought Aid, and one of mighty Fame;  
 For the Revenger, great *Alcides*, came,  
 Proud with the triple *Geryon's* Death, and Spoil:  
 The Conquerour drove his Cattel to this Soyl,  
 His Herds possess the Vale, and Rivers side.  
 But furious *Cacus*, lest he ought untry'd  
 Of Wickedness or Villany should leave,  
 Four stately Oxen from their Stalls did drive,  
 As many well-shap'd Heifers; these he hales,  
 Left tracts should be discover'd, by the Tails  
 Into his Den, and in the dark Rock hid,  
 Nor any footstep to the Cave did lead.  
 But when great *Hercules* remov'd his Herd,  
 Leaving those Grounds, and to be gone prepar'd;  
 Departing, loud they bellow, Clamour fills (Hills:  
 The neighbouring Woods, they, mourning, leave the  
 One Cow makes answer, and from hidden Caves  
 Aloud complains, and *Cacus* hope deceives.  
 But here great rage *Alcides* did provoke;  
 He arms, and takes a ponderous knotty Oke,  
 And to the top of the high Mountain flies.  
 Now first we saw Fear *Cacus* to surprize,  
 And his Look chang'd: he, than East-winds more fleet,  
 Hasts to his Cave; for Terror wing'd his Feet;  
 Shuts himself up, and down a huge stone flung,  
 With broken chains, which *Vulcan's* art had hung  
 With Steel, and the strong Gates guards with a Bar.  
 Soon *Hercules* came, and raging, every where

Sought

Sought entrance, gnashing of his Teeth he turns  
 Now here, now there; thrice, whilst with Rage he burns,  
*Aventine* fought; thrice did in vain assail  
 The marble door, as oft rests in the Vale.  
 A rising sharp Rock with torn Cliffs there was  
 Behind the Cave, a fit and lofty place,  
 Where 'Birds of prey might build: this as it stood  
 To the left hand, and leaning to the Flood,  
 He on the right hand shoves, and at the last  
 Tears from the root, then down it headlong casts;  
 Heav'n's vaulted Galleries thunder at the Crack,  
 Affrighted Streams retire, and Banks fly back.  
 Then *Cacus* Cave and Royal Court appear,  
 The dismal Caverns all discover'd were:  
 As when an Earthquake shews the dark abodes,  
 And woful Kingdoms, hated by the Gods;  
 The Pit of darkness, with all Hell in sight,  
 And pale Ghosts trembling at the beamie light.  
 Him thus surpriz'd with unexpected Day,  
 With all his Force *Alcides* did assay,  
 Whilst *Cacus* roar'd; up to the Breach he goes,  
 And down whole Okes, and mighty Millstones throws.  
 But when no means was left how to retire,  
 Wondrous, he belch'd a Cloud of Smoke and Fire;  
 A darkning Vapour straight bereav'd all Sight,  
 Commix'd with flashes void Eternal night.  
 Nor did *Alcides* hold, but on he came,  
 And bravely leap'd amidst the Smoke and Flame,  
 Which rag'd through all the Cave, and *Cacus* got,  
 Belching vain flames, and wreath'd him in a 'Knot,  
 Then whirls him round, next down upon him lies,  
 Grasping his throat, and squeezing out his eyes.  
 The dark house straight with open doors displaid,  
 Back were the Cattel, and ' base stealth convey'd;

D d d 2

Out

(d) Crows, Ravens, and the like, that fed upon the dead Bodies of those whom *Cacus* had slain and hung up before his Den.

(e) That is, holds him bound, *Turneb.* l. 10. 29. He alludes perhaps to the *Heracleian Knot*, which was so fast that it could scarce be untied, and gave occasion for a Proverb, *German*.

(f) See *Scip. Gentili* l. x. c. 27. *Parerg.* Where he tells the signification of *Abjuratum pretium* I C T I S, and affirms *abjuratus* *boves* to be such, whose price, which is the right of the Seller, hath not been paid. And these by *Plato* in *Protag.* are styled *ἀδικαι*, because *Hercules* had not bought them, nor *Geryon* giv'n them unto him. *Servius* will have *Abjuratus* here to signify injuriously detain'd. Some expound it (he saith) *alieni juris factus*.

(g) *Potitum* and *Pinarum*, the first Priests of *Hercules*, who were Noblemen at that time and entertain'd *Hercules*, for which courtesy he bestow'd this honour upon them and their Families, in which it continued until the days of *Appius Claudius*, who supplanted them. *Macrobius* Sat. 3.6.

(h) Because *Ara maxima*, this greatest Altar was free'd from a neighbour fire by the help of this Family; Therefore *Virgil* gives it the Title of *Herculis Cuspis Ritu*. So as *Potitum* was the first Initiator, the *Pinarum* Family equall'd them in Honour for preservation of their Rites. See another reason *Macrobius* Sat. 1.3. c.6.

(i) The Fable saith that *Hercules* descended into Hell crown'd with a Poplar Garland, the leaves whereof, with the smoke, became black on the outside, the inward part next his hair retain'd its white colour. Hence was the poplar sacred to him; and such as sacrific'd to him were crown'd therewith. In the time of the *Romans* the *Arventus* hills being full of Bay-trees which were near the greatest altar, the sacrificers crown'd themselves with those boughs. But the Poet respects the original ceremony. *Macrobius* Saturn. 3.12.

(k) As *Cantharus* for *Bacchus*, so *Scyphus* for *Hercules*, who was a drinker, and sometime carried over Sea in a Bowl. *Macrobius* l. 5. c. 21. *Scyphus* is now the name of a little boat among the *Venicians*, and *Scyphus* among the *Dutch*.

(l) It was Religion to pour out of the cup on the table before they drank, which the *Greeks* call *catina* & *catinon*. *Turnebus* lib. 14. cap. 40. *Lipsius* lib. antiqu. lett. 3. c. 1. *Macrobius* l. 3. c. 1.

(m) All those that play and dance upon any sacred occasion are called *Salii* & *Saluspiluli*. Therefore here simply they that danced at the feast of *Hercules* were called *Salii*: For the first that danced *videtur* began a dance in arms under the conduct of *Æneas* in Italy were called *Salii* by *Polemon*.

(n) *Hercules* in his cradle strangled two Snakes sent by *Juno* his Step-mother to devour him.

(o) *Ochalia* was a Town of *Thessaly*, whereof *Eurythmus* was King, who denying his daughter *Iole* to *Hercules* in marriage, was by him slain, and his town destroyed.

(p) He was elder brother to *Hercules* son of *Amphipryus* and *Alomene*, who envying the virtues of *Hercules* employ'd him in many dangerous services, with him conspir'd *Juno* who hated him as bastard-Son of her husband: she found out the adventures and suggested them to *Eurythmus*, who impos'd them.

(q) Begotten of *Jecion* and a cloud: as were all the *Centaurs*.

(r) He brought *Papheus* bull safe from *Crest* to *Eurythmus* (of which *Æneid* 6.) But he killed the Lion (in a wood near *Thebes*) which *Chimæra* brought forth at the same time with *Sphinx*, *Hesper*.

Out by the feet the ugly corps he drew;  
On's dreadful Eyes enough they could not view,  
The monsters hairy Breast, and horrid Brow,  
And Fire within his mouth extinguisht'd now.  
We, for that great delivery, keep this day;  
And here *Potitum* did offerings pay,  
And the *Pinarum* Priests this Altar plac'd,  
Which we now <sup>b</sup> grace, and shall be alwayes grac'd.  
Therefore my noble friends impale your brows  
(Honouring so great a Pow'r) with shady boughs,  
With full bowls fill your right hands, then implore  
The common God, and empty call for more.  
This said, he with *Herculean* garlands bound  
His tresses, and with silver branches crown'd,  
Taking a <sup>k</sup> sacred Cup; all straight prepare,  
To mix with <sup>l</sup> glad Libations, wine and prayer.  
When fullen night purpled Heaven's spangled arch,  
Then all the Priests, and first *Potitum*, march,  
With torches, girt in skins of salvage beasts,  
And empty boards supply with second feasts,  
Altars then load; to songs, the <sup>m</sup> *Salii* round  
The blazing Altars dance with Poplar crown'd;  
A Chorus here of Young men, there of Old,  
In verse renown'd *Alcides* deeds extold,  
How in his cradle, first the Infant takes  
And strangles in his hands, his step-dames <sup>n</sup> Snakes;  
How he renowned *Ochalia*, and *Troy*;  
And overthrew <sup>o</sup> *Ochalia*, and *Troy*;  
How King <sup>p</sup> *Eurythmus* oft did him engage,  
In mighty labours, spurr'd by *Juno's* rage;  
*Hyleus*, *Pholus*, <sup>q</sup> cloud-born *Centaurs*, thou,  
O never-vanquish'd, in cold death mad'st bow:  
Thou didst those <sup>r</sup> *Cressian* Prodigies subdue,  
And at *Nemea* the huge Lion slew;

Thou



*Pompaesque gerunt inuncta pellibus hyænas,  
Ipsa inter medias flagrantem ferunda pinum  
Sustinet, ac gnatos Turnique cantu hymenæos,  
Sapientemque loquens aciem, torquent repente  
Clamant: lo mator audite vbi quaque latine.*



*Si qua pars amens manet igne sacro Amatae  
Gratula, si verso materiam tanta remoret:  
Soluto crinibus rufas, capite Cygia necum,  
Talem uix, sibi uideri spera ferunt.  
Remam Alceæ simulacrum ante iudicis Bacchi.*  
Æneid. 7.

Duo: Thomas Corbett de Sprowston in  
Tabula

C. North Equit Aur. & Baronetto  
200

Thou mad'st Hell tremble, *Cerberus* obey,  
 Who cowering in his nastie Kennel lay;  
 Not any shape, not fierce *Typhoeus*, thee,  
 With all his dreadful Arms, could terrifie;  
 Nor could that *Lernean Hydra* thee confound,  
 Though Troops of Vipers heads beset thee round.  
 Hail *Jove's* true Off-spring, th' honour of the Skies;  
 Oh favour us, and this our Sacrifice.  
 Such things they celebrate in lofty Verse:  
 But more than all, they *Cacus* Cave reherse,  
 And how he breath'd out Fire; their Voices round  
 Through all the Groves and ecchoing Hills resound.  
 Divine Rites thus perform'd, and solemn shews,  
 Back to the Citie, old *Evander* goes,  
 With him *Æneas*, and Prince *Pallas* walk,  
 Making the way seem short with various talk.  
*Æneas* wondring every way did look,  
 Much with that Countries Situation took,  
 His quick eyes glancing here, now casting there,  
 Desirous former Princes Acts to hear:  
 When great *Rome's* Founder King *Evander* said;  
 Nymphs, 'Fauns, these Groves their habitations made,  
 And people born of trees and hollow Oke,  
 That knew not how to plow, nor Steers to yoke,  
 Nor knew to gather Riches, nor to spare,  
 But liv'd by hunting, and what Trees do bear.  
 Flying *Jove's* anger, ' *Saturn* to this Coast  
 From Heav'n first came, Celestial Kingdoms lost;  
 He from high Mountains the rude people draws,  
 And taught them both Civility and Laws;  
 Then *Latium* stil'd the Country, since it held  
 Him safe from all his Enemies conceal'd.  
 That was the golden Age in which he reign'd,  
 Because in Peace his Kingdoms were maintain'd.

(1) The Off-spring of *Faunus* inhabiting the Woods, and *Saturn* persuaded them thence; there they liv'd in Sheds and hollow Trees, whence their Issue feign'd to be born of Trees.

(2) *Saturn*, who was chas'd out of *Crete* by his unnatural Son *Jupiter*, the *Aborigines* suppos'd to have come down from Heav'n to them. He taught them Arts, and Husbandry, and gave them Laws, *Macrobius*, *Sat. i. 7.* The times of *Saturn* are recorded most happy, both for abundance of all things, and because none yet were different'd with Service or Liberty, which things may be understood from this, that in the *Saturnals* all liberty is permitted to Servants.

Then

Then baser Ages by degrees succeed,  
Which rage of War, and love of Riches breed:

*Ausonian* Bands then, and \* *Sicanians* came;  
And oft \* *Saturnian* Fields have lost their Name:  
Then Kings, and *Tyber* that Gigantick Prince,  
From whom, this Stream we *Tyber* call e're since;  
The true old name of *Albula* is lost.

Forc'd through all Seas, expuls'd my Native Coast,  
All-conquering Fate, and Fortunes pow'rful hand  
Have plac'd me here, here the severe command  
Of my blest Mother the Nymph \* *Carmens* sent,  
And great *Apollo's* strict admonishment.

Scarce said, he shews an Altar as they came,  
And the *Carmental* Gate, a *Roman* name,  
Which antient honour Nymphs did dedicate  
To *Carmens*, skillful of ensuing Fate;  
Who first declar'd the *Trojans* should be great,  
And *Pallanteum* a renowned Seat.  
Next, a huge Grove which valiant *Romulus* chose  
For a sanctuary, he *Lupercal* shews  
Under a Rock, which they did dedicate  
To *Pan*, as did before the *Arcadian* State.  
Then *Argiletum's* sacred Grove he sp'd,  
And shew'd the place where his Guest *Argos* dy'd.  
Then to *Tarpeia's* Capitol he lead,  
Now golden, then with Briars and Brambles spread.

(u) *Dionysius* saith, that the *Arcadians* first of all the *Greeks*, having pass'd over *Ionium*, sent Colonies into *Italy*. Hence they say that *Oenotrus* with the *Aborigines* (seventeen Ages before the destruction of *Troy*) and his Brother *Peleus*, say'd into *Italy*. He was Son of *Lycus* the younger, fifth from *Porrimenus*, who first reigned in *Peloponnesus*.

(x) At first *Argilla*, next *Camulora*, then *Hesperia*, *Ausonia*, *Oenaria*, lastly *Italy*.

(y) A great Robber, drown'd in the River *Tyber*, as another King of the like name *Therminus*, lett it be.

(z) *Carmena*, (or *Carmenitis*, or *Niechtrata*) was a Prophetess, and accompanied her Son into *Italy*: For *Evander* had accidentally slain his Father *Atraceny*, (the God of Eloquence, so feign'd, in regard of his Rhetorick) wherefore, banish'd *Arcadia*, he by his Mother's advice came into *Italy*. *Ovid*, de *Fest.* 1.

— into the Stream  
He had by learn'd *Carmentis* Counsel  
His Ship, and gain'd the Tuscan  
Billows row'd.

(a) Built for his Mother, near the Gate first call'd *Carmentalis* afterwards *Scelerata*, from the three hundred *Fabii* which went to war through that, and were slain by the *Vientes*, at the River *Cremera*.

(b) Call'd afterwards *Porta Scelerata*, because the *Fabii* that perished at *Cremera* went out at it.

(c) In her Prophecy to *Evander* at the sight of the new *Roman* Hills. Recorded by *Ovid*, *Fest.*

(d) This *Pallanteum* afterwards *alatum*, was the Seat of the Empire, and the Throne of the *Roman* Majesty; for here the Kings, Consuls, Emperours, and other chief Officers of State, had their Palaces, besides many famous Temples were built there, whereof the Ruins are yet remaining.

(e) *Cadmus* is said to have open'd the first Sanctuary, when he built *Thebes*, to which all Freeborn and Slaves running without difference, were free from all punishment. *Romulus* took the same course for peopling his City, which at first consisted but of an hundred Houses, yet they wanted Inhabitants; To win therefore confluence of People, he, near the Capitol, built a Temple consecrated to the God *Aesculap*, the Patron of Liberty. *Aesculap* a place of refuge, By which means *Rome* was soon fill'd with Inhabitants.

(f) *Lupercal* was the place where *Romulus* and *Remus* were nurt by the Wolf, and stood at the Foot of the *Palatine* Hill dedicated to *Pan*, where the *Lupercalia* (feasts in his honour) were celebrated.

(g) *Argos* a Commander of the *Argives* was entertain'd by *Evander*, but he forgetting his Favour, aspir'd unto his Crown: Whereupon the *Arcadians* (without *Evander's* knowledge) slew him, after whose death, the King built him a Monument in the place where he was kill'd near the Palace, and call'd it *Argiletum*.

(h) This Hill, at first *Mons Saturnius*, got the name of *Mons Tarpeius* from *Tarpeia*, Daughter of *Tarpilius*, Lieutenant of the Town there, who betray'd it to the *Sabines*, in the War for the ravish'd Virgins, and for her Treason, bargain'd for that which the Soldiers wore on their left Arms; she meant their Bracelets, but they overwhelmed her with their Bucklers, which were likewise worn on that Arm: So that dying there, she left the memory of her Treason in the name of the Hill: The same Hill was also call'd *Mons Capitolinus*, or *Capitolium*, from the head of a Man nam'd *Tiber*, which long after his death was found fresh and bleeding, at the foundation of the Capitol by *Tarquinius Superbus*; now corruptly *Capitolinus*.

Then did a reverential terrour move,  
And rusticks tremble at the Rock and Grove.  
This Wood he said, this Mountains leavy brow,  
A God once dwelt in, but uncertain who,  
*Arcadians* say, here thundring *Jove* they sp'd,  
'Shaking his shield, upon a Tempest ride.  
These two dismantl'd Towns thou dost behold,  
Are but sad Reliques of the men of old:  
This, ' Father *Janus*, that, King *Saturn* fram'd;  
*Janiculum* this, that was *Saturnia* nam'd.

This saying, neer poor *Evander's* Roofs they draw,  
Where, in now \* *Roman* Courts and Streets, they view  
The bellowing Cattel as about they Straid,  
When the old King thus to *Aeneas* said;  
Once \* *Conquering Hercules* hither made resort;  
This humble Palace was his Royal Court;  
Wave Wealth and Glorie Sir, and, like that God,  
Be pleas'd to shelter in this mean aboad.  
Then great *Aeneas* to low Roofs convoid,  
And on a Bed with soft leaves quilted laid;  
Over him next a *Lybian* Bears skin hurl'd.  
Now Nights black Pinions did infold the World,  
When *Venus*, his dear Mother, much dismaid  
About these threatening Wars, to *Vulcan* said,  
And, in her golden Bed, thus moves her Lord,  
Infusing heavenly Love at every word.

Whil' *Grecian* Princes ruin'd wealthy *Troy*,  
And did that Town with Hostile flame destroy,  
No aid for wretched *Trojans* I desir'd,  
Nor a vain task of thee dear Lord requir'd,  
Though I much kindness ow'd King *Priam's* Race,  
And oft lamented poor *Aeneas* Case.  
Now by *Jove's* will, they plant th' *Ausonian* Shore;  
O my blest Pow'r, I humbly thee implore,

(i) Here was a Temple consecrated to *Jupiter Opt. Max.* by *Tarquinius Superbus*, whence firmand *Jupiter Capitolinus*. *Angulus* being delivered from the danger of Lightning, g. in his *Centaurian* Expedition, added the title of *Jupiter Tonans*.

(k) The skin of the *Amalthean* Goat which fed him, or rather the Shield covered with it, which *Jupiter* holds in his left hand, by the sucking whereof he suck'd R in, as *Thunder* with his right.

(l) *Janus* first built Temples to the Gods in *Italy*, and instituted sacred Rites: The Name sheweth, saith *Macrobius*, *Saturn*, 1. 9. that he is President over doors. *Nigidius* saith, that *Janus* is *Apollus*, *Janus* 1. *Janus*, and is therefore double faced, as having pow'r over both Gates of Heaven, to open the East, and shut the West. Others understand by him the World: Therefore by *Cicero* call'd *Janus ab eundo*, figur'd by a Snake devouring his own Tail, and export *Mundum*, & ex seipso ali, & in se reverti.

(m) The *Ferms* stood afterwards where the *Carinae* were, most sumptuous Edifices, built in fashion of the Keel of a Ship.

(n) *Varro* saith, that *Hercules* was styled *Vittor*, because he overcame all manner of Creatures. *Maffius Sabinus* gives another Reason, *Marcus Octavianus Hercules* having had good success by Merchandize, consecrated the tenth part to *Hercules*, but sailing forth again, was set upon by *Pyras*, whom resisting valiantly he came off Victor, *Hercules* hereupon appears to him in a Dream, and tells him that he had been preserv'd by him. To him therefore, having obtain'd a place by the Magistrate, he consecrated a Temple and Statue, with the Title of *Vittor*.

(o) He toucheth the Pontifical Law: For the house in which the Pontifex liv'd, was call'd *Regia*, as that *Flaminius*, in which the *Flamen*. He speaks of with good Omen to *Aeneas*, that *Hercules* enter'd Victor into that place.

(p) *Thetis*, daughter of *Nereus*, wife of *Peleus*, prevail'd with *Vulcan* to make arms for her Son *Achilles*. So likewise did *Aurora* for her Son *Memnon*. This the Mythologists interpret Fortitude. *Cicero*, *Tuscul. Quest.* lib. 2.

A Mother for a Son craves Arms, dear love,  
 Thee *Thetis* and *Aurora's* tears could move.  
 Behold what Realms conspire, what Cities joyn,  
 Comploting War, to ruine me and mine.  
 The Goddesses here, round with her snowie arms  
 In soft imbraces him, consulting, warms;  
 Straight he takes fire, and through his marrow came  
 Accustom'd heat, which did his blood inflame;  
 So from a fiery breach erupted flies,  
 Shining with flame, bright thunder through the Skies.  
 She, joyful, found her plot, and beauty take,  
 When vanquish'd with eternal Love he spake;  
 What need'st thou doubt, and make a question thus?  
 Where is your confidence repos'd in us?  
 Had such care, Goddesses, been in former time,  
 Thave arm'd the *Trojans* then had been no crime,  
 Nor *Jove*, nor Fate forbad that *Troy* should stand,  
 And ten years more King *Priam* to Command.  
 But if thou art resolv'd to make a War,  
 What I can promise by my art, or care,  
 What *soft Electrum* can, and hardest Steel,  
 What Fire is able, what the Bellows will,  
 Shall be perform'd; nor need'st thou more persuade,  
 Nor doubt thy pow'r with us. These having said,  
 After a sweet imbrace, he takes his rest,  
 Reposing on the beauteous Goddesses Breast;  
 Waking at midnight, after his first sleep,  
 Like to some careful woman that doth keep  
 Her self by spinning, and *Minerva's* hire,  
 Stirs up the Ashes, and the drowfie Fire;  
 Night adding to her work, long tasks she plies,  
 And at her Lamp, her Servants exercise;  
 That chaste she might preserve her husbands Bed,  
 And her small Children so supply with Bread:

(q) Either melted or pure, according to *Pliny* in his *Natural History*. There are three sorts of it; One gathered from Trees which they call *Succinum*; A second sort is found Natural; A third is compounded of three parts Gold, and one Silver, which you may separate. The nature of *Electrum* is tried by Poison, which makes it give a loud crack, and represent the colours of the Rainbow.



*Ferrum exercebant uestro Cyclopes in antro;  
Brontesque Steropesque, & nudus membra Py-  
his informatum nudibus jam parte polita  
Fulvos erat toto genitor quæ plurima celo  
Deiicit in terras: puro imperfecta manebat.*

Simoni Leach de Cadleygh. in Com.  
312.



*Tollite cuncta, indit ceptisq; auferte labores.  
Ætnei Cyclopes, & hic adverte mentem.  
Arma acri facienda viro: nunc viribus usus,  
Nunc maibus ripulis, omni nunc arte magis.  
Præcipitate moris.*

Luci. 14

Devon: Tabula merito votiva.

No drowfier at that hour *Vulcan* arose  
From his soft Bed, and to his Forges goes.

Near to *Sicanian Coasts* an Island lifts  
His lofty Shoulders up; with smoky Cliffs;  
Scorch'd with *Cyclopean Flames*, a Cave lies under,  
And huge *Ænean Vaults*, which always thunder;  
Where on great Anvils mighty Strokes refund,  
And Bars of malsie Steel roar under Ground,  
In Water quench'd, near Forges breathing Flame.  
This *Vulcan's Seat*, *Vulcania* the Lands name,  
Hither the God descended from the Skye,  
Where sparkling Heats in vast Caves *Cyclops* ply.  
*Brontes*, *Steropes*, nak'd *Piræmon* stand,  
A Thunder-bolt half finish'd, now in hand,  
(Many of these by angry *Jove* are thrown  
From Heaven to Earth) the rest as yet not done.

Three parts of Hail, three of a watry Cloud,  
As much of Fire, and three of Wind allow'd;  
Their work with Flashes, Noise, and Fear, commixt,  
And dreadful Wrath, pursuing Flame betwixt.  
Here *Mars* his Chariot and swift Wheels they make,  
Which must great Nations and proud Cities shake;  
These angry *Pallas* dreadful Target mould,  
And wrought her Arms with Dragons scales, and Gold:  
This *Gorgon's* Head with twist'd Serpents plyes,  
Rowling in Deaths Convulsions dying Eyes,

*Cyclops*, lay by your several Tasks, he said,  
Arms for a valiant Heroe must be made,  
Break off delay; now all your Strength impart,  
And shew with diligence your greatest Art.  
Nor more he spake. Straight all for work prepare,  
And equally divided labour share:  
Then molten Gold, and Brads in Rivers flows,  
And cruel Steel, in Fire tam'd, gentle grows.

E e e

(r) *Vulcan* is said to have his Shop between *Ætna* and *Lipari*, for the Fire and Winds fit for Smiths. It is call'd *Æolian Lipari*, as being one of the seven Islands govern'd by *Eolus*.

(s) The three *Cyclops*, nam'd from Lightning, Thunder, and Fire, are said to put in three parts of Hail, three of Rain, &c. to express the Matter of Thunder, an Exhalation hot and dry, or hot and moist; or the kinds and properties thereof, *Terebrans*, *discentis*, *exors*.

(t) *Ægis* is properly a brazen Shield, having in the middle a *Gorgon's* Head; which Armour, when belonging to a God, was call'd *Ægis*; when to a Man, as in the antient Statues of the Emperours, *Lorica*.

(u) There is at this day to be seen in *Rome* a Statue of *Pallas* carrying a shield cover'd with the scaly skin of Dragons. *Polidori, Miscell. c. 47.*

A



(d) Which some expound *Pallas*, transferr'd from the *Thracians* to the *Romans*; others, *Ornamenta Regalia*, Arms and Military Weapons (with *Cæsar*, is *Salsp.*) our *Antiquaries* borrow'd from the *Sannites*, but most of their *Ensigns of Magistracy* from the *Hebrutians*.

The Warlike, they, and <sup>4</sup>Regal Ensigns, bring,  
To make me Captain-General, and King :  
But Strength decay'd, and feeble Age withstands,  
To take on me such Glorious Commands.  
I would my Son prefer, but that his Line  
By's Mother comes from them; thee Fates design,  
By Blood, and Years, Go, whom the Gods now call,  
To be of *Troy* and *Latium*, General.  
I'lle with my Son, my Hope, my Comfort, part,  
That, taught by thee, he may War's toylsome Art  
Learn, and endure, and us'd thy Acts to see,  
In tender Youth thy chief Admirer be.  
Two hundred chosen Horse, well mounted all,  
I shall bestow, as many *Pallas* shall.

*Aeneas* and *Achates*, this being said,  
With silent Countenances fate dismaid,  
And in sad Bosoms several Cares revolv'd,  
When *Venus* from high Heaven all Fears dissolv'd.  
For from a Cloud, with mighty fragor brake  
A flash of Lightning, all the House did shake;  
From Heaven a *Tyrrhen* Trumpet sounds Alarms;  
And straight they hear the clash of rattling Arms;  
Saw glittering Armour through a gilded Cloud  
Out-shine the Skye, and struck, it thundred loud.  
The wondrous sight their judgments did confound:  
But the *Dardanian* Heroe knew the sound,  
And calls to mind his Mothers promis'd Gift.  
These Omens, seek not, Sir, so much to list,  
*Aeneas* said; The Gods say, I must hold;  
This, if War call, my Mother me foretold,  
And, when *Vulcanian* Armour from the Skies  
She'd bring for my defence.  
What slaughters I in woful *Latium* see!  
What satisfaction shalt thou give to me,

(e) The *Thracians* are said to be the Inventors of Trumpets; some say, *Pallas*; whence *Anna cadaveris* was worshipp'd by the *Grecians*.



Arms, sub cæcis posuit radiantia quæren.  
Ille Dux domus & tanto letus honore  
Expleri nupit, alique oculos per singula voluit.  
Miraturque, intusque manus & brachia versat.  
Terribilem crebris galeam summæq; videntem.  
Littoribusq; enses, loriceumq; ære rigentem  
Sanguinemq; ingentem: quodis cum cœcis  
Solis manifestat radios, longæque resublet.  
Tum levis œreas electro auroque revoct.  
Hæstaque, & Cyperi non enarrabile tactum.  
Eoed. l. 1.  
Honoratissimo Domino Dono Roberto Bruce,  
de Elain & Bannin Bruce de W'harleton. Tabula merito Voluita.

*Turnus*, when *Tyber* in his *VV*aves o'rewhelms  
 So many Heroes, Shields, and crested Helms !  
 Let them break Peace, and us with Arms oppose.  
 Thus saying, from his lofty Throne he rose ;  
 And first he wakes *Alcides* sleeping Fire,  
 Than did with joy the last dayes Rites require ;  
 Next, chosen Sheep, he, as the Custome, slew,  
 Which both *Evander* and the *Trojans* do.  
 From thence he to his Friends and Navy goes,  
*VV*here, to attend him, he the Valiant<sup>t</sup> chose ;  
 Those left behind, down with the River fell,  
 And joyful Tidings to *Ascanius* tell.  
*Trojans* are hors'd, for *Tyrrhen* Countreys bent ;  
 A matchless Steed *Æneas* they present,  
 On whom a Lion's yellow skin was thrown,  
*VV*ith golden Claws, which gloriously shone.

Straight nimble Fame through the small City flew,  
 That Troops of Horse towards *Tyrrhen* Kingdoms drew ;  
 Matrons their Vows re-double, with their Fears,  
 And War's dire Visage greater now appears.  
 Then King *Evander* strictly did embrace  
 His Friends departing, and thus, weeping, sayes ;  
*Fove*, *VV*ould thou make me now as young again  
 As at *Preneſte*, when I beat the *V*an,  
 Burnt heaps of Shields, upon King<sup>t</sup> *Herilus* fell,  
 And sent him with this conquering Arm to Hell ;  
 Three Souls his Mother gave him at his birth,  
 (Strange to be told) thrice he must fall to Earth,  
 Thrice was to die: yet I not suffering harm,  
 Took all those Lives, and did as oft disarm ;  
 Son, then I should not leave thy strict embrace,  
 Nor suffer from *Mexentius* this disgrace,  
*VV*ho hath so many bloody Murthers done,  
 And, like a mourning Widow, left our Town.

(f) King of *Preneſte*, slain by  
*Evander*: who boasts that he was  
 descended of *Hercules* who slew *Ge-  
 ryon*. By three Souls the Poets im-  
 ply a Man every way compleat.

You Gods, and *Jove* that rul'st the Gods, O bring  
Some timely comfort to th' *Arcadian* King,  
And hear a Father's prayer; if you, if Fates  
Grant me my *Pallas* safe within these Gates;  
If him I see once more return secure,  
Then let me live, though Torments I endure:  
But him if <sup>e</sup> Fortune with sad Chance pursues,  
O now my woful Life, now let me lose;  
Whil'st doubtful Cares, and Hopes uncertain be,  
Whil'st the sole comfort of my Age, I thee,  
Dear Son, thus hold with strict embraces here,  
Before a sadder Message wound my Ear.

His Father these at his last farewell said,  
Who swooning, thence his Servants straight convey'd.  
And now the Horsemen march through open Gates,  
*Aeneas* first, on whom *Achates* waits;  
Then other Captains, *Pallas* 'midst the Bands,  
In warlike weeds, and glittering Arms, commands;  
Bright, like the Morning-star, dispensing Beams  
That gild the <sup>b</sup> Waves (whom *Venus* more esteems  
Than all those sparkling Jewels dress the Night)  
Whose glorious Head all Darknes puts to flight.  
Whil'st through the dusky Cloud the shining Band  
Matrons could see, upon the Walls they stand.  
The nearest way now the arm'd Squadrons march,  
Through Groves, & loud Shouts scale Heaven's chrystal  
In Champaign then, drawn up in rank and file, (Arch.  
They shake, with trampling Hoofs, the rotten Soyl.

A spacious Grove, near *Ceris* sacred Flood,  
With Hills surrounded, and a shady Wood,  
The antient <sup>i</sup> *Grecians* (may we Fame believe)  
Did to the rural God, <sup>k</sup> *Sylvanus*, give,  
To him that Grove and Festival they grant,  
Who first did in the *Latine* Confines plant.

(e) He abstains from the word Death, as of bad presage. See *Scalig.* in *Varr.* p. 123.

(b) He alludes to the opinion of the Antients, that the Stars were *Qua vires*, Living Creatures, fed by Exhalations out of the Earth, as the Sun by Vapours out of the Sea, the Moon by Springs and Rivers. The antient Physiologists affirming, that Nature plac'd the Ocean directly under the Zodiac, that the Sun and rest of the Planets *haberent* (subjunctive *humeris altissimam*, Minut. Fel.

(i) The *Pelagi* took their Original either from the *Atticani*, *Lacnians*, or *Thessalians*, which is most probable; for it is certain there are divers Cities of the *Pelagi* in *Thessaly*. These are said first to have inhabited *Italy*. *Filicorus* says, they were call'd *Pelagi*, because they were seen to come with Sails in the spring, like Birds. *Hyginus* saith they were *Tyrreni*: to *Varro*.

(k) The common opinion is, that *Sylvanus* was God of Fields and Herds. But the Wiser say, that he was *divus* *deus*. Hyle is the Drois of all the Elements.

Near this bold *Tarchon*, and his *Tyrrhens*, lay  
Safely encamp'd, where from a Summit they  
Saw how the Armies quarters did extend  
Through large Plains; hither did *Aeneas* bend;  
With him his valiant Men of War did ride,  
Who weary, for themselves and Horse provide.

But *Venus* gliding through ætherial Sphears,  
Th' expected Present to *Aeneas* bears;  
As in a pleasant Vale she saw her Son  
Near Chrystal Streams, she kindly thus begun.  
My promise I perform, and now impart  
Arms finish'd by my skilfull Husband's art.  
Dear Son, now fear not proud *Laurentian* spight,  
Nor to encounter *Turnus* in the Fight.

*Venus* thus said, having her Son embrac'd,  
Against an Oke the shining Armour plac'd.  
Proud of the Gift, he could not satisfe  
Delighted Thoughts, nor stop his searching Eye.  
The fatal Sword he drawing, did admire,  
And Cask with dreadful Crests, ejecting Fire;  
His bloody Corslet of a wondrous mould,  
Pondrous he lifts, glittering with Brags and Gold:  
Like a dark Cloud gilt with bright *Phæbus* raies,  
Which round about reflecting Beams displays:  
Then his light Greves, which purest Gold did gild,  
His Spear, and Wonders graven on his Shield.

Th' Ignipotent God, well skill'd in Fates to come,  
The *Roman* Triumphs, and Affairs of *Rome*,  
There had engrav'd, *Ascanius* Of-spring wrought,  
And all their bloody Battels must be fought.

*Mars* pregnant Wolf in a green Covert lay,  
And hanging at her Breasts two Infants play;  
Bending her Neck, she licks the tender Young,  
And quiet, shapeth their Bodies with her Tongue.

(l) Call'd *Germalam*; it was within the *Lupercal*.



(c) *Cleopatra's* Ships were all of an unusual bigness, *ſies* *Dion*, which our Poet here compares to the *Cyclades*, 11lands in the *Ægean* Sea, in number fifty three, ſituate Circularly.

(d) Of thoſe kind of Ships ſee *Plutarchus*, *ſ. A. Cæſar de Bell. Civil. l. 1.* *Livy* deſcribing the Siege of *Syracufe*. *Tacitus* in the fifth of his *Annals*, and *Pliny* *l. 32. c. 1.* They were firſt invented by *Agrippa*, and were ſuddenly to be rais'd from the Decks, in time of fight, with *Screws*; by that means giving them an advantage to pour Shot into their Enemies Ships. They were us'd both at the Prow, and Poop.

(e) *Antony* had commanded that the Legions ſhould obey *Cleopatra's* command.

(f) *Anubis* is pictur'd with a Dogs head, which they take to be *Mercury*. Hence *Lucan* *lib. 8.*

*Nos in Tempia tuam Romana accepimus Iſta, Semineſque Deos & ſſtra, &c.*

They take the Deep; thou would'ſt ſuppoſe, again  
That floating *⁠c* *Cyclads* ſwam upon the Main,  
Or Mountains did with mighty Mountains meet,  
They with ſuch force charge in the *⁠a* towrie Fleet:  
Wild-fire they caſt, ſwift ſteel, and Darts are ſpred,  
And *Neptune's* fields grow with freſh ſlaughter red.  
*Egyptian* Trumpets in the miſt, the Queen  
Calls up her Fleet, approaching Snakes not ſeen.  
The barking *⁠f* *Anubis*, all the monſtrous brood  
Of Gods, 'gainſt *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Pallas*, ſtood  
Oppos'd in Arms: *Mar*: through the Battel rav'd.  
Above ſad Furies he in Steel engrav'd;  
And, proud of her torn Garments, Diſcord goes;  
*Bellona* with a bloody whip perſues.  
His Bow *Actian Apollo* from above,  
Beholding, bent: all with that terroure drove,  
*Egyptians*, *Indians*, and *Arabians*, fly.  
The Queen her ſelf, with winds implor'd, to ply  
Her Sails appear'd, and with loos'd Bolings went;  
Whom, mid'ſt the Slaughters, the Ignipotent  
Made (pale with future death) through Billows fly.  
Oppos'd to this did huge-limb'd *Nilus* lye,  
Spreading his Garment, calls into his Breſt,  
To ſheltring Waves inviting the diſtreſt.  
But through *Rome*, *Cæſar* with three Triumphs rode,  
And, on our Gods, immortal Vows beſtow'd;  
Him, ample Fanes three hundred joyful greet,  
And loud applauſes ring through every Street;  
In all the Temples quires of Dames reſound;  
Slain Steers before the Altars ſtrew the ground.  
He in bright Porches of great *Phœbus* ſits,  
And gifts of Nations to proud Pillars ſits.

Of

Of Conquer'd people, a long Train proceeds;  
Theſe, various all, in Language, Arms, and Weeds.  
Here *Vulcan* fram'd *Africans*, *Nomades*,  
*⁠e* *Lelegs*, *Cares*, and Dart-arm'd *Gelones*;  
*Euphrates* now glides ſofter; and *Morine*  
*⁠b* Furtheſt of Nations, double-horn'd *Rhine*,  
*Dæ*, *⁠i* *Araxes*, who a Bridge doth ſcorn.  
Wondring how *Vulcan* did the Shield adorn,  
And ignorant he glories in the frame,  
*⁠k* Then ſtraight claps on his Off-ſprings Fate and Fame.

(g) Theſe *Serain*, *lib. 7.* takes to be the ſame, or at leaſt Borderers. *Ovid. Met. 9.* *Caras & armiferas Lelegs, Lycianque pererrat.*

(h) In that part of *France* towards *Britain*, which was by the *Romans* accounted another World.

(i) *Iſidor. l. 13. c. 21.* reports, that when *Alexander* had built a Bridge over *Araxes*, and was about to paſs over, there was ſo great an inundation, that the Bridge was overthrow'n.

(k) This Verſe is, by ſome Critics, accounted ſuperfluous, and none of *Virgil's*.



Fff 2

VIRGIL'S



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE NINTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Iris commands bold Turnus to invade  
The Trojans, whilst Æneas gathers Aid.  
He draws the Army forth: attempts to burn  
The Fleet, which scape, and into Sea-Nymphs turn.  
Euryalus and Nisus venture through  
The Enemies Camp by night, and many slew.  
Their woful Deaths. Italians, with the dawn,  
To storm the Town, are from their Quarters drawn.  
The Trojans sally forth; in whose Retreat,  
Turnus engag'd is shut within their Gate.  
Many brave men he kills, then on he goes  
Single against whole Regiments of Foes:  
At last leaps o're the Wall, the River swam,  
And off with all his Arms in safety came.*

**V**Hilst thus affairs in several places  
went,  
From Heav'n Saturnian Juno <sup>a</sup> Iris  
sent  
Down to bold Turnus; then it for-  
tun'd, that

He in his fathers <sup>b</sup> Grove, Pylumnus, <sup>c</sup> fate,

And

(a) The Messenger of Jove, as Mercury of Jupiter.

(b) Turneb. l. 23. c. 3. understands it of one that keeps Holy-day for the dead; that Pylumnus, should be worshipp'd by Turnus. Yet I know not whether the Poet did not rather respect the Canonization of Pylumnus, The Consecration of Groves to Heroes, was us'd by the Antients; So that it is likely Turnus fate in a Valley consecrated to Pylumnus, as in a Religious place, and did yearly exhibit Divine Honours unto him.

(c) Observ'd by La Cæde to be the posture of such as mourn, or perform Rites in memory of the Dead.



*Illic primum nova lux oculis effulsit, et ingens  
Visus ab Aethera calum transcurrere nimbis.  
Unusq; chor: tum vox horrenda per auras  
Exsultat et Jovis Rutulorumque agmina complet:  
O. trepidantes, ac cuncti defendere nostras.*



*Nave armate manus: maria ante occurre Turno.  
Quam sacras dabitur, pinus, vos ille solate.  
Ire dea pelage genitrix iussit, et sup. queque  
Contingit phœbes abruptum vincula ripis.  
ROBERTO ARDY Arm. Tabula notior vetula.*

And Rites in consecrated Vallies paid.  
 To whom from rosie lips *Thaumantia* said;  
 What none of all the Gods durst promise you,  
 Juncture of time and fair Occasion do.  
 His Fleet, his Army, and his new rais'd Forts  
*Aeneas* having left, *Evander* courts:  
 Nay more, he arms remote *Hetrurian* Towns,  
 And Regiments recruits with *Lydian* clowns.  
 Where lies thy doubt? now Chariots raise, now horse,  
 And lose no time, but take their Camp by force.  
 This said, on counterpoising wings she glides,  
 And the great <sup>d</sup> Bow beneath the Clouds divides.  
 The Prince the Goddesses knew, and to the Skies  
 Raising his hands, thus, following her, replies.  
*Iris*, Heav'n's Glory, which of all the Gods,  
 Thee, from Celestial, sent to our aboads?  
 Whence breaks this Light? Heav'n opens, and I spie  
 Those wandring Stars that gild the purple Skie;  
 Who e're thou art command'st me take up Arms,  
 I go, as thy great Omen me informs.

Thus saying, to the ' River he repairs,  
 There drinks, and tires the Gods with Vows and Pra'is.  
 And now they took the field, with all their Force,

Bravely appointed, both in Arms and Horse.  
*Messapus* had the Vanguard; in the Rear  
 Two gallant youths, bold *Tyrrhens* Sons appear;  
*Turnus*, their General, the Main-body led,  
 Who bravely arm'd, shew'd taller by the head.

So silent *Ganges* in seven <sup>f</sup> Channels flows,  
 Whose steeper Margents swelling Waves oppose;  
 Or <sup>e</sup> fertile *Nile* retreated from the Plains,  
 When in his Chanel he himself contains.

The *Trojans* here a dusty Cloud espie  
 And suddain darknes scale from Earth the Skie.

(A) *Iris* was suppos'd to be carri'd in the Rainbow, as in a Chariot. *Ovid. Met. 11.*

*Effugit & remat per quos modo venerat arcum.*

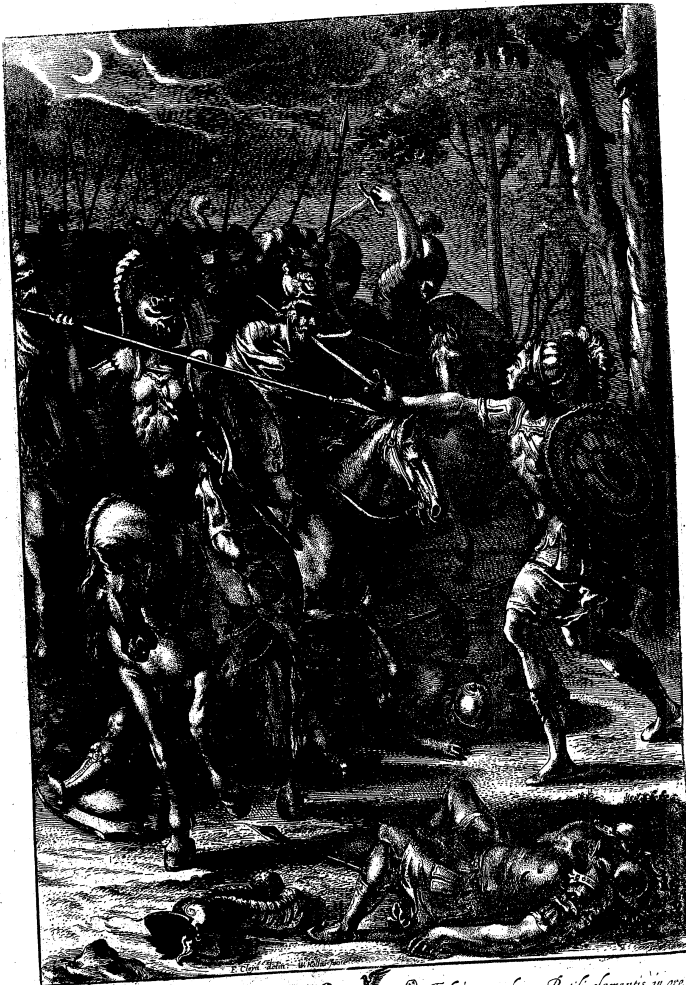
(e) Alluding to the Roman Ceremony of making Vows and purifying themselves with Water before the Battle. See the manner of it in *Turneb. l. 25. c. 30.*

(f) Which *La Corda* refers only to the frequent windings of that River through *India*, because according to the testimony of *Strabo lib. 15*, it hath but one Chanel.

(g) *Nile* is derived from *rius* *indis* i. e. drawing new Slime which may make the Earth fertile. See *Georg. 2.*

—*Suavis liquoratur vapulus amur, Felicemque trahunt Limum.*

As the Rivers return out of the Fields into the Channels; so the multitude of Souldiers which before was confus'dly in the fields, is modelled into an Army.



*Quem circum circumque hostes, hinc cominus angustant  
Proturbant, insunt non segnius, ac rotat enses.*



*Fulminant, donec Rutii clamantis in ore  
Gaudet subverso et moriens animā affulsit hosti.*

*Tabula merito votiva,*

Thoms. Hanson Armigero

First from the Works *Caicus* calls aloud,  
What Body, Sirs, advanceth in yon Cloud?  
Double your Guards, each look to his Command,  
Ascend the Walls, Arm, arm, the Foe's at hand.  
The *Trojans* then from all parts gathering round,  
Straight man the Gates, and Forts & Bulwarks crown'd.  
For so *Æneas* that excell'd in Arms,  
Departing bid; no Fortune, no Alarms  
Should make them sally forth, nor trust the Field,  
But let their Works and Trenches be their Shield.  
Therefore, although provok'd by shame or rage,  
Their Gates they did not open, nor engage,  
But all Obedience paid to his Command,  
And arm'd, on Tow'rs, the Foe expecting, stand.

*Turnus* with twenty chosen Horse comes down,  
Slow-marching Foot out-stripping, to the Town,  
Mounted upon a dappled *Thracian* Steed,  
Whose crimson Plumes his golden Helmet hid;  
Now valiant youth, who will with me advance?  
This said, he peis'd, then cast a mighty Lance,  
Denouncing War, and bravely wheels about;  
Straight all obey, and follow with a Shout;  
They strangely *Trojan* Cowardice admire,  
That Men should not an open Field desire,  
But lye incamp'd: Then he their Walls surveys,  
And, raging, Entrance seeks at several ways.

Like a fly Wolf, which near a Sheep-cote lyes,  
Growling till Midnight, Show'rs and stormie Skyes  
Patiently suffering, whil't the tender Lambs  
In safety bleat beneath their fostering Dams;  
He, vex't with raging Hunger, nearer draws,  
Longing to quench with Blood his thirsty Jaws:  
Viewing their Works, so furious *Turnus* groans,  
Till Grief inflam'd the Marrow in his Bones;

(b) When the antient *Romans* proclaim'd War, the *Pater-patrus* having spoken some solemn words, thrust his Spear into the Enemies ground, which was the beginning of the fight. *Livy*.

(c) At that time Wolves are observ'd to prey. *Oppian* calls twilight, *quædam* with this allusion (saith *La Cerda*) *Apollo* is also figur'd *Lycus* or *Lupercus*.

How

How he might scale, how enter some Redoubt,  
And from their holes ferret the *Trojans* out.  
He charg'd the Fleet, which near the Trench did ride,  
Round with the Stream and Bulwarks fortify'd;  
Then calls for Fire, and, following his Design,  
His strong hand fills with a whole blazing Pine.  
Then all come on, his Valour did inspire,  
Each Souldier loads himself with cruel Fire;  
Altars they spoil; then pitchy Vapours rise,  
Mix'd with black Smoke, and *Vulcan* scales the Skyes.

Say Muse, what God could all those Flames defeat?  
Who from such Fires preserv'd the *Trojan* Fleet?  
Though old the Fact, yet lasting is the Fame.  
When first to *Phrygian* Ide *Aeneas* came,  
And for the Sea his gallant Navy made,  
Thus to high *Jove*, the Gods great Mother said;

Grant, dearest Son, *Cybele* this Request,  
Since now thou reign'st in conquer'd Heaven at rest.  
A Grove of 'Pine, where long I took delight,  
Which sacred, stood on the high Mountain's height,  
Whose gloomie Bosome Sun-beams never gild,  
I gave *Aeneas* when his Fleet he built;  
Heart-eating Fear torments my troubled Breast,  
Ease me, and grant thy Mother this request:  
Let them no Voyage craze, nor Storm o're-let;  
For growing there, that favour let them get.  
Then spake her Son, the Deity that rowls  
The spangled Skyes about their glittering Poles,

Mother, why tempt'st thou Fates with such Demands?  
Shall Ships b'immortal, built by mortal hands?  
*Aeneas* safely through all Dangers go:  
Can any God so large Commisison shew?  
But when they ride in the *Ausonian* Bay,  
Their Voyage gain'd, who e're escapes the Sea,

Bearing

(k) *Servius* saith, that this Fiction is condemn'd by some Critics, as being without precedent: but *Germanus* allegeth one more strange out of *Apollonius*, who makes a ship not only vocal, but prophetic. So the *Phœacian* ships are by *Homer* feign'd to go all Voyages without help of Mariners.

(l) The Pine was consecrate to *Cybele*, (who was also call'd *Mater Deum*, *Ops*, *Bona Dea*, *Terra*, *Vesta*, *Rhea* & *Berecynthia*) the reason *Ovid* gives, *Mæt.* 10.

*Pri'e'd* by the Mother of the Gods, for her lost-*stain'd* *Atys* turn'd into that Tree.

*Atys*, a beautiful Boy beloved of her, was created President of her Ceremonies; and for affecting the Nymph *Sangaris*, was by the jealous Goddess emulacated, as afterwards all her Priests were: Said to be transform'd into a Pine, in regard of the infertility of that Tree.



*At pedibus longo melior Læus, inter et hostes,  
Inter et arma fuga muro tenet, alius certat  
Pendere recta manu, sociumq. attingere doc. tras,  
Quem Turani pariter cursa, teoque secutus,*



*Incepit his victor Agirius evadere demum  
Spera sùte posse manus: simul arripit ipsam  
Pendentem, et magna mari cum parte revellit.*  
**THOMAS STANLEY ARMIGERO**  
*Tacula merito votiva. 347*

Bearing the *Trojan* to *Laurentian* Strands,  
 Sea-Nymphs shall be transform'd by our commands;  
 Like *Galatæ* and *Doto* they shall ride  
 On bounding Floods, and foam'd VVaves divide.  
 This by his Brother's *Stygian* Streams he swore,  
 And by the brimstone Lake, and dismal Shore,  
 By the black Gulph, and the infernal Pit;  
 Whose \* nod *Olympus* shook, confirming it.

And now the time drew nigh, that promis'd day,  
 VVhich Destiny accomplishing should pay;  
 VVhen *Turnus* spight *Cybele* did inspire,  
 To save the sacred Ships from impious Fire.  
 Here first a sudden Light dazles their Eyes,  
 And from the East a \* bright Cloud cuts the Skies,  
*Ilean* Troops appear, and in the Air,  
 A Voice both *Trojans* and *Rutilians* hear:

Haft not my Ships to save, nor stir a Man;  
*Turnus* as soon shall burn the Ocean,  
 As fire these sacred Pines; Go, you are free,  
*Jove's* Mother bids you, go, and \* Sea-Nymphs be.  
 Straight they their Cordage broke, to Sea they stood,  
 Dipping their Beaks, like Dolphins, in the Flood;  
 As many Ships (wondrous!) at Shore did ride,  
 So many Beauties through the Billows glide.  
 The stout *Rutilians* tremble, struck with Fear,  
*Messapus* and his Troops affrighted were:  
 Then *Tyber* muttering, strangely did complain,  
 His hafty Foot recalling from the Main.  
 But this bold *Turnus* not one jot amates,  
 Who thus at once his Souldiers cheers, and rates.

These Prodiges the *Trojans* threat, and *Jove*  
 By this from them all Succour doth remove:  
 Nor need the *Trojans* Sword or Fire affright;  
 The Seas block'd up, now there's no hope of flight,

(m) *Jupiter* did all things [*muta  
& remota*] with nodding, whence  
 the word *Namen*, *Turneb.* l. 26. c. 30.  
 See *Scaliger*, l. 5. c. 3. *Namini* *Miscell.* l. 7. c. 14. observes, that what  
 in Men is a nod, in *Jupiter* and *Juno*  
 is thunder.

(n) *Servius* interprets *Nimbus*  
 (whensoever apply'd to any Deity) a  
 kind of splendour like a Cloud of  
 Light, wherein the Heads of the  
 Gods were involv'd as often as they  
 appear'd to Men.

(o) *Ne trepidate, ne seffinate*:  
 So all Interpreters.

(p) Of this *Metamorphosis*, *Ovid.*  
*lib.* 14.

The *Timber* *system*, *Flesh* proceeds from  
*Wood*,  
 The *crook'd Stern* to *Heads* and *Faces*  
 grow,  
 The *Oars* to *swimming Feet*, *fine Legs*  
 and *Trees*:  
 What were their *Holds*, to *slender Sides*  
 are grown,  
 The *lengthful Keel* preserving the  
*Backbone*,  
 The *Tarls* to *Arms*, to *Hair* the *Tack-*  
*ling* grew,  
 As *formerly*, so now their colour,  
 blew;  
 And they, but lately of the *Floods* a  
 field,  
 Now in the *Floods* with *Virgin* *pastime*  
 play'd.

*Mr. Sandys.*

Halfe of their Force being gone ; the Land is ours,  
 And all *Ausonia's* contributed powers  
 Muster'd in one ; nor me these Omens daunt,  
 If any happy ones the *Trojans* vaunt.  
 Enough for *Venus* Fate hath done, that they  
 Found Fertile Fields of rich *Ausonia* ;  
 And I have Fates which stand with theirs at strife,  
 T' extirp that Race would rob me of my Wife :  
 Nor such wrong only the *Atrides* harms,  
 And *Greece* alone inforc'd to take up Arms.  
 Once was enough to perish, once to sin,  
 And Women then in detestation been.  
 These trusting Trenches, and a weak redoubt,  
 VVhich Death delays, but cannot long keep out ;  
 Beheld they not those mighty Walls of *Troy*,  
 By *Neptune* built, consuming Fire destroy ?  
 But you, my chosen Friends, prepare to fall  
 On bravely now with me, and storm their Wall.  
 Know, I not want *Vulcanian* Arms, nor come  
 A thousand Sail strong, 'gainst one *Ilium*,  
 Though all *Hetruria* straight for them declare.

(q) The Image of *Pallas* (of which, *lib. 2.*) stoln by *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*.

(r) The *Romans* in the first seven hours of the day were serious, the rest they spent in Mirth, Bathes, and Feasts. Those *Horat.* *Od. 1.* calls, the *solid day* ; *Virgil*, the *best part*.

(\*) Alluding to the Custom of Soldiers, who use before they engage in Battel to refresh themselves with Meat and Drink. *Ulysses*, in *Homer*, advises not to bring a starv'd Army into the Field ; and it is a Maxime that (perhaps) in Martial Policy ought not to be slighted. The *Dutchmen* find the advantage of it, by the use of their Brandywine. See *Lipsius, de Milit. Rom. lib. 1. c. 9.* upon this Proverb, *Præsum paratus*.

Nor loss of their *Palladium* need they fear,  
 Which Theeves by Night's protection did obtain,  
 The Warders of *Minerva's* Tower being slain ;  
 Nor in a Horfes belly *Turnus* lurks :  
 But we by day will fire and storm their Works.  
 That we no *Grecians* are, I'll make them know,  
 VVhom ten long years one *Hector* baffled so.  
 But since the best part of the Day is gone,  
 What now remains, Affairs well carry'd on,  
 But to refresh and rest our selves this Night,  
 And then with joy prepare our selves to fight ?  
 Mean while the Charge with Fire to round the Walls  
 And set the VVatch, to bold *Messapus* falls.

Twice

Twice seven *Rutilian* chosen Captains stand,  
 Guarding the Works ; a hundred each command,  
 Whole purple Plumes, and golden Helmets, shine.  
 They scout, they watch by turns, then drink rich wine,  
 And drain full Goblets, sitting on the Grass :  
 High blaze their Fires, the wakeful Night they pass  
 Away in Sports.

All this the *Trojans* from their Tow'rs descry'd,  
 And carefully for every part provide ;  
 Thick on their Works and Battlements they stand,  
 By *Mnestheus* and *Sereftus* strict command ;  
 The Prince gave these, should any chance befall,  
 A large Commission for to govern all.  
 Allotted Squadrons watch on every side,  
 And they by turns each others place supply'd.

*Hyrtæus* Son, bold *Nisus*, kept the Gate,  
 Whom th' Huntress *Ida* did command to wait  
 On Prince *Æneas* ; well he cast a Dart,  
 And drew a Bow with wondrous Strength and Art ;  
 With him *Euryalus* joyn'd, than whom more fair,  
 Not any of the *Trojan* Offspring were,  
 Nor better Arms became ; Now first, his Face,  
 The mark of Manhood, tender Doun did grace :  
 Like was their Love, alike in War they rag'd ;  
 And then to keep one Port, were both engag'd.

When *Nisus* said, doth <sup>a</sup> God our minds inspire,  
 Or each Man makes a God of his desire ?  
 My Genius prompts me to some great design,  
 Nor will my active Soul to rest encline.  
 Seest thou what watch careless *Rutilians* keep,  
 And how they buried lye in Wine and Sleep,  
 Their Fires nigh out, dumb Silence every where  
 What by observing I conceive, now hear.

Ggg 2

Both

(f) By *Servius* and others, taken for the Mother of *Nisus*, but *Paralusius*, *Erythæus*, and *La Cerdas* understand the Mountain supposing this Hero to be of the number of those who were so born, as others of Woods and Rivers ; Fictions arising from the places of their births.

(i) See *Lipsius, de Milit. Rom. 5. Dial. 8.*

(\*) Meaning (with *La Cerdas*) the *Genius*, or (as the *Greeks* call it) *Dæmon*, which they believe directed or incited every man upon good or ill occasions.

Both Peers and People with the King's return,  
And some Intelligence to him be born.  
If what I ask they shall conferr on thee,  
(Fame of th' exploit enough shall honour me)  
Under yon Summit I a way have spy'd,  
Will to the Walls of *Pallanteum* guide.

Ambitious of fair Fame, *Euryalus* burns:  
Then thus unto his dearest Friend returns.  
In so great danger dost thou me decline?  
Alone thy self engage in this Design?  
Not so my Father bred me up in Arms,  
'Mongst *Trojan* toys, and *Grecian* alarms;  
Nor didst thou find me, *Nisus*, such a Friend,  
Whil'st great *Aeneas* fortunes we attend;  
A Soul this Bosome harbours, scorns to live,  
And would more Lives than one for Honours give.

Then *Nisus* said, I from such Thoughts am free,  
Nor can thy Admirer so injurious be:  
So may great *Jove* home me with Honours load,  
Or any other just and favouring God.  
But if (for such Attempts great Dangers wait)  
That I Miscarry by Mischance, or Fate,  
Thou should'st not dye, of Life thou worthier art,  
That to my \*ransom'd Corps thou might'st impart  
A spot of Earth; which if my Chance denies,  
Yet grant my Shade a Tomb, and Obsequies:  
Nor to thy wretched Mother would I be  
The cause of so much grief, who follow'd thee  
Of all the Matrons, with a constant mind,  
And great *Acestes* new-built Walls declin'd.

Then he reply'd; Excuses are in vain,  
Fix'd to my resolution I remain.  
Then said *Euryalus*, let us dispatch,  
And soon as spoken, he relieves the Watch;

All things in order, Centinels being plac'd,  
They both together to *Ascanius* hast.  
Now through the World both Birds & Beasts in deep  
Oblivion drown'd their Cares, and curing Sleep;  
Commanders and prime Officers, so late,  
Consult concerning the Affairs of State,  
What they should do, whom to *Aeneas* send;  
Bearing their Shields, all on long Javelins lean'd.  
Then *Nisus* and *Euryalus* did crave,  
That they admittance speedily might have;  
Great was the business, dangerous being delay'd;  
*Ascanius* then bids *Nisus* speak; who said,

With Thoughts unbyas'd, hear, you *Trojan* Peers,  
Neither prejudice the matter by our years,  
*Rutilians* buried lie in Sleep and Wine,  
And we have found a Path for our Design,  
That's near the Gate which next the Ocean lies;  
Their Fires burn dim, and Smoke ascends the Skies;  
Grant us to use our Fortune, which, if kind,  
At *Pallanteum* we'll *Aeneas* find,  
Whom, with great Slaughters, and rich Spoils, you may  
Shortly behold; nor can we miss our way,  
Who daily hunting in dark Vales below,  
Have seen the Town, and the whole River know.

Then old and grave *Alethes* thus reply'd;  
You Gods, who always do for *Troy* provide,  
No utter extirpation you intend,  
When you our Youth such resolution send.  
Thus saying, at once he did them both embrace,  
Whil'st salt tears fill'd the Furrows in his Face.  
What Presents fit for you shall we devise,  
That undertake so great an Enterprize?  
Heaven and your Merits will return the best,  
Let bountiful *Aeneas* pay the rest,

(\*) *La Cerda* supposeth him to allude to the Stories of *Antigone*, who contrary to the command of *Creon* buried her brother *Polinices*; and of *Priam*, who purchas'd the burial of his Son *Hektor's* Body.

Nor shall *Ascanius* this your great desert  
 Ever forget, but treasure in his heart.  
*Nisus*, but I (*Ascanius* then replies)  
 Whose onely safety in my Father lies,  
 Thee by *Assaracus* Gods, and Lars, desire,  
 And Venerable *Vesta's* sacred Fire,  
 (For what my Fortunes, or my Counsels, are,  
 I cast my self and them, upon thy care)  
 Bring home my Father, let me see his Face,  
 And VVoe shall vanish in his dear embrace.  
 Two Silver Cups, Graven with Figures, take,  
 VVhich with *Arisba* rescu'd he brought back.  
 Two *Tripods*, two great Talents of pure Gold,  
 And *Dido's* Gift, a Cup of antique Mold.  
 But if we e're o're conquer'd *Latium* sway,  
 That Land enjoy, and share by lot the Prey,  
 Haft thou brave *Turnus* Horse and Arms beheld?  
 His crimson Plumage, and his golden Shield,  
 Shall not be shar'd, they are already thine;  
 To which my Father shall twelve Ladies joyn,  
 As many Captive Knights, compleat in Arms,  
 VVith all *Latinus* Manours, Parks, and Farms:  
 But thee, whose Age mine in a nearer space  
 Pursues, brave Youth, I take in full embrace;  
 Thee I'll consult with, both in Peace and Wars,  
 Of all my private and my publick cares.  
 When thus to him *Euryalus* replies.

No Day shall tax me e're of Cowardize,  
 Let Fortune happy or unhappy fall:  
 But one thing I request, one above all;  
 My Mother, of King *Priam's* antient Stem,  
 To go with me did *Ilian* Fields condemn,  
 Nor would she in *Acestes* City feat;  
 Of my adventure she knows nothing yet;

Night

Night and thy right hand both my wittels be,  
 Because her tears I not endur'd to see.  
 Help her forlook, and comfort in her care;  
 If I with me so much assurance bear,  
 I boldlier shall against all dangers go.  
 At which the *Trojans* eyes with grief o'reflow:  
 But from the fair *Ascanius* rivers rowl,  
 And filial affection touch'd his soul;  
 And thus he said—  
 All things I grant worthy thy great design,  
 And she that is thy Mother shall be mine,  
 Onely *Crensa's* name shall want, nor shall  
 Her glory for producing thee be small.  
 What chance soever doth attend thee now,  
 I swear by this my head, my Father's vow,  
 VVhat thee, return'd in safety, I would give,  
 Thy Mother and thy Kindred shall receive.  
 Weeping he said, then pulling off his Belt,  
 His Sword presents him with a Golden Hilt,  
 Which with admired art *Lycaon* made,  
 And with an Ivory sheath adorn'd the Blade.  
 A Lions skin *Mnestheus* on *Nisus* prest,  
 And good *Alethes* chang'd with him his Crest.

Now arm'd they march: as to the gates they bend,  
 Both young and old with vows and prayers attend;  
 And fair *Ascanius*, who above his age,  
 In manly care and courage did engage;  
 Many commands they to his Father bear,  
 Which winds dispier'd, and scatter'd through the air.  
 They pass the Trench, through gloomy night they go,  
 Carrying a great destruction to the Foe.  
 Buried in wine and sleep the Guards they spy,  
 And all along the Shore their Wagons lye;

Men

(1) The chief Gods worshipp'd by the *Trojans* were the *Penates*, the Lar of *Assaracus* (Son of *Tros*, Brother of *Ilus*, Grandfather to *Æneas*) and old *Vesta*.

(2) It was nam'd so from the Daughter of *Merops*, or *Macareus*, who was *Paris's* first Wife. Some say it was related by *Ahas*, who wrote the *Trojan* story, that after the departure of the *Greeks*, the Kingdom there was given to *Astyanax*; he was expell'd by *Aeneas*, who had associated the neighbouring Cities to him, among which *Arisba* was one; *Aeneas* displac'd at this, took Arms, and reitor'd the Kingdom to *Astyanax*. If this be true, he is deservedly mention'd for his Conquest, and the Spoils he took.

(3) In War the Common Souldiers onely shar'd the Spoil by lot, the Commanders by choice, which *La Cæda* largely proves.

(4) It was the *Roman* fashion to settle rewards *ILLI LIBERISQUE EPULIS*, to him and his Children, that they might receive what the Parents could not.

(5) This is according to the custom of the Heroical times; for as *Hercules* was clad in a Lions skin, so were other Heroes with the skins of other Beasts.

Men amongst Arms, Wheels, Reigns, and Goblets, laid  
Spread on the Grass: When thus bold *Nisus* said;  
Now let us use our Arms, th' occasion calls,  
This is the path: But thou, lest any falls  
Upon our Rear, watch, and behind survey;  
These I'll destroy, and make thee open way.

This said, he silent to proud *Rhamnes* went,  
Who lay loud snoring in his Tap'try Tent,  
A King and Augure, to King *Turnus* dear:  
But yet could not foretel the Mischief near.  
Three of his Train, and *Rhemus* Squire, he found,  
And Charioteer, then pinn'd them to the Ground;  
Lying 'mongst Arms and Horfe, his well-edg'd Sword  
Divides their neck, and last beheads their Lord;  
In Blood he leaves the sobbing Body drown'd,  
Which stains with purple Streams the Bed and Ground.  
Next did on *Lamus* and *Lamirus* light,  
And fair *Serranus*, who the tedious Night  
Had spent in Sport; o'come with Wine he lay,  
Happy if he had gam'd it out till Day.

As when a hungry Lion Sheep invades,  
(Invincible Necessity perfwades)  
He, the poor Beast mute with surprizing Fears,  
Growling, with bloody jaws devours and tears.

Slaughter no less *Euryalus* did inflame,  
That many now he slew without a name;  
*Fadus*, *Hebesus*, *Abaris* he kill'd;  
But *Rhetus* could not sleep, he all beheld,  
And, frighted, under a huge Charger lay;  
Up to the Hilt his bright Sword found a way  
Thorow his Breast, then drew it, stain'd with Blo  
His purple Soul he vomits in a Flood  
Of Wine and Gore commix'd. Then on he went,  
And to *Messapus* Quarters, raging, bent,

Where

(f) Kings antiently executed the office of the Priest; and afterwards, when the City was built, the knowledge of Soothsaying was in such esteem, that Kings would be admitted into their Colledge. Such a one our Poet here makes *Rhamnes*.

(g) According to those who say the Soul is in the Blood, whom *Aristotle* confutes, *De Anim.* l. i.



*Rhamnetem aggressus, qui forte taphetum alii  
Exstructum propterea pectore somnum:  
Res. tacui, et non Turno gratissimus augur:  
Sed non augurio potui decipere pestem.*

HENEAGE FINCH Armiger,



*Rhetum vigilantem, et cuncto videtur:  
Sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat:  
Pectore in adverso totum, cui comitis enses  
Condidit argententi, et multa morte recepit.*

Tabula merito votiva.

Where now almost consum'd their Fires he spy'd,  
And Horses feeding, as the Custome, ty'd.

Then *Nisus* briefly said; let us be gone,  
(Seeing him drawn with love of Slaughter on)  
For th'envious Dawn appears: let this suffice,  
Our way we made quite through the Enemies;  
Nor did they Arms of beaten Silver mind,  
Rich Hangings, massie Plate are left behind;  
*Rhamnes* rich Trappings, and his Girts of Gold,  
(Which *Cædicus* sent *Remulus* of old,  
When with that<sup>b</sup> Present they in League conjoyn'd,  
This, dying, to his Nephew he assign'd,  
Which War made after the *Rutilians* prize)  
*Euryalus* on his Manly Shoulders ties,  
Claps on *Messapus* Cask, with Feathers grac'd;  
Then left the Camp, and on in safety pals'd.

Mean while a Party of their Horse march'd down,  
The rest lay quarter'd yet about the Town,  
That Orders from the King for *Turnus* had,  
'Three hundred Shieldmen, all by *Volsceus* led.  
Now near the *Trojan* Walls the Squadron drew,  
When on their left hand turning, these they view:  
*Euryalus* Helmet him far off betrays,  
Through sable Night reflecting silver Raies.  
Something I see, cries *Volsceus* from the Band,  
Stand, who goes there? why arm'd? your business? stand.  
No answer they return, but hasten flight,  
Trusting to shady Woods, and gloomy Night.  
The Horse beset the Paths, all parts surround,  
And with strong Guards the several passes crown'd.

There was a shady Wood of spreading Oke,  
Which Briers and Thorns, and prickly Brambles choak,  
Where a small Tract leads through an obscure way;  
The tangling Boughs, and burthen of his prey,

H h

*Euryalus*

(b) *Cædicus* sends to *Remulus* Trappings and Girdles set with Golden Studs; *Remulus* dying, leaves these to a Nephew of his own name, who was afterwards slain by the *Rutilians*, after whose death they were found by *Euryalus* with *Rhamnes* the *Rutilian*. The Ancients perform'd the Rites of Hospitality with mutual Gifts, either Personally or by Messengers. But this, *Ætich Servius*, is one of *Virgil's* twelve obscure places.

(i) The Roman discipline was such, for they took ten out of every *Curia*, whereof there were XXX. and he calls them *Scutarii*, because the *Scuta* were the Arms of the Horsemen drawn out in length, as the Clypeus of the Footmen were round.

*Euryalus* stopt, and Fear his Feet intraps:

*Nisus* went on, and from the Foe escapes,

By Seats which after *Alba's* name did bear,

Where King *Latinus* stately Stables were.

As for his Friend, in vain he looking, staid,

Ah poor *Euryalus*, where art thou? he said,

How shall I find thee out? Then through the Maze

Of the dark Wood returns, and thousand ways

Seeks his own steps, and roves through silent Briers.

Noys, Horse, and sounding Trumpets straight he hears,

And sudden the huge Clamour understands,

And saw *Euryalus*, whom all the Bands,

With disadvantage of the Night and Lane,

Had round beset, much striving, but in vain.

What shall he do? what Plot can he contrive?

Or by what Force bring off his Friend alive?

Shall *Nisus* 'midst the Foe give up his breath,

Haftning by Wounds an honourable death?

Raising his Hand and Spear, he straight prepares,

And made, beholding the high Moon, these prayers.

O Goddess, glory of the Stars, O thou,

The Groves great President, assist me now;

If e're for me my Father Presents paid,

Or I from my own Huntings Offerings made,

Or grac'd thy *Thole*, or sacred Pillars deckt,

Grant that I rout this Troop, my <sup>m</sup> Spear direct.

This said, with his whole strength a Lance he cast,

Through shady Night the flying Javelin past,

And piercing *Sulmons* back, the Staff there broke,

Yet through his Bowels glides the knotty Oke.

From's Breast a warm Stream vomiting, he fell,

And short-breath'd panting makes his Bosome swell.

All look about: he takes another Spear,

Chear'd with success, and pois'd it at his Ear;

VVhilst

(k) With allusion to the Religion of the *Romans*, who worshipp'd the Moon as a Goddess, and dedicated a Temple to her in the time of *Servius Tullius*.

(l) The Antients us'd to express their Devotion by their Donatives to their Gods. Thus Huntsmen, by vowing or offering part of their Prey, Souldiers the Arms and Ensigns of their Enemies, Sometimes out of gratitude for Favours past, they us'd to hang up Tables, representing in picture the several Occasions; as of sold, Souldiers, by pouring thereon their Arms, Shippers, &c. persons their Cloaths, in testimony of their protection and deliverance. These Tables or Donatives were not onely fix'd to the Pillars and VValls of their Temples, but hung up in the Top, and in the *Tholus*, which (as *Lactantius* upon *Statius*, l. 2. *Theb.* describes it) was a Chamber in the middle part of the Temple, in which the Offerings and Donatives of Votaries were suspended. Frequent with *Statius*.

accipit omnes  
Euryalus Diana Tholo, capioque vela  
Belliparus. l. 1. Sylv. 4.

And in the second of his *Thebais*,

figantque superbis  
Arma Tholia.

See *Dumfries*, in *Paradise*, ad *Rosin*.  
Antiqu. Rom. l. 1. c. 2.

(m) The Moon, who is here invoked, being President of the Art of Shooting, as well as her Brother *Phaebus*, which is here ingeniously observ'd by *Germanus*.



Aut hoc Dardanum dextra sub Tactura mittam  
Desertorem, affixi (sedantque Latini)  
Et solus ferro Crimen commune regellam.  
Aut habet pictus: cecidit Lavinia Corpus.  
Turne per huc ego te Lachrymas perfi qua dante  
Tunc honor aliumq. pro tu nunc una senecta.

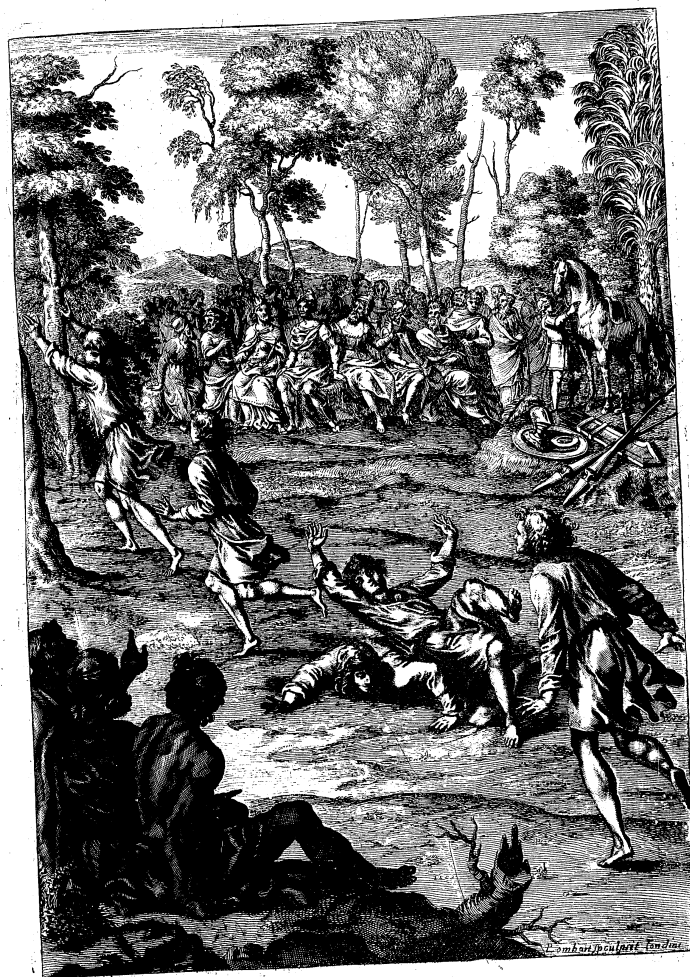


Te requies inferre: decus Imperiumq. Latini  
Te penes: in te omnis domus inclinata reclusa  
Vnum oro. desiste manum committere laevis  
Qui te cumque manent yfo certamine casus.  
Et me Turne, nunciat: simul haec voxq. videtur  
Lumina, nec generant. Enam captiva videtur  
Laud. L. 1.

Domine Flora Backhouse.

Tabula merito votiva,

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Whil'ft they're amaz'd, through *Tægus* Brows and Arms,  
Singing it flew, and in his hot Brain warms.  
Fierce *Volsæns* rag'd, nor any he esp'd  
VVhich threw the Spear, nor knew which way to ride.

But thou, for both shalt with warm Blood afford  
Me Satisfaction first. This said, his Sword  
He drew, and at *Euryalus* raging flies.  
But then aloud affrighted *Nisus* cries,  
Nor longer could conceal, nor such Grief bear.  
At me, me; I, who did the Fact, am here;  
At me convert your Steel; *Rutilians* hold,  
The Fraud is mine; he neither durst, nor could;  
(This Heaven, these conscious Stars shall witness such)  
He onely lov'd his hapless Friend too much.  
Such things he said; but the drawn Sword his Chest  
With violence pierc'd, and tore his snowie Breast.  
Dead, he sinks down, Blood from his Body sprung,  
His Neck declining, on his Shoulders hung.  
A Violet on new-Ear'd Ground so lies,  
Cut by the Plough, and, languishing, so dies;  
Or full-blown Poppy hangs the head, whose flow'r  
Wearies the neck, o're-burthen'd with a show'r.  
But through them all bold *Nisus* charg'd alone,  
And *Volsæns* seeks, *Volsæns* must find, or none;  
VVho, though surrounded every where with Foes,  
Wheeling his glittering Sword, on bravely goes,  
Till in his Mouth the deadly Stuck he threw,  
And thus his Enemy in dying flew:  
Then on his dead Friend falling, gives up breath,  
Reposing so at last in quiet death.  
Both happy, if my Verse have power, your Fame  
Shall last, nor eating Time destroy your Name,  
Whil'ft *Trojans* in the Capitol remain,  
And o're the World a *Roman* *Cæsar* Reign.

H h h 2

The

(n) Though this may aptly enough  
be understood of all the Capitol, yet  
it is interpreted rather of the *Ter-  
minus* which was there; suppos'd that  
Stone which was given *Saturn* to de-  
vour in stead of *Jupiter*. Of whose  
immobility, *Ovid. Fast. 2.*

And when the Royal Capitol was rais'd,  
All Gods to Jove gave way, and were  
displac'd:

But *Terminus* (saves Fame) being  
seated there,

could not remove, but in Jove's House  
he still bore.

And now, if ought but Heaven be view'd,  
right over

His head, the Roof is fram'd without a  
Cover.

Mr. Gower.

But *Virgil* seems to have directed  
these Verses to the Immortal Glory  
of the *Julian* Family, which by a spe-  
cial prerogative liv'd there; a favour  
deny'd to all the *Patricians*. *German.*

The Spoil the conquering *Rutilians* share,  
And weeping, to the Camp dead *Volsens* bear;  
Where Sorrow was no less, *Rhamnes* being found;  
*Serranus*, *Numa*, bloodless on the Ground,  
In this sad Slaughter slain, with many more,  
In throngs the dead and dying they deplore;  
A mighty Concourse round about them stood,  
In Crimson plashes, warm with fomy Blood.  
*Messapus* Spoils all know, and glittering Cask,  
And Reigns recover'd by so hard a Task.

*Aurora* now the early Dawn had spread,  
And weary, left old *Titbon's* Golden Bed;  
Soon as the Sun distinguish'd forms with light,  
Arm'd *Turnus* arms his Squadrons for the Fight;  
The "Brazen Ranks makes ready to engage,  
Each man with various rumour whetting Rage:  
With *Nisus* and *Euryalus* heads th' advance,  
A wofull sight! each on a' pointed Lance,  
And follow with a shout.  
Whil't the bold *Trojans* the Left side made good,  
(The Right lay flanker'd with the swelling Flood)  
On strong Redoubts they patiently remain'd,  
And with sad hearts their lofty Tow'rs maintain'd,  
When both their heads on Javelin's fix'd they view'd,  
Ah too well known! with purple Gore imbrud.

Mean while, that winged Messenger, swift Fame,  
Sounding through all the troubled City came,  
And glides unto *Euryalus* Mothers ears;  
Straight wanting heat, she motionless appears;  
Down her Yarn tumbles, and her Spindle falls:  
Tearing her Hair, and skreeching, to the Walls  
She runs, whom Men, nor Arms, nor Danger, daunts,  
Where arch'd Skies thunder with her loud complaints.

Ah

Ah my *Euryalus* do I behold  
Thee thus? art thou my comfort now grown old?  
Cruel, ah could'st thou leave me thus alone?  
Nor, sent on such Adventures, make it known  
To me at thy departure? nor afford,  
To thy unhappy Mother, one poor word:  
Wo's me! thou liest to Dogs and Fowl a Prey,  
In a strange Land; nor can thy Mother pay  
Thee 'Funeral Rites, nor close thy Eyes at rest,  
Or bathe thy Wounds, and cover with the "Vest  
Which Night and day I did for thee prepare  
At my Web, curing an old womans care.  
Where shall I find thee? on what cruel Shore  
Lies thy torn Limbs and Body, drencht in Gore?  
Are these returns for my expected Bliss?  
Went I by Sea and Land with thee for this?  
Me, if y'have any pity, me oh kill,  
Hansel, *Rutilians*, with my blood your Steel;  
Or thou great *Jove* thy self in mercy shew,  
O Father this my body, hateful now,  
Unto the *Stygian* shade with Thunder send,  
Since else my wofull life I cannot end.

This pierc'd their Souls, a sad groan past through all.  
Their courages, in war undaunted, fall.  
*Idæus* and sad *Ator*, by command  
Of *Ilioneus*, whil't she thus complain'd,  
Mov'd with *Ascanius's* tears, lead her away  
By either Arm, and to her house convey.

But now they hear the Trumpets dreadful sound,  
Answer'd by Shouts, Heav'n's Arches eccho round.  
The *Volsians* suddainly a "Testude form,  
They fill the Ditches, and their Trenches storm  
For entrance, some with Ladders scale the Wall,  
Where Men stood thinnest, and the guards but small.

Trojans

(6) So we render *acies erata*, not without the approbation of the *Greek* Scholiasts, who upon all the like occasions interpret *ακτις, αλυσ*. They who to oppose this, allege, that *Bells* was us'd in the times of the *Heroes* in stead of iron, consider not that *Homer*, whom they cite, generally writeth according to the Custom of the Times wherein he liv'd. See *La Cerda*.

(7) A Custom in general use, intended as well a Trophy of Victory, as a reproach to the Enemy: So were *Galba*, *Piso*, and *Otho*, us'd by the Soldiers. Of him who carry'd the head of the first, *Plutarch* saith, *That he ran up and down like a Bacchanal, turning himself about, and flourishing the Spear which run with Blood*.

(8) In *Greece* the Men upon a Funeral-lamentation let their Hair and Beards grow, the Women clipt theirs, which Custom the *Roman* Women observ'd also, and laid their cut Hair upon the Carcase, or Sepulcher. *Alex. ab Alex. l. 3. c. 7.*

(9) The nearest Kinred, or heirs, brought out the dead from the inner part of the house (where his dearest friends had receiv'd his last breath, and where by intermissions he was conclaimed wash'd with warm water, annointed by the *Politiores* cloath'd with a white garment, into the Porch, and laid the Corps upon a Bed, in such manner, that the Face and Feet were towards the door. This the *Greeks* call'd *σπέρδιον*, the *Latines* *Collocare*.

(10) This was done by the Father, Mother, Children or near friends, but in the Night by the *Athenian* Law.

(11) The custom of washing of the bodies of the dead, hath been already mention'd; in relation to which *Cleopatra* and *Socrates* bath'd themselves before they dy'd, to save (saith he in *Plato's Phædo*) the Women a labour.

(12) It was the custom of the *Athenians*, to bury their friends in rich Garments made for that purpose. So *Andromache* *Iliad. 22.* bewails her Husband.

—thy Garments in my house are laid  
*Bethrich and fire, by hands of women made;*  
*These I, as useless, will commit to fire.*  
*Nor shall upon thy Dear thy limbs attire.*

It was in derision of this practice, that *Quætor* being offer'd a rich garment by *Apollodorus*, one of his Auditors refused it, adding, that the cloaths he had liv'd in, would serve as well to dye in.

(13) *Tefudo* is a connexion of Shields in likeness of a *Tortoise*, when a City is besieg'd, for the overthrowing a Wall. The Inventor of this and the *Aræx*, was *Attemon* the *Clæcomænian*.

*Trojans* on them all sorts of Weapons throw,  
 And with sharp-pointed Spears repel the Foe,  
 Train'd by long War, a City to defend;  
 Huge Rocks and mighty Millstones down they send  
 To break their Fence-work, under which they slight  
 All Chances, and in Danger take delight.  
 Which now not serves: for where they thickest drew,  
 On them a mighty heap the *Trojans* threw, (broke;  
 Which beat the *Rutills* down, their Shield-work  
 Nor more the hardy *Volsicians* undertook  
 Assaults with Engins, but by open force  
 To drive them from their Works.  
 On th' other side, dreadful *Mezentius* came,  
 Brandishing fire, and casts in pitchy flame.  
*Messapus* that brave Horse-man, *Neptune's* Race,  
 Past Trenches, and did Scaling-Ladders place.

My numbers, O you sacred Muses, swell,  
 That I may all those cruel Slaughters tell,  
 And bloody executions *Turnus* made,  
 And whom each Man sent to the *Stygian* shade;  
 With me those wondrous Accidents recall,  
 For you know well, and can remember all.

With stately Transoms stood a lofty Tow'r,  
 Of great defence, 'gainst this, with all their pow'r,  
 Th' *Italians* draw; this work to overthrow,  
 Became the whole endeavour of the Foe.

With Stones the *Trojans* in great Flocks defend,  
 And from their Loop-holes deadly weapons send.  
 Prince *Turnus* then a Ball of wild-fire cast,  
 And fix'd it blazing on the out-work fast,  
 Which with the VVinds conspiring straight devour  
 Planks, then supporters of the wooden Tow'r.

All are within amaz'd, confus'dly  
 They from the danger strive, in vain, to fly;

VVhilst

(f) Stones thrown out of Engins made for that purpose, which they call'd *missiles* *incursas*, of which see *Æschylus Sep. Theb.*  
 (g) These doubtless are the same which *Æschylus* calls *missiles* *obscuros* *Sep. Theb.*

(a) By *La Corda* describ'd a long round hollow Vessel, the mouth whereof a hand-breadth wide decreasing to the end; the matter of the Vessel, Earth, or Iron, fill'd to the middle with combustible matter, the other part empty to be held by.



*Hæc eadem, Ænea, terram, mare, sidera, juro,  
Latæque genus dylores, launus, byfroum.  
Ving, deum informam, et duri sacra raria Divis.  
Andiat hæc genitor, qui fœdera fulmine sancit.  
Vengo aras, mædosa ignis, et munera testor.*



*Nulla dies pacem hæc stabis, nec fœdera rupet.  
Quo res comp. cadent nec me vis ulla volentem  
Avertit, non si tellurem effundat in undas  
Diluvio miscens, cœlumque in Tartara solvat.*

GRIF. BODVRA. Am. Tabula meritis votiva.

Whil't backwards they in a wild Throng retire,  
And seek for safety further from the Fire,  
The Tow'r o' reburthen'd tumbles to the ground,  
And all Heav'n thunders with the hideous sound;  
Under the weight they dying lie, that steel  
Should guard their breasts, they in their bosomes feel;  
*Lycus* and *Helenor* scap'd with much ado;  
But *Helenor* the eldest of the two,  
Whom secretly *Lycimnia* forth did bring  
Unto her Master, the *Mæonian* King,  
And sent to *Troy*, forbidden Arms to wield,  
Light with a naked sword, and a silver shield,  
When he perceiv'd himself within command,  
And round about the *Latine* Squadrons stand;  
As a wild beast 'gainst Weapons spends his rage,  
Whom cruel Hunters round about engage,  
Resolv'd to dye, made desperate by his fears,  
Runs himself boldly on their threatening Spears;  
With such a Resolution on he goes,  
And breaks into the thickest of his Foes.

*Lycus* more swift, breaks through the ranks and files,  
And brazen Squadrons arm'd with threatening Piles,  
Then strives the Towry Battlements to catch,  
And friendly hands extended him to reach.  
*Turnus* as swift pers'u'd, and following, said,  
Hop'it thou our right-hand, Mad-man, to evade?  
And at the instant him fast holding caught,  
And down with great part of the Bulwark brought.

A silver Swan, or Hare, a *Joves* Eagle bears  
So through the Skie, Trust in his hooked Sears,  
Or *Mars* his Wolf takes from the Flock a Lamb,  
Sought with much bleating of the mourning Damm.  
They shout, they storm, to fill the Trenches haste,  
And Fire-works in the lofty Bulwarks cast.

(b) Without any Device or Motto, as modelt *Amphiarau* is describ'd by *Æschylus* and *Emripides*; for those Devices were only proper to eminent Commanders, which the Common Soldiers not having, the whole Army was from thence call'd *ἀνιστάται*, by the fine Tragadians; *ἀνιστάται* is frequently interpreted *ἀνιστάται*, and *Seneca* in this sense calls *Togam splendens candidam*: So is *Virgil* here to be understood.

(c) Then (as *Servius* saith) the Walls were not high, but only made against an assault. So *Salsus* saith, that *Scorpius* lifted up upon Shoulders got upon the Walls.

(d) Because in the War of the Giants, an Eagle supply'd *Jove* with Arms: *Jupiter* and *Saturn* were Kings, and waged war upon a difference of Lands: to which *Jupiter* marching out, saw the prediction of an Eagle, by which when he had overcome, it was reported that the Eagle brought him Weapons. From this good luck it was that the Eagle is in the Imperial Ensigns.

*Iliou* with a stone, part of a Hill,  
 Firing the Gates, did bold *Lucetius* kill  
*Liger*, *Emathion*; *Astylas* did o'rethrow  
*Chorineus*; This the Dart us'd, That, the Bow,  
*Ceneus*, *Ortygius*; *Turnus Ceneus* slew,  
*Dioxippus*, *Promachus*, *Irys*, *Clonius* too,  
*Sagar*, and *Idas* as he did maintain  
 Their Towers; *Privermus* was by *Capys* slain;  
 This first a slight hurt got from *Themilla's* Lance;  
 But he his hand did to the wound advance  
 Fondly to bind it, when a Shaft did glide  
 On nimble wings, and pinn'd it to his side;  
 The breathing places of his Soul it found,  
 And panting Lungs pierc'd with a deadly wound.

In gallant Arms stood *Arcen's* Heir, his Coat  
 Of *Spanish* dye most curiously wrought;  
 The careful Father sent his beauteous Son  
 To *Mars* his Grove for Education,  
 Gave breeding neer *Symethos* silver Flood,  
 VVhere pleas'd *Palicus* smoking Altars stood,  
*Mexentius*, Arms off, thrice a sounding Sling  
 About his head with mighty force did swing,  
 And pierc'd his Temples with the molten Lead,  
 He stretcht at length upon the Sand lay dead.

Against the Foe in bloody fight they say  
*Ascanius* first an Arrow shot that day,  
 Wild Beasts before accusom'd to pursue,  
 And stout *Numanus* with his own hand slew,  
 Who *Turnus* youngest Sister did espouse  
 Himself so joyning to the Royal house.  
 He 'mongst the first, extremely ranting stands,  
 Swoln with new fortunes, and his proud Commands,  
 And thus in taunting words the *Trojans* blam'd,  
 Twice captiv'd *Phrygians*, are you not ashamed

(c) *Symethos* is a River of *Sicily*, so call'd from a King of that name, a-bout which are the *Palici* Dii, whose story is, When *Jupiter* had gotten the Nymph *Aena*, or as some say *Talia* with Child, fearing *Juno* (or the maid her self) he committed her to the Earth, where she was deliver'd. Others say, that after her birth had broken out of the Earth, the two Children were call'd *Palici*, from *palus* *lacus* to come again. They were first appeas'd with humane Sacrifices; but being mitigated, and the Sacrifices changed, their Altar was call'd *Placabilis*.

(f) With the swift flying *Lucretia*. lib. 6.

(g) *Tanais* (upon *Theocritus*) faith thrice, by *Hercules*, the *Amazons*, and *Greeks*.

Once more to sculk, and Death with Walls decline?  
 These would with us in Nuptial Bonds conjoyn.  
 What God, or rather Folly, made you steer  
 For *Italy*? there's no *Atrides* here,  
 Nor your fine Speaker *Ithacus*; we are  
 A hardy people that delight in War;  
 We in cold Streams our sucking Infants throw,  
 And harden, soon as born, in Ice and Snow.  
 To hunt wild Beasts, we only pleasure take,  
 To draw strong Bows, or stubborn Horses break,  
 We in toil patient, and inur'd to want,  
 Manure the ground, or arm'd, proud Cities daunt.  
 Both young and old amongst us weapons bear,  
 Our Rustick goads his Bullocks with a Spear,  
 Nor age our strength and courages decays;  
 Helms crush gray hair; in plunder and fresh preys  
 Is our delight, and how to spoil the Foe.  
 You cloth'd in Purple and proud Scarlet go,  
 You love your ease, in wanton Dances pride,  
 Your Coats are sleev'd, your tottering Miters ty'd.  
 True female *Phrygians*, Men you are not, go  
 To *Dyndimus*, whose airy tunes you know,  
 There, Cymbals mind, and *Berecynthian* Lutes,  
 And let men war with whom it better suits.

At no less rate he talk'd, and proudly spoke,  
 Which, though so young, *Ascanius* could not brook,  
 But his Bow bending, then with Arms displaid,  
 Thus to great *Jove* his supplication made:  
 Almighty *Jove* assist my bold Design,  
 And I will offer at thy sacred Shrine;  
 Before thee at thy Altar I shall place  
 A Snow-white Steer, whom Gold and Garlands  
 Who, like his Mother, bears a stately head,  
 Butts with his Horns, and Sand with's feet doth spread.

(b) *Turnus*, l. 22. c. 5. Thinks this custome was taken from the *Germani*, who carri'd their new-born Infants to the *Rhine*, and laid them upon a Buckler; if they sunk they believ'd them to be Bastards; if they did swim, their own. *Claudianus* in *Rufin*.

*Et quæ nascentes explorat gurgite Rhæni.*  
 For this reason *Nomus* calls the *Rhine* *ῥαῖνός ποταμός* as Judge and Avenger of *Wedlock*. *Cal. Rhod.* l. 18. c. 1. Thinks this was taken from the *Spartans*, and alleges *Seneca* for it. *Suas.* l. 1. *Euratas* *amici* *Spartam* *circumfuit*, *qui* *pueritiam* *inducunt* *ad* *juvæ* *militia* *patriæ*.

(c) He means *Veston ascanius*, which by *Plan* in *Festus* is call'd *Cruciatula*, proper to women, round and fringed. So he upbraids the *Trojans* as effeminate, as when he adds, *your Coats have sleeves*; for the *Trojan* *manicata*, or (as *Plautus* in *Pseud. Al.* 2. Sc. 4. calls them) *Amulicata*, were disgraceful for men among the ancient *Romans*, who wore *Colobes* without sleeves.

(k) A Mountain of greater *Phrygia*, where *Cybele* was ador'd.

(l) From the Mountain *Berecynthus*, where the Box grew out of which they made their Instruments.

(m) *Diuyfius Helicon*. to this effect. That Station is belt for *Angury* which looks towards the East, whence the Sun, Moon and Stars arise, and the whole World hath beginning. He who looks upon the East, hath the North on his left-hand, the South on his right; the First whereof is the more Noble, because inclin'd most to the East, that Pole being always elevated to us, the other depreſ'd. Thus heading the true Story, from which our Author recedes not, *Viz.* That *Ascanius* being beſieg'd by the *Etrurians*, intending to break through them, pray'd to *Jupiter* and the riſt of the Gods, for a proſperous Sign to confirm his attempt, whereupon (*altheus don'te in Hecceus deſpectu deſpectu*) the *Skie* ſhone with lightning on the left-side, whereupon this Deſigne ſucceeding fortunately, this was taken from thence forward for a good Omen.

*Jove* heard his pray'r, and from a gilded Cloud  
Th' Almighty on his left-hand thundred loud;  
At the same instant sounds the deadly Bow;  
The Shaft through easie air did murmuring go,  
Till winged Steel did through his temples glide.  
Go now, and Virtue with proud words deride;  
Twice-captiv'd *Phrygians* send such Answers back  
To the *Rutilians*; thus *Ascanius* spake.  
At which the *Trojans* raise a joyful cry,  
Their drooping Hopes advancing to the Sky.  
Then from a Cloud bright *Phæbus* looking down,  
Beheld th' *Auſonian Army*, and the Town,  
And to the Conqueror thus himself declares;  
Improve thy Virtue, and so scale the Stars.  
Thou sprung from gods, Gods shall from thee descend;  
Under *Ascanius* stock all Wars shall end,  
Nor *Troy* shall thee contain. This said, he flies  
Through breathing air, down from the vaulted Skies,  
And seeks *Ascanius* out, transforming now,  
Like to old *Butes*, his illustrious Brow,  
Who long before *Dardan Anchises* serv'd,  
And well for his Fidelity deserv'd;  
Whom on his Son, *Aeneas* did bestow.  
Like him in all things did bright *Phæbus* goe,  
Face, Voice, his Ratling Arms, and hoary hairs,  
And to *Ascanius* thus himself declares;  
*Trojan*, enough that thou in open Field,  
And come off bravely, hast *Numanus* kill'd;  
To thee *Apollo* grants thy first desire,  
Nor envies equal Arms: but now retire;  
Venture no further Boy. Thus *Phæbus* said,  
And straight from mortal eyes himself convoid.

The

The God, and heavenly Shafts, the *Trojans* knew,  
And saw his sounding Quiver as he flew.  
Straight from the Fight *Ascanius* they convey,  
And *Phæbus* Pow'r and his Command obey;  
But they return again to charge the Foes,  
And 'gainst all dangers do their lives expose. (Tow'r,  
Then Clamour rounds the Walls, from Tow'r to  
They bend their Bows, and clouds of arrows pour.  
The Earth is strew'd with Arms, with mighty blows  
Helm and Shields rattle; a huge fight arose;  
As from moist Kids when boisterous Storms assail  
The yielding Earth, and show'r's commixt with Hail  
Swell to a Flood, then angry *Jove* descends,  
Tears wintrie Storms, and Clouds to Atoms rends.  
*Pandar* and *Bitias*, both *Alcanar's* Seed,  
Whom Nymph *Hiera* did in *Ida* breed,  
Tall, like their Country's Firr, like Mountains large,  
Open a Gate, committed to their charge,  
And boldly to the Walls the Foe invite,  
Which to defend, on the left hand and right,  
In glittering Arms, and glorious Crests, they shew  
Like stately Okes on pleasant banks of *Poe*,  
Whose untrim'd Crowns above the Clouds arise,  
Their curled Tresses dangling in the Skies.  
*Rutilians*, soon as open Gates they saw,  
Up with *Equicolus* and *Quercens* draw,  
*Tmarus* and *Hamon*, either in the Gate retire,  
Or to gain entrance, in the Pass expire.  
Then more and more discording bosoms Rage,  
*Trojans* from all parts gather'd, now engage,  
Drawn in close order, hand to hand the stout  
*Auſonians* meet, and boldly fall out.

(e) Under the horn of *Taurus* is the Sign *Auriga*, a clear Star joins this with *Taurus*. *Auriga* holds two Stars in his hand, call'd *Haad*, and the *Goat*, whose rising and setting raise great Storms. They set at the rising of *Scorpio*.

(f) *Turnebus* reads *Hyena*; supposing they were bred up by that Beast, as *Romulus* and *Remus* by a Wolf.

(g) A River of *Italy* toucheth some provinces on the right-hand, and some on the left, among which part of *Venice*.

To valiant *Turnus* as he raging try'd  
 To force his entrance, on the other side  
 Harsh tidings came the Foe his men defeats,  
 And, flesh'd with slaughter, stood at open'd Gates;  
 His work he leaves, his bosome all on flame,  
 To *Dardan* Ports, and the proud brethren came;  
 And first *Antiphates*, who did first oppose,  
*Sarpedon's* natural Son, he overthrows  
 With a cast Spear; the *Italian* Cornel glides  
 Through yielding air, and in his body hides;  
 Down from the dire wound flows a foamie Rill,  
 And in his Lungs warm grows the fixed steel.  
 Then *Merops* he and *Erymanthus* slew,  
*Aphidnus* next, then raging *Bitias*, who  
 Not with a Javelins piercing point expir'd,  
 But sent like Lightning a huge *Phalarick* fix'd;  
 Which nor his two Bull-Hides, nor wrought with gold  
 His Coat of Mail, though double, could with-hold;  
 The mighty falls, the shaken Earth did grone,  
 And his huge Shield thunders on him o'rethrown.

(r) The description of this weapon *Isidore* gives thus; *The Phalarick is a large weapon, headed with Iron a Cubit long, and having, where it is fasten'd to the staff, a Globe of Lead, to which many are d' to adde a Fire-Trunk. With this Dart, or weapon, they usually fought from Bulwarks or Towers of wood, which in the Etruscan language they call'd Phalar (a falando they say Festus) from their height. This was sometimes shot out of the Balista, sometimes thrown with the hand, as here in imitation of Ennius, Quo valido venit contorta Phalarica missa.*

(s) *Inarime* and *Prochyta*, Islands on the Coasts of Campania near Naples. So *Pliny*, *Ovid*, *Statius*, and others; by whose Authority *Virgil* is here justify'd from the mistake imposed upon him by those who think he meant the same with *Homer's* *Æta Aëliæ*, where *Typhon's* Bed was said to be. *La Cerda*, to clear *Virgil* the better, contends, that *Homer* writ it not disjunctively, but *Encephalæ* in one word, which is but to defend a supposed Error by a real one, for they were the *ætra Cilicia*, not *Strabon's* *Ætna*, where *Typhon's* his Bed was believ'd to be. See *Strabo lib. 13*. But not deriv'd (as *Strabo*) from *Araam* a Syrian, but from *Harim*, defolate, in the *Punic* language.

So on the *Baian* Shore a Turret falls,  
 Built in the Sea long since with ample walls,  
 Amongst the shoals the sunk-down ruin lies;  
 Waves mix with waves, and the deep Sands arise;  
 Then high *Prochyta* trembles at the found,  
 And the hard Bed where *Jove* laid *Typhon* bound.

Here bloody *Mars* the *Aufonians* courage stirs,  
 And in their bosomes strikes his sharpest Spurs:  
 But to the *Trojans* sends base fear, and flight.  
 Each where they charge, occasion given to fight,  
 The God of War inflames their minds.

As *Pandarus* beheld his Brother slain,  
 And what sad Fortune might for him remain,

Straight

Straight his broad shoulders to the Gates he puts,  
 And with great strength on turning hinges shuts,  
 Where many of his friends lockt out he leaves  
 In cruel fight, but others in receives  
 Rushing along with him, nor troubled, spi'd  
*Turnus* burst in among the thronging Tide;  
 Who now within the City penn'd, appear'd  
 Like a huge *Tiger* amongst the harmless Heard:  
 Straight wondrous beams shoot from his Eyes, and  
 His glittering Arms most dreadfully resound, (round  
 His bloody Plumes play with the wanton wind,  
 His thundring Shield with darted lightning shin'd.  
 They know his hated Face, and Giant size,  
 Which much th' amaz'd *Trojans* terrifies.  
 Then up to him straight mighty *Pandarus* made,  
 And, raging for his Brother's slaughter, said;  
 This not the \*Royal Portion from the Queen  
 Which you expect, nor are you now within  
*Ardea*, nor your Native Country (Prince;)  
 This the foe's Camp; nor shalt thou scape from hence.  
 Then *Turnus* smiling, calmly did reply;  
 If you're so stout, come and your Prowels try;  
 For thou shalt tell to *Priam* under ground,  
 That here a new *Achilles* thou hast found.  
 He said; whilst *Pandarus* boldly did advance,  
 And cast at him a rough and knotty Lance.  
 The air receives the wound, and \**Juno* straight  
 Did interpose, and fix'd it on the Gate.

But this good Sword, which in my right hand I  
 Command with so much strength, thou shalt not flie.  
 Our Weapons are not like, nor shall the Wound.  
 Then with his Sword raising himself from ground,

He

(r) Alluding (saith *La Cerda*) to the story of *Coriolanus*, who in a fight against the *Vols* pursued them into the Town, and was there shut in amongst them, his men being without, where he made, as *Plutarch* saith, an incredible slaughter.

(s) Which was threatn'd to be paid in blood. lib. 7.

Sanguine *Trojan* & Rutile dataver  
 Virgo,  
 Et bellona manet re promba.

(s) VVho is properly thought to preside over that Element; but such reliefs as this from Deities imagin'd in the Air are frequent with the Poets; so is *Paris* rescued by *Venus* in *Homer*.

He with a mighty blow his forehead cleavs,  
 And 'twixt his downy cheeks a huge gash leaves.  
 Shook with his mighty weight Earth did rebound;  
 He stretch'd his dying Limbs upon the ground;  
 His Arms besmear'd with Brain, his cloven head  
 On both sides hung, over each shoulder spread.  
 The *Trojans* flie, routed with trembling fear;  
 And if the Conquerour straight had took that care  
 T'have broke the Bars, and let his Souldiers in,  
 To th'war and Nation, that day last had been.  
 But strange desire of blood, burning with rage  
 Drove him upon the Foe.

And first he *Cyges* maim'd, and *Phalaris* slew,  
 And Spears from flyers snatch'd at them he threw;  
 For *Juno* did both strength and courage yield.  
*Haly*, he kills, runs *Phoebus* through his shield:  
*Alexander*, *Halius*, *Noemon*, *Prytanis* slew,  
 Whilst hot in fight, of this they nothing knew.  
 And *Lyncus*, as he charg'd, and others calls,  
 With his bright sword surprized on the walls:  
 Whose Head and Helmet cut off at one blow,  
 Tumbles far off. *Amycus*, then a Foe  
 To savage beasts, none better could annoint  
 Weapons, nor so with poison arm the point.  
 Clytus, and *Creteus* next the *Muses* friend,  
*Creteus*, that lov'd the *Muses*, verses pen'd,  
 Pleas'd with the Lyre, he numbers set to strings,  
 And still of Horse, and Arms, and Battels sings.  
 At last the *Trojan* leaders, at the same  
 Of this great slaughter, in to rescue came,  
 And up with *Mneſtheus* bold *Sereſtus* bends;  
 They saw the Foe, and their amazed friends.

VWhen

When *Mneſtheus* said, Where fly you? Where d'ye go?  
 What other strength or bulwarks do you know?  
 Shall one man, Sirs, and round inclos'd with walls  
 Escape, and make so many Funerals?  
 And such great numbers of prime men destroy?  
 Base Cowards! Of your selves and hapless *Troy*  
 Have you no pity? blush you not with shame  
 For your old Gods, and great *Æneas* fame?  
 With words like these encourag'd, boldly then,  
 In a thick body, they drew up agen:  
 But *Turnus* by degrees Retreat made good,  
 Tow'rd's walls that were entrenched with the Flood;  
 At which more fierce, the *Trojans* with a shout  
 Press boldly on, and gather round about.

As when a Troop a Lion hath beset  
 With cruel Spears, he makes a brave retreat,  
 Although forbid by valour and by rage;  
 Nor can, though willing, 'gainst such pow'r ingage:  
 So, unresolv'd, bold *Turnus* did retire,  
 Whilst in his bosome boils a flood of Ire.  
 Yet twice, where Foes were thickest, on he falls,  
 And twice he drove that Party from the Walls.  
 When from the Camp, in a full body made  
 'Gainst one, th' whole Army drew; nor longer aid,  
 Toppose such forces, *Juno* durst supply;  
 For *Jove* had sent bright *Iris* from the sky,  
 Who to *Saturnia* carried strict Commands,  
 That *Turnus* should escape the *Trojans* bands.  
 Therefore his Shield and strength too weak he found,  
 O'rewhelm'd with darts, with show'rs of Arrows drown'd;  
 His hollow Cask, which arm'd his temples, groans,  
 And solid Brass gives way to battering stones;

His

(1) The invention hereof is attributed to the *Seythians*, who (as *Pliny* 11. 53.) announced their Arrows with the blood of Vipers, and human blood, which brought sudden inevitable Death.

(2) *Æolian Clytus*. Many *Æolians* it is likely went along with *Æneas*, especially seeing that (as *Strabo* affirms) they were dispers'd through the *Trojan* Region so much, that some called it *Æolia*.

(3) So was it in the beginning of this Book. Here *La Cerda* observes, that *Iris* was not only the Messenger of *Jove*, but employ'd also by *Jupiter*, as *Val. Flac.* 1. 4. Sent by him in a Message to *Hercules*. So likewise in *Claudian's Rapt. Prof. lib. 3.*

*Jupiter interea cœlestem Thaumantida  
 nubis  
 Ire jubet*——

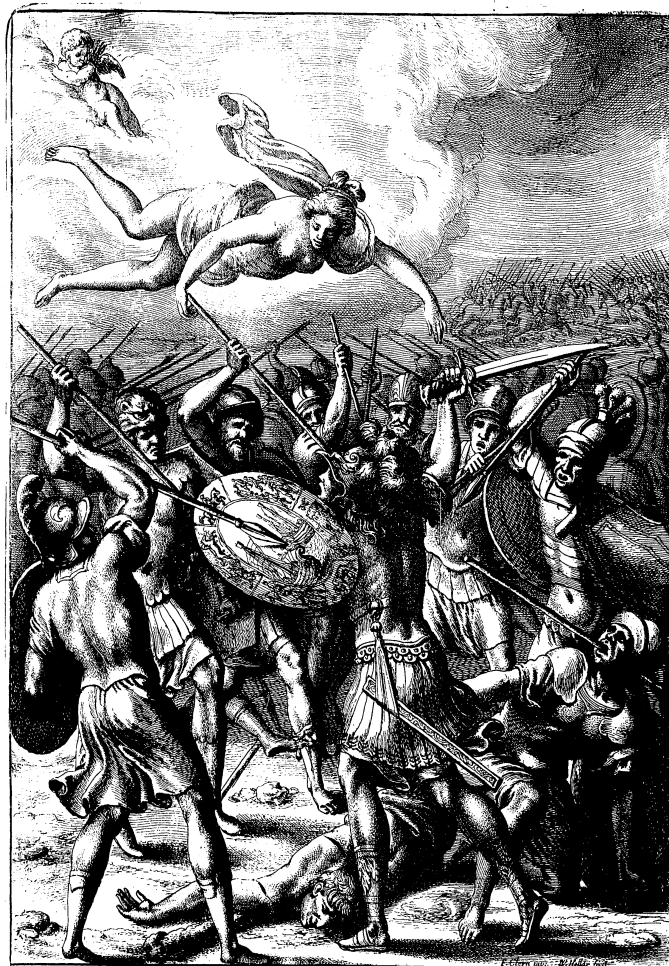
*Noëmus* likewise makes her messenger of all the Gods, even of the Furies, Honour of men.

His Plumes are beaten off, nor could his Targe  
 Sustain the blows, nor thundring *Mneſtheus* charge,  
 VVhil'ſt thick their Javelins a whole Army throws.  
 Then a ſalt ſweat down all his body flows,  
 In a black Stream a briny River glides,  
 And faint ſhort-breathing ſhakes his ample ſides.  
 At laſt, with all his Arms, a leap he gave  
 Into the Stream, which on his ſilver wave  
 Receiv'd him, and on yeilding Billows bore,  
 From ' Slaughter cleans'd, ſafe to the other Shore.

(b) VVhen they return'd from  
 Batel, they waſh'd themſelves, to  
 expiate the Blood they were deſil'd  
 withall; to which Ceremony *Virgil*  
 alludes.



VIRGIL'S



... ecce. Pharo vocat dum iacet inertes  
 Interque ius pucillum clamante sistit in ore.  
 Tu quoque flaventem prima laniare nodos  
 Dura sequere Chryſi iunctis nova gaudia Galu  
 Divulſa ſubis dextra, ſecurus amorum.



Qui juvenum tibi ſemper erant, inſervande  
 Niſtratum ſepat. Choro foret obvia, Phorci  
 Proſperius, ſeptem numero, ſeptenaque tela  
 Chryſicunt; portum galea, cypſosque reſultant,  
 Irrita: deſpecti partem ſtringentis Corpus  
 Alma Venus.

Glyboni Coddard et Armigero.

Tabula merito votiva.



*Haec enim Aeneas prope totum: nunc vulnus acerbum  
Conficit et tenebris nigredant omnia circum:  
Esse, et haec Turnus mandata novissima perire:  
Succedat pugna, Trojanoque arceat vroe:  
Sanguine vale, simul his dictis hunc dicit habere.*



*Alterram non sponte silens: tum frigida toto  
Nullatim exsoluit se corpora lentae cellae,  
Et captum lethe posuit caput arma reliquias;  
Vitalis, cum acutus fugit insignata sub umbras.*

GIULIELMO BOOTH Tabula merito votiva.



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE TENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**J**ove calls a Council, and declares the Fates:  
Venus complains: Juno recriminates.  
Æneas, Tarchon, and the Tyrrhens joyn'd,  
Their Men aboard, they sail with prosperous Wind.  
The Martial List. Ships turn'd to Nymphs appear,  
And sad Æneas with their counsel cheer.  
Landed, they fight; the Plain huge slaughter fills.  
Æneas, Lausus; Turnus, Pallas kills.  
Shap'd like Æneas, a fantastick Shade  
Turnus provokes, and thence to Sea convey'd.  
Mezentius, to revenge his Son, again  
Entring the Fight, is by Æneas slain.

**M**ean while Heavens "spacious Court  
spreads open, when  
The Father of the Gods, and King of  
Men,

A<sup>t</sup> Counsel call'd, where from his Starrie Throne,  
Th<sup>e</sup> Ausonian Quarters, and beleaguer'd Town,

K k k With

(a) *Tarpeius*, 29, 24. expounds *omnipotens* here that which includes and enjoys all things; *potens à potiri*, better then they who read *omnipotens*, or *omnipotentis*.

(b) The Antients especially the Poets, believ'd the Gods to convoke Councils and Parliaments and attributed to *Jove* his Counsellours, as we to our Kings and Princes. Hence it is that the malicious Designs of *Juno* are frustrated and defeated in regard the Fortune of *Æneas* was directed and order'd by Fate, that is to say, the publick Decrees of the Gods, as *Scaliger* deduces from the Horoscope of *Æneas*, l. 3. *Pott.*



(i) He either desires to be re-  
establish'd in *Troy*, or (which is more  
probable) in *Italy*, where he may re-  
new the names belonging to old *Troy*.

(k) *Virgil*, as *Germanus* conceives,  
seems in this place tacitly to flatter  
*Augustus*, who, as *Cicero* reports, by  
Decree of the Senate was made Ge-  
neral of the Army against *Antony*,  
when but a Youth.

(l) *Juno* here reckons up *Turnus* his  
Original, that he might appear as near-  
ly ally'd to the *Celestials* as *Aeneas*,  
and be no less esteem'd in the Court  
of Heaven than he. Yet more波士-  
lingly than truly doth she call him  
*Pilumnus* his Heir; for afterwards it  
is said, *Pilumnusque illi quartus Pater*.  
*Pilumnus* (as *Servius* out of *Varro*  
affirms) was the God of Infants, *quia*  
*politi mela Infantis*.

(m) A Nymph, whom others call  
*Salacia*, and make her the Wife of  
*Neptune*; so call'd, *à salo*, as *Phœbe*,  
*quod veniam dat exigentibus*. (*Serv.*)

(n) *Germanus* thinks this is said  
with allusion to the *Julian* Law con-  
cerning Brides.

(o) *Iliad* 5. *Venus* frees him from  
*Dionides*. *Iliad* 7. *Neptune* in favour  
of *Venus* frees him from *Achilles* by  
interposing a Cloud.

*Xanthus* to these, and *Simois*, restore,  
And the same Fortunes we enjoy'd before.  
Highly incens'd, then Royal *Juno* spake;  
Why mak'st thou me deep Silence thus to break,  
And in this presence hidden Grief declare?  
What God, or Man, *Aeneas* forc'd to War?  
Or urg'd against *Latinus* to engage?  
Yes, Fates commanded, and *Cassandra's* rage  
Drove him to *Latium*; but, by our advice,  
Leaves he his Camp, and trusts uncertainties:  
A Boy deputed amidst fierce Alarms,  
And quiet Nations forc'd to take up Arms:  
What Plot of ours betray'd him? or what God?  
Where's *Juno* here? or *Iris* from a Cloud?  
That rising *Troy*, *Italians* should surround,  
That *Turnus* should maintain his Native Ground,  
*Pilumnus* Grandchild, blest *Venilia's* Son,  
A high Injustice, parallel'd by none.  
But yet the *Trojans* by Commission may  
Seize other mens Estates, rob, kill, and slay,  
Match where they please, force Virgins without blame,  
For Peace petition, yet a War proclaim.  
Thou from the *Greeks* thy Son could'st dis-engage,  
And mad'st them spend on empty Clouds their rage;  
Thou could'st to Nymphs the *Trojan* Navy change:  
But if *Rutilians* we asist, that's strange.  
*Aeneas* absent, wants Intelligence;  
And absent let him; thou, for thy defence,  
*Idalium* and *Cytherum* hast: why then  
Temp'st thou Seats big with War, and valiant Men?  
Did we declining *Phrygia* destroy?  
Or they, who sent revenging *Greeks* to *Troy*?  
What Quarrel made *Europe* and *Asia* wage  
Such bloody Wars, and for a Rape engage?

Took

(p) *Paris* sent by his Father *Priam*  
(as *Servius* *Daniels* tells the story)  
over-run *Sparta*, and took *Helena* by  
force from her Husband *Menelaus*.

Took that Adulterer *Sparta*, led by me?  
Did we Hostility feed with Lust? did we?  
Before thou should'st have fear'd, but now in vain  
Thou most unjustly dost of us complain.  
Thus *Juno*; when the Gods with mighty noise  
For either Party passionately voyce;  
As murmuring Winds on Woods their Fury spend,  
Which Storms to woful Mariners portend.  
The Worlds great King then reconcil'd their odds,  
And speaking, silenc'd the whole House of Gods;  
(Earth shook, Skyes fair, the mouthing Wind abstains,  
And briny Mountains melt to glassy Plains)  
Hear my Resolves; Since Fate will not consign  
These Nations shall in lasting Peace conjoin,  
Nor your still-growing Controversies end,  
I will stand Neuter, neither Foe nor Friend;  
*Trojan*, *Rutlian*, whatsoe're, this Day  
Shall with his own right hand make out his way;  
If Fates th'*Italians* brought before the Town,  
Or *Trojan* error, 'tis to me all one;  
None I'll protect; King *Jove* to all is just,  
And they unto their Destiny shall trust.  
This by his Brother's *Stygian* Streams he swore,  
This by the Brimstone Lake, and dismal Shore,  
By the black Gulph, and the Infernal Pit,  
Whole *Ænol Olympus* shook, confirming it.  
Then from his golden Throne great *Jove* did rise,  
'Attended to his Court by Deities.  
Mean while th' *Ausonians* with great clamour came  
Up to their Gates, and Walls surround with Flame;  
The *Trojans* keep their Works in woful state,  
Nor hope of Victory, nor fair retreat;  
They comfortless on lofty Bulwarks stand,  
Their spacious Walls and Tow'rs but thinly mann'd.

Asia,

(q) The nod of *Jupiter*, *Chiron*  
*Alexandrinus*, according to *Homer*,  
calls *terramotus*, whom the rest of the  
Poets following, affirm him (*Æneus*  
*palatras* *et* *stygium* *et* *stygium*) to shake  
Heaven with his golden Hair. *Ovid*.  
*Met.* 1.

He twice or thrice his Tresses shook,  
which make  
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though  
fixed) quake.

Whence interpret. *Pindar* *Nem.* 7. d. 1.  
*ἐλκόμενος* *τὴν* *χρυσὴν* *τὴν* *χρυσὴν*, he nodded with  
his Hair.

(r) In allusion to the Roman Cu-  
stome of bringing the Consul from  
the Court home to his own House.



(e) This was the Metropolis of *Etruria* when the *Thyſti* were *Pyrras*, diſtant from *Græviſca* (an unwholfome place) 22000 paces, ruin'd by *Dionyſius* the *Sicilian* Tyrant.

(f) Son of *Cycnus*, who mourn'd for *Phæton* till himſelf was transform'd into a Swan. *Ovid. Met. lib. 2.*

(g) The Hiſtorical meaning of this Fable *Panſanias* gives us (in *Attica*) *Cycnus* (ſaith he) was King of *Liguria*, much affecting, and excellently well ſkill'd in Muſick, who in moderate grief bewailing the untimely death of his beloved Kiſſon *Phæton*, through grief thereof is ſaid to have ended his days: Whereupon the Poets ſatir'd, that by commiſerating *Apollo*, he was converted into a Swan of that name.

(h) The Siſters of *Phæton*, which here are ſaid to have been turn'd into Poplars; *Ecolg. 6.* into Alders, becauſe *Æreſes* in the Greek includes both.

(\*) The Physical interpretation of the Fable is given by *Lucretius*, l. 5. *De rerum Natura.*

(i) Who, *Ecolg. 9.* is call'd *Bianor*, from whom they ſuppoſe *Bianor*, near *Bononia*, is ſo call'd. He was the Son of *Tyber* and *Manto*, the Daughter of *Tereſia* a *Thuban* Prophetreſs.

(k) *Mantua* had three Tribes, divided into four *Curie*, and they ſeverally govern'd by their *Lucemoner*, of which there were twelve in all *Tuſcany*, diſpos'd into ſo many Preſectures; *Mantua* was the chief of all.

(l) The name of a Galley with three ſets of Oars, on which *Triton* was painted. So *Scylla* and *Pegafus* are thought by *Palæphatus*, ſec. 4. 12. to be the names of Ships, not Monſters. Yet *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 5. brings great proofs, that in the reign of *Tiberius*, *Triton* was ſeen in the form wherein he is deſcrib'd, and heard ſounding his ſhell.

Old *Pyrgians*, and *Græviſca*'s ſickly Air,  
Three hundred Men, that all of one Mind were.  
Nor ſhalt thou, bold *Ligurian*, want thy due,  
Brave *Cycnus*, nor *Cupæus* leading few:  
A Swan's bright Plume did from his Creſt aſpire,  
The cognizance of his transformed Sire;  
No other Charge to thee, but Love, they laid.  
For whilſt that *Cygnus* in his *Siſters* ſhade,  
Amongſt the Poplar boughs, for *Phæton* mourn'd  
In doleful notes, his hoary Treſſes turn'd  
To Silver Plumes, on which he mounted, flies,  
Forſaking Earth, ambitious, to the Skyes.

His Son attended with an equal Troop,  
Brings, with tuſſ Oars, the mighty Centaur up;  
Through threatening Waves her courſe ſhe boldly ſtood,  
Tearing the Bowels of the briny Flood.  
*Ocnus* a Band rais'd from his Native Shore,  
Prophetick *Manto* him to *Tyber* bore,  
Who *Mantua* wall'd, and gave his Mothers name.  
Not from one Stock *Mantua*'s great Houſes came:  
Three Progenies, four Tribes in each of them;  
But ſhe the honour of the *Tuſcan* ſtem.

Hence came five hundred, which *Mæzentius* deeds  
Arm'd gainſt himſelf, whom *Mincius* crown'd with reeds,  
Brought down from antient *Benacus*; the brine  
They boldly plow in a moſt warlike Pine.

A hundred Oars with bold *Auletes* come,  
Who ſweep the Waves, and make the Billows ſome.  
This mighty *Triton* bore, frighting the tides  
With his ſhrill trump, his face and hairy ſides  
Above preſents a Man, a Whale the reſt,  
And ſomiſe Waves reſound beneath his Breaſt.  
Thirty ſtout Captains thrice ten Ships contain,  
Who plow, to aid new *Troy*, the briny Main.

Now

Now day deſcending, the bright Moon did riſe,  
Scaling with *Silver* VVheels Heav'n's arch'd Skyes;  
The Prince (for no reſt grants his troubled mind)  
Sits at the Helm, and ſwels the Sails with Wind.

But then, behold! amidſt his Voyage, bends  
To him a train of Nymphs, his antient Friends,  
Whom bleſt *Cybele* bid to rule the Seas,  
And had from Ships transform'd to Goddeſſes;  
They ſwam together, and the Waves divide;  
As many Ships did once at Anchor ride:  
They know their King, and round about him throng.  
*Cymodoce*, who had the fluent ſt tongue,  
Seiz'd with her Right his Stern, her Left hand laves

(Raiſing her ſelf from Sea) the ſilent Waves;  
And thus ſhe ſpake: "Sleep'ſt thou, O Goddeſs Son?  
Awake, great Prince, and clap more Canvaſs on.  
VVe are thoſe Pines that once crown'd ſacred *Idæ*,  
Thy Fleet, now Nymphs, which ſwelling Waves divide;  
When *Turnus* Sword and Fire did us engage,  
VVe broke thy Cables to eſcape his rage,  
And fought thee out; theſe ſhapes *Cybele* gave,  
Making us deathleſs in a ſwallowing Wave.  
But young *Aſcanius* lies beleaguerr'd round  
With *Latins*, long for warlike Deeds renown'd.  
And now th' *Arcadian* Horſe joyn with the bold  
*Hetrurians*, and allotted Quarters hold;  
To ſend a Party, 's *Turnus* main deſign,  
To keep the Paſs, left both their Forces joyn.  
Riſe, and command thy Friends with early dawn,  
To arm themſelves, and brace thy Target on,  
VVhich *Vulcan* gave thee, and with Gold did gild  
The large circumference of the brazen Shield.  
To-morrow, if thou think'ſt my words not vain,  
Thou ſhalt behold heaps of *Rutulians* ſlain.

(m) The Moon had ſometimes Stags, and ſometimes Horſes for her Chariot. Stags, as ſhe was *Diana*, Governreſs of the Woods, or to ſhew her ſwiftness beyond any of the other Planets; ſometimes Mules, in reſpect (ſaith *Germanus*) to her borrow'd light.

(n) *Æneis* being both a King and Priet, in our Author's character, *Cymodoce* ſpeaks to him in the ſame words which the Veſtal Virgins uſd to ſpeak to the King of the Religious Ceremonies. Thus *Servius* and *Scaliger*, 3. 11. *Gellius* thinks this reſpects the Cuſtome of crying, when they went to War, *Mars, vigila*, whereby they implor'd his help.

L 11

This

This said, she takes her leave, and as she dives,  
Her skilful hand the lusty Vessel drives;  
Swift as a Dart, through Billows flies the Ship,  
Or winged Shafts that nimble Winds outstrip.  
So the whole Fleet divide the briny Seas.

This much amaz'd great *Anchises*;  
But yet the Omen did his spirits raise:  
And, thus beholding Heavens high Convex, prays.

Oh blest *Idæan* Mother of the Gods,  
Who in <sup>2</sup> tow'rd Cities dwel'st, and high Aboads,  
Whose Chariot <sup>3</sup> Lions draw, our Cause befriend,  
And to the *Trojans* Aid in Battel lend.

Whil'st thus he pray'd, Day put the Stars to flight,  
And Routs the glittering Regiments of Night.  
Of order first he bids take special care,  
Then for the fight courageously prepare.

And now his *Dardan* City he beheld,  
Then from the Stern he shews his glittering Shield;  
At which a *Trojan* shout surmounts the Stars,  
And Hope thus added, more their Fury spurs.  
Then thick they Javelins cast: Cranes, not so loud  
Extend their Voices from a gloomy Cloud,  
When they with Clamour cut the yielding Skye,  
And from a threatned Tempest sounding fly.

But the *Rutlian* King, and all the bold  
*Ausonian* Chiefs with wonder did behold,  
Till they to Shore saw the tall Navy stood,  
And winged Vessels hide the ample Flood.  
For his <sup>4</sup> Crest burns, Flames from his Plumes aspire,  
His golden Shield reflecting beams of fire.

As in moist Night a blazing Comet streams  
With bloody Omens, and hot *Sirius* beams  
Hang Heaven in Black, by which sad influence nurs'd,  
Comes on poor Mortals / Sickneses and Thirst.

But

(6) *Æneas*, from his Father *Anchises*.

(8) *Cybele*, or *Terra*, Mother of the Goddesses, is figur'd thus, With a Coronet of Towers and Cities on her head; in her hand a Key, wherewith the Earth is open'd in the Spring, and shut up in Winter. *Propert.*

*Vertere turrigero juxta Dea magna Cybele.*  
*See Verderius, De Imag. Deor.*

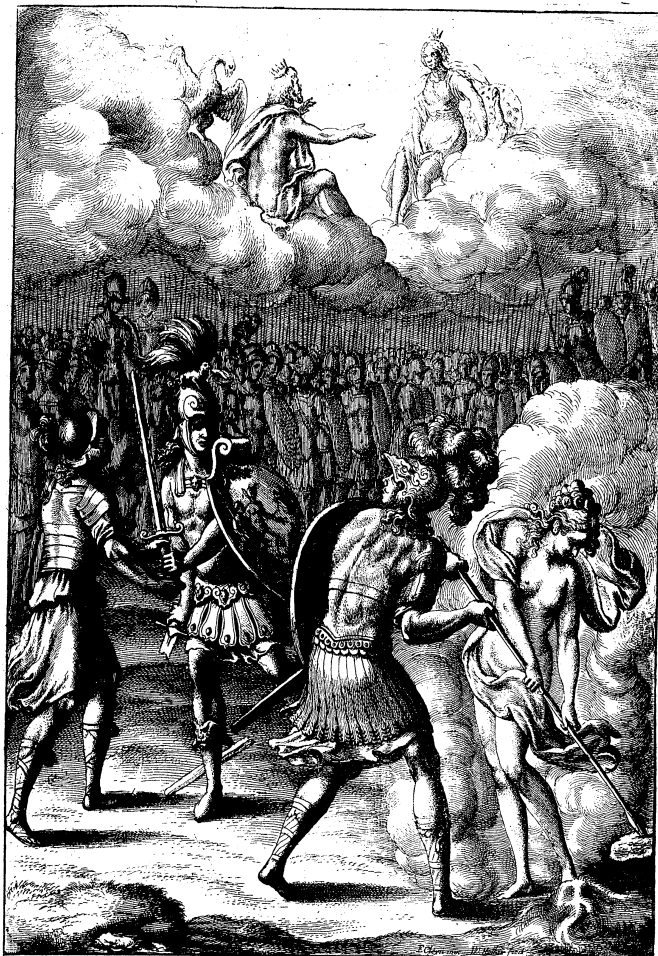
(9) Into which *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta* were transform'd for prophaning her Temple. *Ovid. Met.* 10.

(7) So in the seventh Book,

*On: Crest Chimera, through a triple fire*  
*Of bulgy Horse-mans; breast'd Ætæan fire.*

The Antients not onely bearing upon their Helms the shapes of such Creatures as might be for Ornament, but for Terror likewise; as *Plutarch* instances of the *Cimbrian* Horfmen (in *Mario*) and from this Military Custome afterwards were taken up the distinctive *Insignias* of Families: Detiv'd (as may be observ'd out of *Diodor. Sicul. lib. 2.*) From the *Egyptians*, whose Kings us'd to wear on their Helms the Head of a Lion, Bull, or Dragon, as an Ensign of Majesty; and from the *Greeks* to the *Romans*. See *Stem. Com. in Veger.*

(7) He mentions the petiferous Star, with reference to that calamity which *Æneas* was to bring upon the *Rutilians*. He intimates as much by the Comet, v. 272. and the Cranes, v. 265.



*Namque du luctans, lentique in furpe*  
*Viribus haud ullis valuit dissolvere morfus*  
*Roboris Aeneas, dum nititur acer: & iussit*  
*Rursus in aurige faciem nudata Nethysa*



*Procurrit, suatque clypeo daunia restit*  
*Quod Venus audaci triumpho indignata licet*  
*Decessit, telumque alio ab radice revellit,*

*See 112.*

Thomas Meade de Wendou. lotis, in Com.

Est. 1710. Tabula merito voluta.

But nothing daunts bold *Turnus* confidence  
To march to Shore, and drive th' Adventurers thence;  
And thus with words did sleeping Valour rouse.

You have obtain'd what long you fought with Vows,  
And now you have it in your power to fight,  
Then let your Wives and Fortunes you excite;  
Your Father's facts and fame to memory call;  
Come, let us charge, and on them bravely fall,  
Whil'st now they landing reel, with staggering feet:  
"Fortune assits the bold.

This said, he casts what forces to draw down,  
And whom to leave 'gainst the beleagu'rd Town.  
Mean while *Æneas* from the lofty Stern  
Plants Bridges for his Souldiers; some discern  
How ebbing Waves retreated from the Shores,  
Then leap to Land; but others trust their Oars.  
*Tarchon* supposing he deep Coasts had found,  
Because no murmuring Billows there resound,  
But a calm Water with a swelling Tide,  
In thither turns, and to his Men thus cry'd;  
Now ply your Oars, and give the Ship her race,  
Let's stem the Enemies Countrey in the face,  
And let the Keel in it's own furrow sit;  
To gain that landing, I'll my Vessel split.

This said, at once all stoutly ply their Oars,  
And brought their foaming Ships to *Latine* Shores,  
Untill their Fleet safe on dry Ground did stand,  
And without harm th' whole Navy came to Land.  
But thy Ship, *Tarchon*, did not save her self;  
For whil'st it hung upon a spiteful shelf,  
Beaten with Billows, it was bilg'd at last,  
And all her Souldiers in the Ocean cast;  
Whom floating Planks and Oars to Land den'de,  
And sliding feet retreated with the Tide.

(1) *Salust* reports of the *Spaniards*, that when the Young Men went to the Wars, their Mothers us'd to recount to them the valiant acts of their Fathers.

(2) This sentence is primarily owing to *Philetas* the *Coan*, a most ancient Poet, from whom not onely our Author, but divers others of the *Latins* have borrow'd it.

Nor valiant *Turnus* slow delays benum,  
Who with a speedy march did fiercely come  
Against the *Trojans*, and on higher ground  
Stood to receive th' alarm; the Trumpets sound.

First Prince *Aeneas* charg'd, and overthrew  
The Rusticks, a good sign, and \* *Thero* slew.  
This mighty and most valiant Man inrag'd,  
Sought out the King, and boldly him engag'd:  
But through his brazen Shield, and mail of Gold,  
With a deep Wound, his Body he dis-soul'd,  
And *Lycas* next, ripp'd from his Mothers womb,  
' Sacred to thee, O *Phœbus*, he o'rcome:  
Whil'ft thou wert young, the cruelty of Steel  
Thou didst escape, which thou, ah now, must feel.  
Stern *Ciffens* next, and *Gyas*, overthrows,  
Who dealt with knotty Clubs such deadly blows;  
Nor their own Strength, nor great *Alcides* Arms,  
Nor Giant size, nor could in those Alarms  
Their Father help, who *Hercules* did aid  
In all th' Adventures which on Earth he made.  
A Spear at ranting *Pharon* throwing next,  
And in the Babbler's mouth the Javelin fix'd.

After <sup>2</sup> unhappy *Cydon*, whil'ft he seeks  
His new Love *Clytius*, fair with downy Cheeks,  
*Aeneas* flew, lamented there he lay,  
Who alwayes lov'd with Youth to sport and play:  
Untill the Brothers up against him drew,  
Seven, *Phorcus* Of-spring, who seven Javelins threw:  
Some from his Helmet and his Shield rebound,  
Others fair *Venus* suffers not to wound.

Then to his faithful Friend the Prince did call;  
" *Achates*, bring those Darts (nor this hand shall  
Gainst the *Rutilians* lavish one in vain)  
In *Trojan* Fields we drew from *Grecians* slain.

Then

Then snatch'd from him a mighty Spear, and cast;  
Through *Meon*'s brazen Shield the Javelin past,  
And through his Breast and Breast-plate passage made.  
*Alcanor* rushing in to's Brother's aid,

Striving to fetch fall'n *Meon* off, by chance  
In his rais'd Arm receiv'd the flying Lance;  
Fast to the bleeding Wound the Javelin clung,  
And his dead hand down from his shoulder hung.

From's Brother's body *Xumitor* a Lance  
Draws forth, and towards *Aeneas* did advance:  
But him it must not wound, the Spear past by,  
And fix'd it self in great *Achates* Thigh.  
Here youthful *Lausus* up a Squadron brings,  
And at bold *Dryopes* a Javelin flings;  
Under his Chin, in's Throat, fast stuck the Lance,  
Bereaving him of Speech and Life at once;  
Down on his Face he tumbles on the Earth,  
And a deep Sea of Purple vomits forth.

Three *Thracians* next, of <sup>b</sup> *Boreas* high descent,  
And three of *Ida*'s Sons from \* *Ifmar* sent,  
By several wayes he slew; *Hales* bring on  
*Auruncian* Bands; *Messapus*, *Neptune*'s Son,  
Charg'd with his Horse, now these got ground, now they:  
They fought in the entrance of *Aulonia*.  
So warring Winds in Heaven's vast Fields engage,  
Alike their Forces, and alike their Rage;  
Storms louder grow, nor Clouds nor Waves retire;  
The more they Fight, the greater is their Ire:  
So came the *Trojans*, and the *Latins* on,  
Set Foot to Foot, and close up Man to Man.

But on the other side, where Streams had born  
Down rowling Stones, and Shrubs from Banks had torn,  
*Pallas* beheld th' *Arcadian* Horse, unskill'd  
To fight on Foot, to shrink, and leave the Field;

Whom

(x) This name is only read in *Pindar*; and well doth he set forth the Victor's honour by the praise of the Vanquish'd. (*Serv.*) *Horatius* thinks he alludes to *Thero* King of *Spain*, who going to expugnate the Temple of *Herculis* at *Gadiz*, was struck dead with a Thunderbolt.

(y) Because this was done by the help of Surgery, of which *Phœbus* was God. Such men were call'd *Ceferes*, not *Ceferes*.

(z) *Servius* takes this to be apply'd to the *Cretans*, who were notorious *quadrupes*, which crime was from thence transfer'd to the *Spartans*, and thence spread through all *Greece*: So that *Cicero* in his Books *De republica*, says it was accounted a shame to young men to be without their Lovers. Hence our Author appositely introduces *Cydon* (under which name the *Cretans* are tacitly meant) pursuing (though unfortunately) his beloved *Clytius*.

(a) *Scaliger*, l. 3. *Poet.* conceives by *Achates* to be meant the good Genius of *Aeneas* (according to the Doctrine of the *Pythagoreans*, ascribing to every man a good and a bad Genius) the name seeming to be compos'd of ἀχ and αἶνος; Not that (says *Scaliger*) *Vir tantus marem, sed quod inter tot armatus ad summam virtutem persequendum excitetur*.

(b) Born in the Hyberborean Mountains, whence *Boreas*,  
(\*) *Ifmarus*, a City of *Thrace*.

(\*) *Aurunci*, Inhabitants of *Italy*. From *Tyber* to *Laurentum* are *Pelafgi*, *Sicani*, and *Aurunci*. *Scal. ad Feil.*

(c) How the *Arcadians*, eminent for Horfmanfhip, and dwelling in mountainous places, should not be able to fight here, *Germanus* resolves, whom consult. But our Author gives the reason in the following Verses, where he says, they were inforc'd by the disadvantage of the ground to fight on foot, a thing to them unusu- al.

Whom disadvantage of the Ground compels  
To quit their Horse, having no succour else;  
Now with Requests, now with upbraiding words,  
Thus Virtue he inflames, and whets their Swords.

Where fly you? by your valiant Facts, and Fame,  
By Prince *Evander's* Victories and Name,  
And my hope, Sirs, which for the honour stands  
Of the *Arcadians*, trust not Feet, but Hands;  
And where the Ranks are thickest, venture through;  
Your Prince, your Countrey this requires of you.  
No Gods, but Mortals, Mortals put to flight;  
We are as many, and as well should fight;  
Before the Oceans waves oppos'd be,  
No land is left; are you for *Troy* by Sea?

This said, he charg'd amongst the thickest Foes,  
Whom *Lagus* by stern Fates did first oppose;  
VWho whilst he lifts at him a mighty Stone,  
Was with his Spear run through the shoulder-bone;  
Then back again he drew the fastned Lance:  
Whom *Hisbon* could not, though he did advance,  
Relieve: for *Pallas*, whilst he rush'd betwixt,  
Him, in his rage, with the same Javelin fix'd,  
And gave him his Companion's cruel death,  
For he his Sword in's swelling Lungs did sheath.  
Next *Helenus*, and *Anchemolus* he kill'd,  
VWho boldly his Stepmothers Bed defil'd.  
And you bold *Ducian* Twins were also slain,  
*Laride*, and *Thymber*, on the *Ausonian* Plain;  
Who were so like, none could a difference make,  
Whose Parents oft rejoyc'd at the mistake:  
But *Pallas* now a sad distinction made,  
Lops *Thymber's* head off with th' *Evandrian* blade;  
*Larides* hand for its lost Master felt,  
And half dead Finger's, quavering, seek the Hilt.

Mov'd

(d) No greater infliction to Soldiers to fight, than to conjure them by the Name and Memory of their Prince, the honour of their General, and their own Noble achievements. Thus *Durylus*, General to *Mithridates*, fighting at *Orchomenus* against *Lysilla*, when he saw his Men ready to fly, snatching an Ensign from one of them, charging towards the Enemies, he cries out to his Soldiers, If any ask you where you lost your General, remember that you tell them at *Orchomenus*: which words provok'd both their Shame and Valour, and made them turn to the defeat of their Enemies. Thus *Cæsar* at the Batle of *Munda* recover'd the spirits of his fainting Soldiers in these sadly upbraiding termes, *Hic militis, hic milia vite suavisque militie terminus*; Commands and Threats being in this case less prevalent than Exhortation; and that *Thucydides* hath it, *Megis in memoriam redeunt, quam jubent*; which in this speech of *Pallas* is judiciously observ'd by our Author.

(e) This Tale (saith *Servius*) is no where to be found in any *Latine* Author: Yet *Abianus* (who is reported to have written *Virgil* over in *Iambick* verse) says, that it is a *Greek* Fiction, which he thus delivers; *Rhetus was King of the Matruhi in Italy, who marry'd for his second Wife, Calperis, whom his son Anchemolus abused: and for that Fault being punish'd by his Father, fled to Daunus for protection: and in requital thereof, now took up Arms in defence of his son Turnus.*

Mov'd with these words, & seeing their Prince engage,  
Th' *Arcadians* shame and sorrow turns to rage  
Against their Foe. Then *Pallas*, *Rhoetus* slew,  
As by him swiftly he in's Chariot flew;  
(This onely stay there was of *Ilus* chance)  
For he at *Ilus* aim'd his mighty Lance,  
And *Rhoetus* hits, as cowardly he shuns,  
Bold *Teuthrus*, thee, and from thy Brother runs:  
With his Deaths wound he from his Chariot reels,  
And beats *Rutlian* Plains with dying Heels.

As in the Spring, when rising Wind conspires,  
A Swain the Woods in several quarters fires;  
The Out-Groves seiz'd, straight the whole Forrest yields,  
And blazing Squadrons fright amaz'd Fields,  
Whilst the Insulter views the conquering Flame:  
So *Pallas* Friends each way 't assail him came.  
But stout *Halesus* bends 'gainst all Alarms,  
Putting himself in posture with his Arms;  
*Demodocus*, *Ladon*, *Pheretas* dispatch'd,  
Lops *Strymon's* Hand off, which his Throat had catch'd:  
Then with a Stone, o'th' Head took *Thoas* full,  
Beating into his Brains his batter'd Skull.

*Halesus* Father, having Fates reveal'd,  
His Son in Woods, there to grow old, conceal'd;  
Whom <sup>e</sup> Destiny a Sacrifice now made  
T' *Evander's* Spear, when thus Prince *Pallas* pray'd;  
Grant, Father *Tyber*, Fortune to this Lance,  
And that this Javelin, which I now advance,  
May through *Halesus* Bosome passage make;  
And let thy Oke his Spoys and Armour take,  
The God, whilst he *Imaon* spoil'd, did hear,  
And fix'd in's naked Breast th' *Arcadian* Spear.  
But *Lausus*, expert in the War, kept all  
His Men undaunted at this Captain's fall;

And

(f) *Actes Vulcania, vis ignis, qui celis exercitus est Vulcani.*

(g) *Manus injectis* almost implies *manicipium*; properly when without any Legal Authority, or Formality, we lay hold on any thing, and challenge it as our own: whatsoever is destined to the Gods, may be said to be *sacred*: to whom there is no coming, but by freeing the Soul from the thrall-dome of the Body. Here he calls *Halesus* apostotely sacred, in respect to his near Death.

(b) *Pugna nodus* is properly a thick body of Foot, as *turnus* is of Horfe, in the Military Language.

And first sends *Ulys* to Eternal Night,  
The <sup>b</sup> stop and sole obstruction in the Fight;  
*Arcadians* and *Hetrurians* fly, and you  
Bold *Trojans*, scap'd the *Greeks*, they overthrew.  
With equal Leaders, and like Strength, they charge,  
Their Ranks they double, and their Front enlarge:  
So thick the Bodies, such an Iron Grove,  
Some could not use their Hands, nor Weapons move;  
Here *Pallas* charg'd, there *Lausus* did engage,  
Brave Persons both, not differing much in Age:  
But Fortune did their home-return deny,  
Nor the great Ruler of th' Imperial Skye  
Granted they should in Battel each oppose,  
Whose Fates attend for them from greater Foes.

Mean while his Sister *Turnus* did advise  
*Lausus* to help: he through the Battel flies  
On winged Wheels; and there where he espy'd  
His Men engag'd, he spake; Stand all aside,  
And let me onely now with *Pallas* joyn,  
The honour of his Death must needs be mine;  
I would his Father were Spectator here!  
This said, the Field at his Command they clear.  
But *Pallas*, when the *Rutiles* had retir'd,  
Then *Turnus* proud Commands the Youth admir'd;  
And viewing his brave Person, stood amaz'd:  
Yet with undaunted Eyes upon him gaz'd;  
And saying thus, against the Tyrant came.

I shall obtain his Spoils, and mighty Fame,  
Or noble Death; each will my Father please.  
Then briefly said; Forbear such Threats as these.  
And with the word, drew to the open Plains.  
Cold fear th' *Arcadians* Blood drives from their Veins.  
*Turnus* from's Chariot lights, on foot to fight;  
And as a Lion comes, who from a height

(c) A Noble Conquest, or Death, is *Pallas* his aim; each deservedly commendable. Thus *Acies* (in *Armoreum judicio*.)

*Trophaeum ferre me a forti viro pulchrum est,  
Si armis & vincam, vim a tali nullum est probrum.*



Indignum est Italos Trojani circumdare flammis  
Nascentem, et patria Troium consistere terra:  
Cui Nilivus avus, cui diva Venilia mater.  
Quid facit Trojano: alia vim ferre Latini:



Arva aliena iugo premere atq; avertere praeclat:  
Quid sacros, legere, et gremio abducere pacis:  
Pacem orare manu, praecipere impetus arma:  
Honorat D<sup>ns</sup> Henrico Laurenc  
D<sup>ns</sup> Praefidi Concilii Status  
Tabula merito votiva.



At non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera versat  
Effrigit: neque enim ut tot, nec vulnere aucto  
Sic ait & sublatum alio confurgit in ensen,  
Et medium ferro gemina inter tempora foveam  
Diridit, impubescus immant vulnere natus



in spem, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus,  
Collapsus artus atque arma trepente cerebro  
Stetit humi mortuus: atque illi partibus apud  
Huc Caput alius illic habuere et vix pepulisti,  
Diffugiunt vestri trepidi formidinis irides.

Edwardo Sherborn Armigero,

Tabula merito votiva, 353



Stabat acerbo fremens, ingentem nexu in hylum  
 Enca; magno iuvant & ne rentis Iuli  
 Concursum, lacrimisque immobilis ille retorito  
 Troianum in morem senior succinctus amictu



Hic Venus indigno quati concussa dolore,  
 Dictamnum genitrix Græcæ carpit ab Ida,  
 Pueribus caulem foliis & flore comantem  
 Purpureo, non ille ferio inconspicua Capris  
 Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæsere sagitte

Enod. L. 12.

Hugoni Bodvrda. A.M.C.D.I.Cant.

Tabula merito votiva, 430

Hath seen a Bull for Battel to prepare;  
 So in his march the King himself did bear.  
 When *Pallas* did believe now with his Lance  
 He well might *Turnus* reach, if any Chance  
 Assists the Bold, and would the Weaker aid,  
 That he befought, and thus to high Heaven pray'd;  
 Great *Hercules*, ah by my Father's board,  
 Which thou didst honour once, now help afford!  
 Let *Turnus* see his bloody Arms my prize,  
 And me a Conquerour view with dying Eyes.  
*Alcides* heard, then stifling a deep groan,  
 Pour'd forth some Tears in vain, when to his Son,  
 In words of comfort, thus great *Jove* did say;  
 To every one stands a<sup>k</sup> prefixed day,  
 Short is Man's life, irreparable time:  
 But Men by Vertue to high Honour climb,  
 And Facts extending Fame. Under *Troy's* Wall,  
 How many Heroes, Sons of God, did fall?  
 There fell *Sarpedon*, my dear Progeny,  
 And *Turnus* woful Destiny is nigh;  
 Soon he to his appointed date must yield.  
 This said, his eye forlakes th' *Ausonian* Field.

But *Pallas* with huge strength his Javelin threw,  
 And's glittering Sword straight from his Scabberd drew;  
 It through æthereal Orbs resounding flies,  
 Where the high Coverings of his Shoulder lyes;  
 Then through the skirts of's Shield a passage found,  
 And gave to mighty *Turnus* a small Wound.

Here *Turnus* having poys'd a Spear of Oke,  
 Pointed with Steel, aiming at *Pallas*, spoke:  
 See, if our Javelin will not better pass.  
 This said, his Shield plated with Steel and Brass,  
 So thick with Bull-hides lin'd, trembling, it prest,  
 And through his Corset pierc'd his ample Breast.

M m m

He

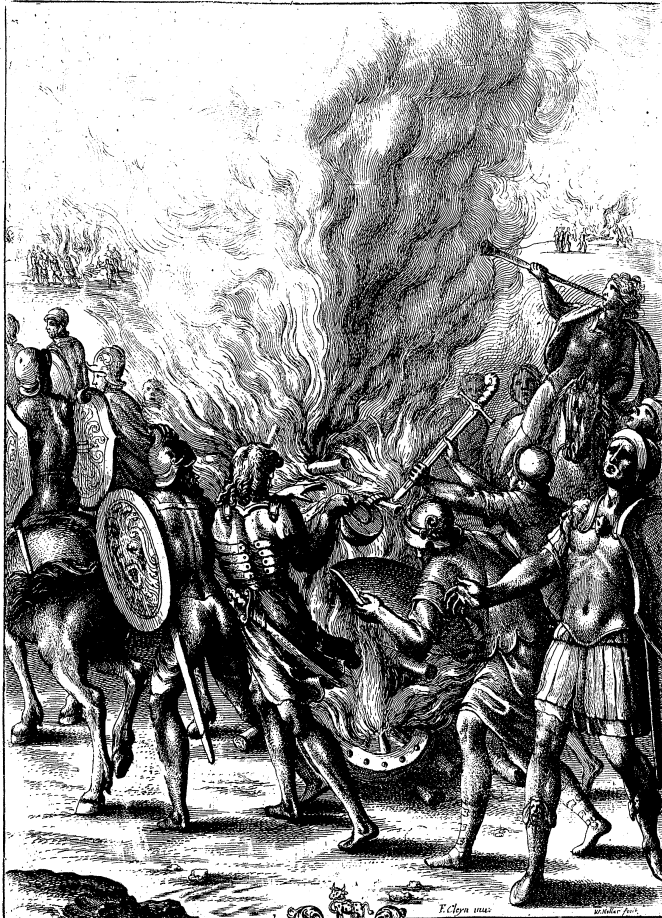
(k) Our Author many times infers Philosophical opinions contradictory to one another; For in the fourth Book he said, *Miseræ ante diem, &c.* and here, *Stat sua cinque dies, &c.* but this, as *Servius* notes, is no defect, but an excellency, in *Virgil*, in not only applying, but expressing the variety of Opinions. For the first is to be attributed to the *Epicureans*, who ascribe all to Chance; The second to the *Stoicks*, who will have all to be govern'd by inevitable Fate; and therefore the first as light, is spoken by himself as a Man (for *Servius* makes it a *Prophopiea* of the Poet) the latter is apply'd to *Jupiter*, as the weightier, and more becoming a God.

He from the Wound in vain the warm Spear drew,  
 Whil't the same way, Bloud and his Soul, pursue.  
 Falling on's Wound, his Arms above resound,  
 And dying, bites, with bloody Mouth, the Ground.  
 O're whom thus *Turnus* spake; *Arcadians* bear  
 This pleasing Message to *Evander's* Ear;  
 As he deserves, I such a *Pallas* lend:  
 What e're the joy or honour to attend  
 His Funerals, on my Account be laid;  
 Well *Trojan* Entertainments shall be paid.  
 Treading on him with's left foot, thus he spoke,  
 And off his Belt, richly imbroider'd, took,

(1) The story of the fifty Daughters  
 of *Danaus*, who all of them (except  
 the youngest, *Hypermnestra*) in one  
 Night kill'd their Husbands.

'Wrought with a Crime; in one nights Nuptials slain  
 So many Youths, Blood, Bridal Chambers stain;  
 And with pure Gold skilful *Emyrtion* wrought,  
 Which Spoys now *Turnus* boasts, proud to have got.  
 Mortals, unskilful of ensuing Fates,  
 Seldome observe a Mean in prosperous States.  
 The time shall come, when *Turnus* will in vain  
 Wish, with a Kingdoms price, *Pallas* unslain,  
 And with those Spoys he shall abhor the Day.  
 With Groans and Tears his servants *Pallas* lay  
 Upon a Shield, and round about him mourn,  
 Great grief and glory to thy Sire return;  
 This thy first day in War, and this thy last:  
 But yet the Slaughter of thy Foes were vast.

Not of so great misfortune onely fame,  
 But certain tidings to *Aeneas* came,  
 Which told his Army in great danger stands,  
 And now or never aid his shrinking Bands.  
 Whoe're he meets, he levels with his Sword,  
 And Steel to him a passage did afford,  
 Seeking thee, *Turnus*, with new slaughter proud.  
*Pallas*, *Evander*, Favours they allow'd



*Tr. circum accensis, cincti fulgentibus armis,  
Decurrere roras: ter magnam fœneris ignem  
Lustrare in equis, utatque ore dolere,  
Pargitur de tellus lacrimis, sparguntur & arma  
It cœlo clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum.*

*Hinc alii spolia occisus direpta Latynus  
Conjiciunt iuni; galeas, elyque decoras,  
Frenaque, Jerventisque rotas; pars munera uicti  
Iplorum elyptas. Non felicitate tela,*



Honoratiss: Do: Dom: Iohanni Nevile  
Baroni Abergerveny, & primo Baroni

Angliae. Tabula merito votiva.

723

To him a Stranger, and those Aids he brought,  
Present themselves to his revengeful thought.  
Four gallant \* Youths he took, at *Sulmon* bred,  
As many which cold *Ufens* nourished,  
Who to his \* *Manes* must in Flames expire,  
And drown'd with Captive Blood the Funeral Fire.  
Then at strange distance he a mighty Dart  
At *Magus* threw, which *Magus* wav'd by art:  
The Lance flies on, down on his Knees he falls,  
And thus, a Suppliant, for Quarter calls;  
For thy fair Issue, and departed Sire,  
For their sakes, I this life of thee require:  
I have a stately House, and Silver store,  
Sums of coyn'd Gold, Wedges, and golden Ore;  
Nor this can from the *Trojans* Victory take,  
Nor one man's life so great a difference make.  
When thus *Aeneas* did himself declare;  
Thy Gold and Silver for thy Children spare;  
*Turnus* forbids any for Quarter sue,  
Since he so barbarously dear *Pallas* slew;  
This will my Father's Ghost, *Anchises* please,  
This will rejoyce *Ascanius*. Saying these,  
His left hand seiz'd his Cask, his right a-tilt,  
Sheath'd in his Throat his Sword up to the Hilt.

Hard by was *Phœbus* Priest, *Æmonius* Son,  
With all his Robes, Surplice and \* Miter on,  
Known by his glorious Arms, and glittering Shield;  
Him first he charg'd, and drives through all the Field,  
Then of him fall'n, a Sacrifice he made,  
And standing o're, hides with his mighty Shade.  
*Sereſtus* takes his curious Arms to be  
A lasting Trophy, Father *Mars*, to thee.

*Cæculus*, *Vulcan's* Son, and *Umbro*, who  
Came from the *Marsian* Fields, the Fight renew;

(\*) An equal number, because the Sacrifice was to be made to the *Inferi*.

(\*) *Inferi* are Sacrifices for the dead. The Custom was, to kill the Captives upon the Tombs of such as had taken them, which afterwards being thought too cruel, they caus'd Gladiators to fight at the Sepulchers, call'd (a *huffis*) *Bullarii*.

(\*) An attire for the head, like a Crown, from which hung on each side a linnen or woollen Fillet, wherewith the Priests bound their hair.

(p) *Tarneh* l. 2. c. 21. faith, *Nemesis* was signified here to punish him, who is an Enemy to the good, and that his insolence had provok'd the envy of the Gods, which was the cause of his overthrow. But *Pierpontius* and *Therius*, for *magnum res magicum*, as if he had fortified himself with Amulets, and Magical Consecrations against Wounds, and, *Vinque affere verbo* they apply to the Magick charm.

(q) Here the name of a Rustick, or elfe of *Fannus*, before he was receiv'd into the number of the Gods. And some take the Nymph, not for a Goddess, but a Bride, lest it should be thought incredible that a Mortal should be begotten of a God and Goddess; Although such sometimes were believ'd to dye, as *Erys* the Son of *Venus* and *Neptun*, slain by *Hercules*.

(r) A Town betwixt *Corycia* and *Terracina*, us'd so much to false Alarms, that they made a Law to forbid any man to speak of the coming of an Enemy, by which means, when the Enemy came indeed, they were betray'd by their own silence. *Perviz. Ven.*

So did *Amylex* once, whilst all Silence observ'd, through silence fall.

Others say they were *Pythagorians*, by their Orders bound to keep silence five years; who refraining from killing all living Creatures, were devour'd by Serpents breeding in the adjacent Lakes. So *Phryg. 3. 5.* *Amylex* & *Sirponitus* *delata sunt*: whence *Dalcamp* expounds *tacitus* here, dead, buried in oblivion.

Whom the Prince meets; as *Anxure* did advance,  
He hops off both his Shield and Arm at once.  
This to <sup>p</sup> great words, he said, did Credit give,  
And that such Charms were powerful, did believe;  
Raising his mind with hopes of his Affairs,  
Granted himself long life, and silver Hairs.  
Well-arm'd *Tarquitus* then charg'd boldly on,  
The fair Nymph *Dryope*, and <sup>q</sup> *Faunus* Son;  
Towards him *Æneas*, raging, did advance,  
And through his Shield and Corset drives his Lance.  
Whilst he did many ways beg Life in vain,  
And us'd perswasions Quarter to obtain,  
Cuts off his head, the warm Trunk down did rowl:  
Then standing o're him, from a bitter Soul,  
Thus much he said: Thou, so much feard, lyethere;  
Nor shall thy woful Mother thee interr,  
Or in thy Father's Tomb thy Body lay;  
Thou shalt be left for Birds and Beasts a Prey;  
Or waves shall rowl thee in the Ocean drown'd,  
And greedy Fish shall lick thy bleeding Wound.

Next *Lycas* and *Anthemus* did pursue,  
Of *Turnus* Troop, *Numa*, *Camertes* too,  
*Volscens* thy Son <sup>r</sup> *Amylexia* did command,  
Who of th' *Ausonians* richest was in Land.  
Such they the hundred-handed Giant fame,  
Who belch'd from fifty Mouths devouring Flame,  
When arm'd against *Jove's* Thunder-bolts, he wields  
As many Swords, as many rattling Shields.  
So rag'd *Æneas*, Conquerour in Arms,  
Through all the Field, as his bright Falchion warms.  
Next, towards *Nipheus* Chariot, and his Steeds,  
In a most furious manner, he proceeds:  
But they, as they beheld him all on fire  
Coming raging up, affrighted straight retire,

And

And rushing back, their Captain overthrew,  
And to the Shore, with Fear distracted, flew.  
Whilst on bold *Lucagus* in's Chariot rides,  
Whose Snow-white Steeds his Brother *Liger* guides,  
But furious *Lucagus* wheels his dazzling Sword;  
*Æneas* no such boasting would afford,  
But dreadful, meets them with an adverse Spear.  
To whom then *Liger* said;  
*Achilles* Chariot thou beholdst not here,  
*Tyrides* Horses, nor the *Phrygian* Plain;  
Now War shall end, and here thou shalt be slain.  
Thus vapouring *Liger*: But *Troy's* Prince made no  
Reply, but cast his Javelin at the Foe:  
When *Leucagus* bending, having cast his Spear,  
His left Foot out, did for the Fight prepare,  
Under his Shield *Æneas* Javelin found  
Way to his left Thigh, with a mighty Wound:  
He from his Chariot tumbles down half-dead;  
When in stern Language thus *Æneas* said;

Sir, your slow <sup>r</sup> Steeds your Chariot not betray'd,  
Nor did they boggle at an empty shade:  
But thou thy self thy Chariot hast forsook.  
And straight he seiz'd the Horses, as he spoke.  
His Brother then dis-arm'd, himself submits,  
And craving Quarter, he his Office quits.  
Now for thy self, and thy great Parents sake,  
Brave Prince, O spare my life, and pity take!  
*Æneas* said, you other Language gave;  
Dye, and a Brother not a Brother leave:  
Then he his Soul's warm Closet open laid  
With his bright Sword. The *Dardan* Heroe made  
Such Slaughters then, and like a Whirlwind raves,  
Or some huge Deluge with o'rewhelming Waves:  
Nor *Trojans* longer could themselves contain,  
But out they fall to the open Plain,

Mean

(s) In answer to the reproach of *Liger*, who objected his flight from *Diomedes* and *Achilles*, *The swiftness of your Horses* (saith he) *did not betray you*, as they did me, when *Pandarus* fighting in the same Chariot with me, was slain by *Diomedes*; nor were they frightened by any apparition. See *Homar*.

Mean while to *Juno* thus bespake great *Jove*;  
 My dearest Sister, and my dearer Love;  
 As thou believ'st, (nor doth thy judgement erre)  
*Venus* upholds the *Trojans* in this War;  
 Not their great Strength, nor Valour in the Fight,  
 And Resolutions that all Dangers slight.

Then *Juno* said; Dear Lord, why griev'st thou me,  
 Opprest with Sorrow at thy sad Decree?  
 Had I that power by which I overcame  
 Once thy Affections, and should still the same,  
 Thou would'st not then deny, Almighty King,  
 That I in safety off should *Turnus* bring  
 To his old Father's Court. Now let him go,  
 And satisfie with Royal Blood the Foe,  
 Though he from us derive his Stock and Name,  
 Who from *Pilumnus* the fourth Offspring came;  
 In his own Person, thee he Presents paid,  
 And with rich Offerings did thy Altars lade.

To whom Heavens King briefly this answer gave;  
 Would'st thou from 'present death bold *Turnus* save?  
 And think'st that I may grant a short Reprieve?  
 Then fetch him off, and from sad Fates relieve.  
 This I may grant: but if in your request,  
 Conceal'd, you drive a further interest,  
 So the whole Fortune of the War again  
 To bring about, thou foster'st hope in vain.

Then *Juno* weeping, said; You may connive  
 At what you dare not grant; and he may live.  
 But now his woful Destiny draws near,  
 Or else I am transported with vain fear:  
 Oh that false Terror still would me delude!  
 And thou, who may'st, would'st better things conclude.

Guided with Clouds then from Ethereal Skyes,  
 Bearing a Tempest, through the Air she flies;

And

And to th' *Ausonian* Camp, and *Trojans* made.  
 Then she an airy Cloud, a hollow shade  
 Form'd like *Æneas*, which (most strange) she drest  
 In *Dardan* Arms, and Shield; a flowing Crest  
 Puts on his honour'd Head; then made it talk,  
 Speak without Lungs, and like *Æneas* walk.  
 Such Shapes, they say, that dead Mens spirits have,  
 Or those in Dreams our drowsie sense deceive.

But the insulting Shadow takes the Van,  
 Calling aloud, and challeng'd out the Man.  
*Turnus* advanc'd, and's founding Javelin threw;  
 The Shade retreats, and suddenly withdrew.  
 As soon as *Turnus* did himself perswade  
*Æneas* fled, swoln with vain hope, he said;  
 What, fly'st thou *Trojan*, and thy Bride dost leave?  
 The Land thou fought'st by Sea, this hand shall give.  
 Thus brandishing his Sword, he eas'd his mind;  
 Nor thought his hope did fleet before the Wind.

Behind a Rock, by chance, in a calm Bay,  
 With ready Ladders a tall Vessel lay,  
 Which King *Osinius* brought to " *Clusine* Shore;  
 Hither it self the fleeting Shadow bore,  
 And takes the Hold; nor slower were *Turnus* steps;  
 All stay he conquers, o're high Bridges leaps.  
 No sooner shipt, *Juno* the Cable cuts,  
 And to the Sea the floating Vessel puts.

But through the Fight mean while *Æneas* goes,  
*Turnus* to find, and many overlooks.  
 Nor longer the phantastick Shadow lyes  
 Hid under Deck, but, vanishing, it flies  
 Up to the Stars, and with dark Clouds conjoyn'd:  
 Whil'st *Turnus* drives to Sea before the Wind,  
 And both his hands did to high Heaven advance,  
 For Safety thankless, ignorant of the chance.

(c) This *Salpistris* observes as taken from the depth of Philosophy, viz. That Sempiternal Truth flowing out of Eternity, cannot be chang'd; especially as it respects the whole Species of Man: but Particulars are subject to the alterations of the Fates.

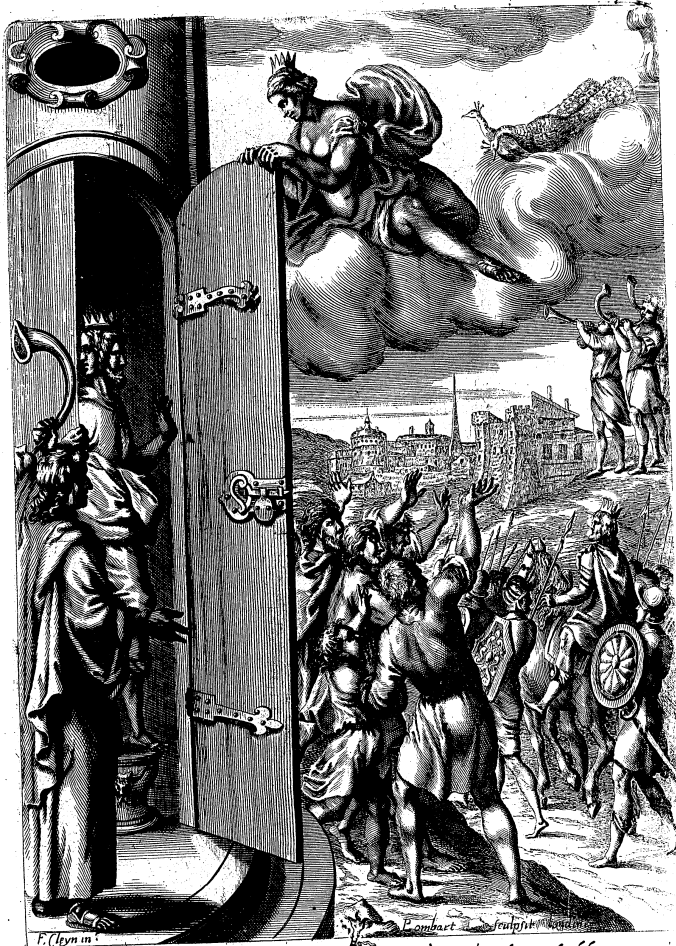
(\*) *Clusum* is a City of *Thur* *city*.

*O Jove*, he said, deserve I this from thee :  
 And is't thy will, thus, thus to punish me ?  
 Ah whither must I go ? from whence came I ?  
 Where shall I land ? or whither do I fly ?  
 Shall I *Laurentian* Tow'rs behold agen ?  
 View my own Camp, where all those gallant Men  
 Which did my Fortune and my Arms attend,  
 Ah, I have left, to meet a woful end !  
 I hear their dying groans ; now, now I view  
 My routed Army fly : what shall I do ?  
 Oh that the Earth would gape, and swallow me,  
 Or rather gentle Winds more favouring be ;  
 (For your assistance *Turnus* now invokes )  
 Ah, drive this Vessel on obdurate Rocks,  
 Or split on Sands, where Friends shall never see  
 My Corps, nor blasted Fame shall follow me.

This said, his mind on no Resolve could place,  
 Whether he should, for this so vile disgrace,  
 Upon himself a punishment afford,  
 And desperate in his Bowels sheath his Sword ;  
 Or leap into the Sea, and swim to Shore,  
 And 'gainst the *Trojans* arm himself once more.  
 Thrice he attempted both ; great *Juno* thrice  
 His rashness staid with soberer advice.  
 The Ship cuts Billows, and, with favouring Tides,  
 To th' antient City of old *Damnus* glides.

Great *Jove* mean while *Mexentius* Soul enlarg'd,  
 That he the Conquerours with fresh Forces charg'd.  
 'Gainst whom the *Tyrrhens* joyn ; all 'gainst one Man,  
 With deadly Hate, and cruel Weapons, ran.  
 He, as a Rock amongst vast Billows, stood,  
 Scorning loud Winds, and raging of the Flood,  
 It fixt remains, and all the Force defies,  
 Muster'd from threatning Seas, and thundring Skyes.

*Hebrus,*



Sunt gemina bulli portæ sic amine dicunt  
Religione sacra, et fœvi formidine Moris:  
Centum aræ claudunt voltes, æternæq; ferri  
Robora: nec cufos adfœcit limine Janus.



Tum Regina deum cælo delapsa, morantem  
Impulsi ipsa manu portas, et cardine verris  
Belli ferrates rumpit Saturnia postes  
THOMAS KENDRICK ARD. Tabula merito votiva

Hebrus, Dolichæon's Son, he overthrew,  
Latagus with him, and Palmus as he flew:  
But with a Stone, no small part of a Hill,  
Dashing in's Face, he Latagus did kill;  
Palmus comes or'e, maim'd with his wounded Knee,  
And gave his Arms, bold Lausus, unto thee.  
Next Phrygian Evans, Mimas was o'rethrown,  
Of Paris age, and his Companion,  
Whom, the same Night the "Queen gave Paris birth,  
Pregnant with Fire, Theano did bring forth  
To old Amycus: he at home was slain,  
But Mimas fell in the Laurentian Plain.

(\*) Theano brought forth Mimas the same night that her Sister Hebe, the Daughter of Cisseus, brought forth Paris, who a little before dream'd that she was deliver'd of a Fire-brand.

And as a hunted Boar from Mountains bends,  
Whom long Pine-bearing 'Vesulus defends,  
Or many years Laurentian Marshes bred,  
Where he with Mast and Bull-rushes was fed;  
After he finds himself amidst their Nets,  
He stands, and fuming, up his Bristles sets;  
Against his rage the boldest dare not go,  
But with safe shouts at distance Javelins throw:  
So stood Mezentius 'gainst his Subjects rage,  
Yet none so hardy durst their King engage,  
But, out of reach, at him they cast their Spears  
With mighty shouts; He not the proudest fears,  
But, angry, rageth through the spacious Field,  
Bearing a Grove of Javelins on his Shield.

(γ) A Mountain of Liguria, neighbouring to the Alps. Liguria joins to Tuscan, of which was Mezentius.  
(z) Servius takes multique for multique, for the Laurentian Plains are not near Vesulus.

Acron, a Greek, but in Corinthus bred,  
Drawn to this War, left his new Marriage-bed:  
Him, when he saw amongst the Squadrons, drest  
In Wedding-garments, and a purple Vest;  
As a starv'd Lion, who doth oft invade  
Some lofty Stall (for Hunger will persuade)  
If he a nimble Goat espy by chance,  
Or else a Deer his lofty Crest advance,

Gaping he raves, and bristles up his Main,  
And growling lies devouring of the slain;  
Then Bathes his Mouth with Blood:  
So fierce *Mezentius* rag'd 'mongst thickest Foes,  
And most unhappy *Acron* overthrows.  
Breathing his last, beating the Earth, he lies,  
And with his Blood th' unbroken Iavelin dyes.

Yet scorns *Orodes* flying to o'rethrow,  
And through his back to give the deadly blow;  
But runs and meets him; he by Prowess can  
More than by art, and charges Man to Man;  
Then, on him down, setting his Foot, and Spear,  
Said, Great *Orodes*, once so fear'd, lie there.  
His Souldiers raise a shout: But, <sup>a</sup> dying, he,  
Who e're thou art, said, I reveng'd shall be;  
Nor shalt thou long triumph, thy Fate draws nigh,  
And thou with me in the same Field shalt lie.  
With a grim smile, *Mezentius* then replies,  
Thou first shalt dye: who rules both Earth and Skies,  
Let him dispose of me as he thinks best  
Thus saying, he drew the Iavelin from his Breast.  
A hard and iron rest seal'd up his sight,  
And clos'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.

(b) From those who reprehend the Poet for confounding names, *Turnebus* vindicates him, affirming, that to the *Rutilians* he gives *Latin* names: to the *Trojan*, *Greek*, 1.29. c.24.

<sup>b</sup> *Cædicus*, *Alcatbous*; and *Sacrator* slew  
*Hydaspes*; *Rapo*, *Parthen* overthrew,  
And valiant *Orses*; but *Messapus* sped  
*Clonius*, and *Fricates* he left dead;  
This tangled in the Trappings of his Steed,  
On foot makes th' other sure: Next did proceed  
*Lycius* 'gainst him, whom *Valerius* did kill,  
Being most expert in his Grandsires skill.  
*Salius*, *Atroni*; *Neacles*, *Salius* slew,  
Who us'd the Dart, and well a long Bow drew.  
Like Fortune now made even bloody Stakes,  
And chance of Battel equal Slaughter makes;

Victors,

Victors, and those are worsted, both come on,  
And both retreat: Flight is to neither known.  
The Gods in *Jove's* high Court pity their rage,  
That thus poor Mortals should themselves engage.  
Here *Venus* sits, there cruel *Juno* stands,  
And pale *Tisiphone* raves amidst the Bands.

But here *Mezentius* a huge Javelin shakes,  
And to the Field, highly incensed, makes.  
So tall *Orion* through the swelling Tides  
Marcheth on foot, the Waves scarce reach his sides;  
Or when he stalks more proudly on dry Land,  
Bringing from Hills an old Ash in his hand,  
Whil't his proud head amongst the Clouds he hides:  
So in his mighty Arms *Mezentius* prides.

(c) Others say, that *Orion*, a Hunter of extraordinary stature, had this gift from his Father *Neptune*, that he could walk upon the Sea, as *Iphiclus* upon Corn. See *Servius* upon this place, further explaining the Fable.

*Æneas* having spy'd him through the Bands,  
Marches against him: He undaunted stands,  
Waiting th' approach of his magnanimous Foe;  
And having took the measure of his throw,  
This hand which is my God, and this my Spear  
Which now I poyle, grant your assistance here;  
That cruel <sup>d</sup> *Pirats* Spoils and Arms I now  
For thee a Trophiey, dearest *Lausus*, vow.  
This said, at him he cast a sounding Lance;  
But the swift Spear did from his Target glance,  
And far from thence through noble *Anthor* run:  
This was great *Hercules* Companion,  
Who sent from *Argos*, with *Evander* staid,  
And his abode now in *Ausonia* made.  
Thus hurt, he falls, and hapless views the Skyes,  
Remembering his dear Country as he dies.

(d) *Æneas*; Nor did (saith *Servius*) the piety of *Lausus* any thing profit him, because his Father, sacrilegious, conferr'd upon him Gifts of the Gods, and wou'd the Spoils of the Dead to him.

His Javelin then valiant *Æneas* threw,  
Which through his brazen quilted Target flew,  
Where three Bull-hides tann'd did their force conjoyn,  
And fast it stuck in bold *Mezentius* groyn;

N n n 2

Whose

Whose strength now fails. Soon as *Aeneas* saw  
The *Tyrrhen's* Blood, straight he his Sword did draw,  
And whil'ft he was astonish'd, rusheth on.

This *Lausus* viewing, fetch'd a heavy groan  
For his dear Father, and salt Tears he sheds.

Here thy sad Death, and most renowned Deeds,  
If antient Stories have related Truth,  
I shall not silence, O most Noble Youth.

*Mexentius* hurt, began some Ground to yield,  
Drawing the hostile Weapon from his Shield;

*Lausus* steps in, and brought his Father aid,  
Taking the blow which fierce *Aeneas* made

On his own Shield, receives him with delays;

At which a shout his glad Companions raise,

Whil'ft his hurt Father from the Fight withdrew,

Defended by his Son; Javelins they threw,

And 'gainst the Foe their Lances thick discharge:

*Aeneas* rag'd, protected with his Targe.

As when a Tempest falls of Hail and Rain,

Straight all the Husbandmen forsake the Plain;

Till the Storm's o're, a House the Trav'ler saves,

Bushes, or sheltring Banks, or vaulted Caves;

That when bright *Phœbus* shall his beams display,

They may make use of the succeeding Day.

So was *Aeneas* overwhelm'd with Darts,

Bearing the Tempest thundring from all parts;

And *Lausus* he rebukes, now menaceth

The bold Youth thus: Why hasten'ft thou thy death?

And dost so much above thy strength essay?

Thy Piety, fond Youth, doth thee betray.

But he no less rashly himself engag'd;

At which the *Dardan* Prince extremely rag'd;

And now his Thred of Life the Fates had span;

In him to th' Hilt his Sword *Aeneas* ran,

And

(c) So *Scipio Africanus*, not 13 years old, defended his Father in fight, not yielding though he receiv'd 27 wounds.



Ille pedem referens, & inutilis, inque locatus  
 Cedebat, clypeus inimicum laqueo traheret.  
 Porripuit juvenis, laqueo inmiscuit armis;  
 Longue afflicto, dextra plerumque ferente  
 Ence, fatis juvenem, ipsique mirando  
 Viderunt, foci magno clamore sequitur.  
 Dum genitor quidam parma protectus abiret,  
 Eclit & incaluit pectus tui, Nec minus de

Richardo Atkins de Much Hadham, in Com:



Exultat demens, saepe jamque altius ira  
 Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Laus  
 Parcaque legunt, validum namque caput exeret.  
 Per medium Aeneas juvenem, ignemque recondit.  
 Insuper & parvam mucra, levissima, minas  
 Et tunica, molli mater quam venerat auro:  
 Implensque sinum laqueo, cum vita perarans  
 Cessit in terra ad matris, corpulque reliquit.

Hartfordur Arm: Tabula merito votum p. 2.

And through the Threatner's Shield, and Arms it pass'd,  
 And Coat, his Mother with pure Gold had grac'd:  
 Blood drown'd his Breast, his Soul her progress makes  
 Down to pale Shades, and the cold Corps forlakes.  
 But when his Face, great *Anchisiades*,  
 And Cheeks, now wonderfully pale, espies,  
 He stretch'd his hand, then sigh'd with grief oppress'd,  
 And now his Father's love affects his Breast;  
 Saying, Poor Youth, what Fame for thee is due?  
 What worthy Gift shall I bestow on you?  
 Take thy lov'd Arms (if those thou dost regard)  
 And with thy Royal Parents be interr'd;  
 This Comfort have in thy sad Funeral,  
 That thou by great *Aeneas* hand didst fall.  
 Then checks his lingering Friends, himself before  
 Raising him up, his Hair defil'd with gore.

Mean while his Father at the Chrystal Streams  
 Of *Tyber* cleans'd his Wounds, and eas'd his Limbs  
 Against a Tree, on which his Helm he hung,  
 And on the Ground his ponderous Armour flung;  
 A choice Guard round: panting, his Neck did rest,  
 Which bowing, with his Beard cover'd his Breast;  
 Then asks for *Lanfus*, and oft sends to find,  
 And call him off, since 'twas his Father's mind.  
 But the dead Youth, his Friends in sorrow drown'd,  
 Bore on a Shield, slain by a mighty Wound;  
 Far off the City his Soul prefaging knew.

Then on his silver Hair & foul Dust he threw,  
 And both his hands at once to Heaven he heaves:  
 Then thus complaining, to the Body cleaves,

Dear Son, was Life to me so sweet, that thou,  
 Whom I begot, for me should'st suffer now?  
 Must I thy Father draw this Vital Breath,  
 Sav'd by thy Wounds, and live by thy sad Death?

(f) It was the Custom to bury with any Man those things which in life were most affected by him.

(g) It was usual among the Ancients in Mourning to throw Dust upon their Heads; solemn among the *Jews*, as among the *Romans*, as appears by the twelve Tables. Consonant to that expression of our Authors, is that of *Catullus*,

*Caviciem terra, atque infuso pulvere sudans.*

*Vide Alex. ab Alex. lib. 3. cap. 7. ibidemque Terentium.*

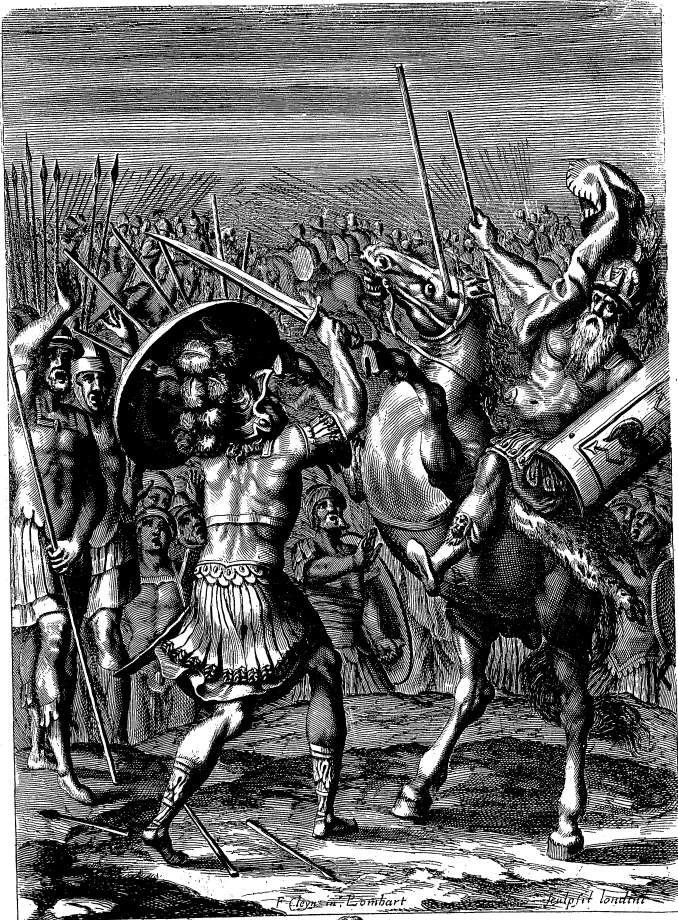
O let me now to woful Exile go,  
 Since I behold this Wound, this fatal blow.  
 Oh Son, my Acts have blasted thy Renown,  
 Expuls'd by Malice from my Throne and Crown;  
 'Twas I should suffer in this hateful strife,  
 And many Deaths pay for this wicked Life;  
 Yet still I live, view Heaven, converse with Man;  
 But Ile forsake them all. Then he began,  
 Thus saying, to raise his feeble Thigh from Ground,  
 And though it fail'd him with so great a Wound,  
 Undaunted, he commands his Horse provide.  
 This was his Comfort, this his onely Pride,  
 On this through all his Fights did Conquerour go;  
 \*To whom he spake, declaring thus his woe;

(b) Homer makes these kind of  
 Creatures to have a prescience of  
 their Masters fates, and to pre-  
 sage their Misfortunes by their Sadness.  
 And as Virgil makes *Mexentius* here,  
 so Homer likewise makes *Achilles*  
 speak to his Horse *Xanthus*, *Iliad*, 1.  
 See *Macrob.* l. 4. c. 6.

Of long life (*Phœbus*) we have had the proof,  
 (If any time to Mortals were enough)  
 Either we must *Æneas* head this day,  
 And bloody Spoils in Triumph bear away,  
 Revenging *Lausus*; or, if Fates deny  
 Assistance, we will both together dye:  
 For sure, most valiant Steed, thou'lt not admit  
 A *Trojan* Rider, nor a Stranger's Bit.

Thus having spoke, up sad *Mexentius* gets,  
 And soon himself in comely manner seats:  
 Then both his hands did with sharp Javelins load:  
 On his bright Helm whole mains of Horses flow'd.  
 And straight he marches up: whil'st mighty Shame,  
 Grief and Distraction did his Soul inflame,  
 Love provokes Rage; and loss of Honour, all.  
 Then thrice aloud did for *Æneas* call,  
 The *Trojan* knew the Voice, and thus he pray'd;  
 So may great *Jove* and *Phœbus* now persuade,  
 That thou begin the Fight.

And



Multa movens animo, jam tandem erumpit inter  
Bellatoris equi cava tempora coarctat hostis.  
Tollit se, arrectum quadrupes, ac calcibus auras  
Verberat, effugamq; equitem super ipse secutus.



Implicat, gestusq; incumbit cornu armis.  
Clamore incendunt caelum Troiaq; Latinaq;  
Advolat Æneas, vagaque eripit ense.

HENRICO HILDEYERD. Ann. Tabula merito votiva.

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And praying, with a dreadful Spear march'd on.  
But he ; Why hast thou robb'd me of my Son,  
Most cruel Man, and terrifi'd me thus ?  
Since no way else thou hadst to ruine us.  
Nor fear we Death, nor any God regard ;  
Leave off thy prayers, to dye I come prepar'd :  
But first I'll Legacies on thee bestow.  
This said, he cast a Javelin at the Foe,  
Another after, then another flings,  
And swiftly wheels about in mighty rings.  
Æneas Shield receives them. Thrice he goes  
About him standing, and sharp Lances throws ;  
Three times the Trojan turning where he stood,  
Bore on his brazen Shield a mighty Wood.  
Vext with delay, and plucking from his Targe  
So many Spears, and with the dangerous charge,  
Plotting all means, at last he did advance,  
And through his Horse's head he sent his Lance ;  
Who rising then, beats with his feet the Skies,  
And, tumbling backward, on his Rider lies,  
Oppressing much his arm extended out.  
Trojans and Latins send to Heaven a shout.  
In leaps Æneas, and his bright Sword drew,  
And thus he said ; Where's proud Mezentius now ?  
And that fierce Courage made him once so bold ?

But he, as soon as Heaven he did behold,  
And, coming to himself, recover'd breath ;  
Why triumph'st thou, proud Foe, and threatenst Death ?  
To dye's no Crime, of Death I'm not afraid,  
My Son for me no such Conditions made.  
One thing (if vanquish'd Men may fates preferr  
To Foes) I beg, my Body to interr :

I know my Subjects hate, their Rage prevent,  
Granting my Son and me one Monument.  
This said, his Throat receives th' expected Wound,  
VVhose Soul his Arms in a red deluge drown'd.





*Ducitur infelix, avo confectus Aetates.  
Pecora nunc fœdatis pugnis, nunc unguibus ora:  
Sternitur et toto projectus corpore terre.  
Quærit et Rutuli perfidis sanguine currus.  
Post bellator æquus, positus insignibus, Ethon  
At lacrymans, guttibus humectat grandibus ora.*



*Substitit Aeneas gemitus, hac addidit alto:  
Hos alias hinc ad lacrymas, eadem horrida belli  
Fata vocant, salve æternum mihi maxime Pallada,  
Æteraunque vale.*

*Dño. FRANCISCO BOTELEER Equiti Aurato.  
Tabula merito votiva.*



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*M*Ezentius Trophey. Pallas Funerals.  
Cessation made. The King a Council calls.  
Diomed's answer Venulus relates.  
Drances, and Turnus, loud in hot debates.  
Æneas gives the City an Alarm.  
The King his Council leaves, and Latines arm.  
Camilla's story. Troops of Horse maintain  
A doubtful Fight: the bold Virago slain.  
The Trojans, flying Rutuli pursue.  
Turnus inform'd, straight from his ambush drew.  
Æneas takes the Passage; then march'd down  
To th' open Plain, and lyes before the Town.

*M*Ean while Aurora from the Sea ascends,  
Æneas (although Care t'interr his Friends

The time requir'd, much for their loss dismay'd)  
Early his Vows to Heaven a Conquerour paid.

000

(a) The Roman Custom was, that the dead with a Funeral might not sacrifice: but if it chanc'd that any one at the same time were dead, and fore'd to sacrifice, he endeavour'd to complete the Sacrifice before he acknowledged the Funeral. Where Horatius Pulvillus in the dedication of the Capitol, when his Enemies told him his Son was dead, said *Cadaver sit. La Crudo* differing from *Servius*, interprets the paying of his Vows, his sacrificing for, and celebrating of his Victory.

A

(b) Nicolaus Syracusanus (apud *Didorum Siculum*, l. 13.) fides, that it was not usual with the Antients to erect Trophies of Stone, but of Wood, that is to the Monuments of their Enemy might be the less durable and lasting; and these after Consecration to ruin or decay, was held a piece of Irreligion, (*Virg. Aen.*) Wherefore *Cæsar* after his *Pharsick* Victory did not erect the Trophy that was set up by *Mithridates* for his defeat of *Triarius* the Roman General, but rather obsecr'd it by erecting his own for the Conquest of *Pharnaces*, *Dion. Cass.* l. 42. But of the several sorts of Trophies, and when first taken up by the *Romans*, see *Aurelius in Nov. Cognat. in Tacit. Annal.* l. 2. p. 208.

(c) This Customs of hanging up the Spoils of the Enemies in sacred places, referring the Victory to some Deity, hath been deriv'd to Christians, as it is were by the Law of Nations, from *Greece* and *Italy* Concerning the word Trophy, see *Alex. ab Alex.* l. 1. c. 22.

(d) *Donatus* understands those which *Æneas* had receiv'd in his Shield, l. 10. v. 887. and which, *Mæzænius* yet carry'd. Or *Troica*, because they could neither slay the Enemy, nor preserve their Master.

(e) Of my Victories. By *Primitie* (which we properly attribute to those things which are taken from new Fruits, or from the Flock) *Virgil* would signify *æneïdina*, which are Spoils, and the first Fruits of Fruits; *æneïdes* particularly being those which are taken from the Living, *æneïdina* from the Dead.

(f) The *Roman* Ensigns were stuck in the Ground within their Camps; if they easily were pluck'd out, it was a good sign; if not, a bad Omen. So before the unfortunate Battle of *Craffus* with the *Parthians*, the Ensigns could hardly be pluck'd out, as both *Appian* and *Plutarch* testify; and therefore they never took them up without due Augury, and Invocation of the Gods. So *Xerxes* in *Herodotus*, l. 7. intending his Expedition against *Greece*, uses this expression, *Let us march, having first pray'd to the Gods*; which answers to *Æneas* his words, *Cum primum superi annuerint*. Whence the Leaders of Armies in all their Enterprises may learn, both to use mature Counsel, and to implore the Divine Assistance; that by the one they may carry on their Designs prudently, by the other successfully, as *Vernulani*, *Differen. Polit.* 2. de c. 2.

(g) It was the Custom after the Persons dead, to carry it out of the Chamber, and fix it in the Entry near the Door, (see *Lips. Elæct.* l. 1. c. 16.) where (according to the Quality of the Persons) there were some set to wait upon it, as among us at this day the Herles of Princes and Nobles are attended, and generally the dead Herles are watch'd. The reason of this Ceremony to the Dead among the *Ethnicks*, *Apollonius* fides, (especially in *Tibullus*) left the Corps should be abus'd by Magicians and Sorcerers, *Ubi* (see *Agæ. Mulieres ora mortuorum passim demorsant, eaque sunt illis artis Magice supplicata*). But though that were one, and (perhaps) the chief Cause, yet that of this Ceremony here, is the honour and affection to the Dead.

A stately <sup>b</sup> Oke on rising Ground he plac'd,  
And Boughs disrob'd, with glorious Armour grac'd;  
With King *Mæzænius* Spoils the Trunk he loads,  
Great *Mars* thy <sup>c</sup> Trophy, warlik'ft of the Gods;  
His Breast-plate run twice six times thorow, rears,  
And Plumes bedew'd with Blood, and <sup>d</sup> broken Spears;  
His brazen Shield on the left Shoulder ty'd  
Hanging his Sword in Ivory by the side.

Then to his glad Commanders ( for a Guard  
They made about him ) thus himself declar'd :

Renowned *Trojans*, the great work is done,  
Now shake off Fears, and gallantly go on,  
Since we enjoy the <sup>e</sup> first Fruits of our Toyls;  
Here stands *Mæzænius*, and that proud King's Spoils.  
To march straight towards the City, I intend,  
There of dire War expect a glorious end.  
Left any should by Ignorance neglect,  
When first Celestial Auguries direct,  
Our <sup>f</sup> Standard rais'd, we'll draw our Forces out;  
And let none cloak base Negligence with Doubt.

Mean time in Earth our Friends departed lay,  
And to the Dead our last sad Duties pay.  
Go, and those Worthies Funerals attend,  
Who did their Lives, this Land to purchase, spend.

First *Pallas* mournful Obsequies prepare,  
And to his Father's woful City bear;  
Whom not for want of Valour, bitter Death,  
In a sad Hour, depriv'd of Vital Breath.  
Thus saying, to the Herse he weeping bends,  
Where old *Acetes*, *Pallas* <sup>g</sup> Corps attends;  
Who, when *Evander*'s Squire, much honour won,  
But not so happy waiting on his Son.

Round

Round him his Servants, and a *Trojan* Band,  
And *Ilian* Dames, with Hair dishevell'd, stand.  
But when *Æneas* enter'd, a huge Cry,  
Beating their Beasts, they raise unto the Skye,  
And the whole Court with loud complaining fill'd.  
Soon as he had dear *Pallas* Corps beheld,  
And the wide Wound upon his lovely Breast,  
With many Tears, his Grief he thus exprest;

Brave Youth, when better Fortune came, did she,  
For very spight, deprive us straight of thee,  
Left thou shouldst see our Conquest, and return  
Unto thy Father's Court, in Triumph born:  
I to *Evander* no such Promise made  
At my Departure, when with mighty Aid  
He me dismiss'd; and fearful, did foreflew  
We should encounter with a dangerous Foe.  
But now perhaps fond Hope his Mind doth raise,  
That he his Vows at loaden Altars payes;  
Whil'st to the Dead, <sup>b</sup> who's not indebted now  
To any God, vain Honour we allow.  
These are the promis'd Triumphs thou shalt see  
Perform'd by us, thy Son's sad obsequie.

Thus I discharge my Trust. But no <sup>c</sup> base Wound  
Shall by *Evander* on his Corps be found;  
Nor shall he with his Life at Honours cost.  
What Strength hath *Latium* and *Ascanius* lost?  
This said, to raise the sad Corps he commands,  
And sends a thousand chosen from the Bands,  
Who should attend his last Solemnitie,  
And with *Evander*'s Tears their Sorrow vie,  
And to a mourning Father Comfort be,  
Though small, yet grateful in great Miserie.

Some busy, joyning verdant *Arbutus* were,  
And deck with Oken Leaves the stately Bier:

O o o 2

Then

(b) *Servius* faith we owe all to the Gods whil't we live, because when we began to be born, we took Spirit from the Sun, Body from the Moon, Blood from *Mars*, Wit from *Mercury*, Desire from *Jove*, Lusts from *Venus*, Humour from *Saturn*, every of which we return to them when we die.

(c) That is, on his Back, which was accounted ignominious, as receiv'd in flight, or turning from the Enemy; Of which, *Ælian*, lib. 12. *Var. Histor.* cap. 21. The *Lacedæmonian* *Adular* (saies he) when they hear of their Sons being slain in Fight, use to go forth and view their Wounds, as will before as behind; if they find that the greater number of their Wounds are before, then with a stately pace, and grave Countenance, they carry them in Honour to the Monuments of their Fathers: but if they perceive any Wounds elsewhere, blessing for shame, and blubber'd with tears, they return home privately, leaving the Dead to the Rites of Common Funerals, or else by stealth bear them to the Sepulchres of their Friends.

Then the sad Herse, with Boughs and Branches shade,  
Where, on green Rushes, the brave youth they laid.

Such the pale Daffadill, or Violet,  
Pluck'd by a Virgins hands, whose Beauty yet,  
And Form, remains; though from the Stalk now rent,  
Their Mother Earth affords no Nourishment.

The Prince & two Robes of Gold and Purple brought,  
Which with her own hand beauteous *Dido* wrought,  
And to *Aeneas* did present of old,  
And mixt the curious Web with purest Gold;  
Which for a Herse-cloth on the Corps he laid:  
Then with a Veil his comely Hair did shade,  
And with *Laurentian* Spoils did him adorn;

Bids what he won, in order to be born,  
And Horse and Arms were taken from the Foe:  
Then those to Shades a Sacrifice must go,  
Quenching the cruel Flame with lukewarm Blood,  
Their hands behind them bound, prepared stood.

Next bids prime Captains hostile Arms to bear,  
And names of slaughter'd Foes upon their Spear.

They old *Acetes* led, with Grief oppress'd,  
Tearing his Hair, beating his woful Breast;  
Who falling down, on th'Earth extended lay:  
They Chariots stain'd with *Rutile* gore convey.  
" *Eetion* his Horse in Mourning next took place,  
And weeping, with great Tears blubber'd his Face.  
This bore his Lance, and that his shining Crest,  
For *Turnus*, being Conquerour, had the rest.

The *Trojans* follow, and the *Jyrrhen* Peers,  
And sad *Arcadians* trailing of their Spears.  
Then all the Mourners march'd in order on,  
When spake *Aeneas* with a heavy groan:

Next we must others mourn, in Battel fell;  
Dear *Pallas* now eternally farewell,

For ever now adieu. Nor more he spake,  
But to the City march'd directly back.

And now Embassadours were come to treat,  
With Olive veil'd, from King *Latinus* Seat;  
Requesting License to interr their slain,  
Scatter'd by cruel Slaughter through the Plain:  
None with the Dead, and vanquish'd Men, contend;  
This grant his once styl'd Father, and his Friend.  
Noble *Aeneas* hears their just Request,  
And thus himself in courteous terms exprest;  
What spightful Chance you in such Wars engag'd,  
And at our profer'd Friendship so enrag'd:  
Make you for dead-Men peace, and those are slain?

He rather grant it unto them remain,  
I had not come, but that the Fates did call.  
Nor is the War on my part National;  
Your King did from his League and Covenant slide,  
And more in *Turnus* Forces did confide.

*Turnus* had better now adventure Life,  
To drive the *Trojans* hence, and finish Strife;  
Let us decide the Quarrel; let him live,  
To whom his God or Valour life shall give.  
Now go, and let your hapless Friends be laid  
On Funeral Piles, pious *Aeneas* said.  
They at his Noble Offer stood amaz'd,  
And silently on one another gaz'd.  
Old *Drances* then, who bore eternal spleen  
Gainst Valiant *Turnus*, did at last begin.

O *Trojan*, great by Fame, greater by Wars!  
How shall I match thy Honour with the Stars?  
Shall I thy Power or Justice first admire?  
Humbly our King shall know of thy Desire:  
If Fortune favour, we a Peace shall make;  
Let who will *Turnus* Quarrel undertake.

(g) For in mournful Ceremonies they might not be crown'd. See *Æneid*, l. 7. v. 237. their hands only being veil'd, not their heads, (as some erroneously conceive) See *La Cérda* upon this place.

(r) The Poet, exactly observant of Military Discipline, to shew the compleatness of the *Trojans* Victory, makes *Latinus* send some to *Aeneas* to treat about the burying of the Dead; the Laws of War adjudging the Victory to that side that keeps the Field, and hath in its power the Bodies of the slain.

(k) Garments were antiently accounted the Chief Treasures; and the usual Presents of Subjects to their Princes, or great Personages to their Guests, were either Apparel or Metal. So *Naaman*, King's, offer'd *Eliezer* (besides Talents of Gold) Changes of Raiment; And *Aleivous*, and other *Phœnecian* Princes, gave to *Ulysses* at his departure, each a Talent of Gold, and a rich Vestment (*Hom. Odys.* 3. c. 6.) and for Garments and Cloaths it was wont to be a great Treasure in this Kingdom, until the vanity of changing Fashions made it otherwise. So in Records and antient Wills among us, the bequeathing of Garments took up a great part. And accordingly the Offices about the Wardrobe were of Eminence in the King's Court, as is observ'd by the Learned Dr. *Hem-mund*, in *Antiq.* on *Mat.* c. 6.

(l) They cover'd the Body with one Garment, and sometimes the Head with another. That which *Varro* calls, *Vestis in indutium*, serv'd for the Body, and that in *amictum*, for the Head.

(m) At the Funerals of Emperours the names of the vanquish'd Enemies and Nations were carried before them under their Titles.

(n) Without Trappings; and as *La Cérda* conjectures, his Mane thorn, as was usual at Funerals. See *Æneid*, in *Alcyon*. Some think this Horse was led thus to be burnt with the Corps, suitably to the Custom of burning what was most dear to the person. Others think he was led only in pomp. He feigns him weeping like the Horses of *Achilles*, in *Calabr.* l. 3. which *Suetonius* avers of *Cæsar's* Horses before his death; which *Turnus* also observes, l. 3. c. 27. Of the ingenuity of Horses, see *Livy*, *Centur.* 3. ad Belg. Ep. 56.

(o) *Maurus* upon *Zyephron* observes, that they which died violently, had a Lance carried out with them.

(p) Holding the Edge, not the Point of the Spear towards the Earth. They turn'd their Shields also, lest the Gods that were pictur'd upon them should be defil'd with the sight of Funerals; Or because all things were done perversely, and by contraries. Others will have *versis armis* signify their Shields turn'd obliquely, lest the Devils should shine. Others say this was, that the Army might not make any vocal complaint of their Commander, for fear of a Mutiny, but turning their Arms, carried their Shields lupinely.

(f) Of disputing ones right by Combat, Histories afford several Testimonies; allow'd antiently among Christians, where the End was either Publick Good or Religion: Of this nature was that of *David* and *Goliath*, and of several Christians with *Saracens*, in the time of *Charlemain*, as recorded by *Saefewick*; and that in *Phylar* Virgil, between *Edmond Iron-side*, and *Canute the Dane*. And this kind of Dispute was commonly taken up by private Persons with the Allowance of the Prince, in vindication of their Rights or Honours, till of late times forbidden, of which our own Chronicles afford sufficient Examples.

We shall your promis'd City build with joy,  
And bear upon our Backs the Stones of *Troy*.

All with one voyce approve the words he said,  
And for twelve days a firm Cessation made.  
*Trojans* and *Latins* wander here and there,  
Through Woods and Mountains, and no Danger fear.  
Now mighty *Ashes* with the *Axe* refund,  
And *Pines* that kist the Stars, now kifs the Ground;  
Whole *Oakes* they cleave, sweet *Cedar* falls o'rethron,  
And *Cars* continually with wild *Ash* groan.

Now flying *Fame* this to *Evander* tels,  
And with sad *News* his *Court* and *City* fils;  
Which said but now, *Pallas* the *Victory* won.  
Swift to the *Gates* amaz'd *Arcadians* run,  
And, as the ancient *Custom*, " *Torches* bear;  
With a long *Train* of *Light* the ways appear,  
And all the *Field* with *Funeral* *Tapers* shine;  
Whil'st to these *Mourners* the sad *Trojans* joyn;  
Whom, when the *Matrons* did behold draw nigh,  
They through the *City* rais'd a woful *Cry*;  
When no *persuasions* could *Evander* stay,  
But in he comes, and falling on him, lay  
Fix'd to the *Herse*, weeping and groaning there,  
And long, ere thus his *Grief* he did declare.

*Pallas*, thy *Promise* thou to me hast broke,  
That thou stern *Mars* would'st not too much provoke;  
I knew how much new *Glory* did inflame,  
And in first *Service* the desire of *Fame*;  
For a *Beginner* these sad *Handfels* are;  
Thy *Lesson* hard in the first part of *War*;  
And no *God* hears my *Prayer*, nor minds my *Vow*;  
And thou, blest *Wife*, in " *Death* most happy now,  
That didst not live to see this *fight*; whilst I  
Do now survive my own sad *Destiny*,  
And a most wretched *Father* must remain.  
I should have dy'd, and *Rutills* me have slain,

(i) *P. Virg. l. 38. c. 1.* left he should leave *Virgil* without defence against those who deny that any *Cedar* grows in *Italy*, takes it here for *Juniper*. See *L. Bifida, Flor. Succifera. l. 10. c. 13.*

(u) Us'd first at *Funerals* in the Night, and afterwards when they celebrated them in the Day, *Torches* were properly born before those that came to an immature Death; confirm'd by the Testimony of *Sonca, de Tranquill. lib. 1. cap. 11. Toties prater limen meum immaturas Exequiis fax Cereusque præfuit*; and therefore by our Author suitably apply'd to the *Funerals* of *Pallas*. They us'd likewise at *Funerals*, *Wax-lights*, and *Candles*. See *Perfume*.

Hinc *Tu's, Candelæ, &c.*

(x) An Expression frequent with those that are oppress'd or dejected with *Sorrow*, which yet is the argument of a weak mind. Wherefore *Aristides* speaking of *Themistocles* (who had a Mind greater than the greatest of *Misfortunes*) saies, *That he was never desirous of Counsel, never afraid to die, nor us'd to say that he were happy who were dead.*

For joyning with the *Trojans*; and for me,  
Not *Pallas*, should have been this *Obsequie*,  
Nor *Trojans* blame I, nor shall be declin'd;  
Th' *Offensive* and *Defensive* *League* we joyn'd;  
This *Chance* belongs to my grey *Hairs*: But since  
Untimely *Death* hath took my *Son* from hence,  
I joy that thousand *Volscians* fell before  
Him, leading *Trojans* to th' *Ausonian* Shore.  
Nor other *Rites*, dear *Pallas*, shalt thou have,  
Than what *Æneas*, and bold *Phrygians* gave,  
What *Tarchon*, and their *Captains* did ordain,  
Who bear of those the *Trophies* thou hast slain:  
For thee a huge one, *Turnus*, we had seen,  
If he of equal *Strength* and *Age* had been.

But I the *Trojans* keep too long from *War*.  
Farewell, and to your *King* this *Message* bear;  
That I loath'd *Life* prolong, *Pallas* being gone;  
His *Valour* must a *Father*, and a *Son*,  
Revenge on *Turnus*; this remains for him,  
Whom worth hath plac'd in *Fortunes* best esteem.  
Nor joys of *Life* I wish for, but to stay  
Till I these *Tidings* to my *Son* convey.

Mean while *Aurora* clears the darkned *Air*,  
And brought to wretched *Mortals* toyl and care.  
*Æneas* then, and *Tarchon*, on the *Shores*  
Huge *Piles* erect; and as their *Ancestors*,  
Here their dead *Friends* they brought, then kindle *Fire*,  
And to high *Heaven* clouds of thick *Smoke* aspire.  
Thrice round about the burning *Piles* they go  
Girded in shining *Arms*; thrice *fires* of woe,  
Mounted on mourning *Horses*, they surround;  
A doleful *Cry* they raise, loud *Trumpets* found;  
*Arms*, and the *Earth* is water'd with their *Tears*,  
And *Lamentations* scale the highest *Spears*.

(y) Soldiers marching a full pace in rank and file, were said *Decurrere*; which Military decursions were usual in the *Funerals* of Famous Men: But they were first about the left side, then on the right, to expiate the contagion of the *Funeral*. *Statius, lib. 6. Theb.*

— *Lustrantque ex more sinistro Orbe rogam, &c.*

Of which *Lustrations*, see *Turner, l. 5. c. 8.*

(\*) He alludes to the *Roman* Custom, which was, to burn the Enemies Arms, and the Prey, to the Gods, which *Eney* faith, *Lat. was done Luna maris*, which *Turnus* reads *Luna*, a Goddess call'd so, 3. *lunæ*.

Some in the \* Fire the *Latine* Spoils do burn,  
Helm, Swords, & Reigns, & Wheels from Chariots torn,  
Some their Friends Shields, well known in all Alarms,  
Cast after them, and their unhappy Arms.  
Whole Herds of Cattel, and of Swine, were kill'd,  
And Flocks of Sheep brought in from every Field.  
Their burning Friends they view through all the Strand,  
And round about the half-burnt Structures stand;  
Nor could be taken off, till waining Light  
Drest Heaven with all th' embellishments of Night.

No less on th' other side the *Latines* rear,  
Innumerable Pyres, many interr,  
Many are to the neighbouring Confines born,  
And many to the City do return.  
The rest they burn, rais'd to a mighty Stack,  
No Ceremony, no Distinction make;  
Vast Champains they with frequent Fires surround.  
When the third Day drove Darkness under Ground,  
\* Mourning, they sweep the Ashes from the Hearth,

And mingled Bones, yet warm, they load with Earth.

Now in the City, and *Latinus* Court,

A greater Sorrow there did them transport:

Here, Mothers, Sisters, there the woful Nurse,

Children depriv'd of Parents, weeping, curse

The cruel War, and *Turnus* hapless sure;

That he alone the Quarrel should dispute,

Who hopes to gain all *Latium* with the Bride.

Fierce *Drances* urg'd, nor could it be deny'd,

That *Turnus* had been challeng'd to the Fight.

These warm Debates their votes made opposite;

But he stands shaded with the Queens great Name,

And lasting Trophies of deserved Fame.

\* Midst these Commotions, and tumultuous heat,

Th' Embassadors from *Diomed* the Great,

No pleasing Answers brought; they nothing could,  
VVith so much Toyl, Expences, Gifts, nor Gold;  
No Sute avail'd, they must seek elsewhere Aid,  
Or with the *Trojans* must a Peace be made.  
*Latinus* faints, with swelling Grief oppress'd,  
The wrath of angry Gods made manifest,  
And recent Funerals before their Gates,  
*Æneas* had Commission from the Fates.  
He his great Council calls, the Lords resort,  
By Writ commanded, to the Royal Court:  
There being met, in stately order, all  
Through thronging Streets, march to th' Imperial Hall.  
Then first his place old King *Latinus* took,  
Holding his Scepter with a heavy Look,  
And straight commands th' Embassadors declare  
What they had done, and what those Answers were  
*Tydides* sent; Lord *Venus* obey'd,  
And after all in silence sate, thus said;

We saw \* *Tydides*, and his Royal Seat,  
And tedious wayes turmoyl'd with dangers great,  
My Lords, we overcame, and kist that Hand,  
Which prov'd the ruine of the *Phrygian* Land.  
Still'd from his Countrey, on th' *Apulian* Plains  
He' *Agrippa* built, where now he reigns.  
After admittance, we had Audience, where  
Gifts we presented, telling whom we were,  
Who rais'd this VVvar, why we this Voyage made.  
He courteous, thus in Princely Language said;

Blest *Saturn*'s People, old *Ausonian* Race,  
What sad Misfortune disturbs your happy Peace?  
And in a dangerous Quarrel so engag'd?  
Those that dire War 'gainst sacred *Ilium* wag'd,  
(Besides whom *Simois* drown'd, or near *Troy*'s VValls,  
In Battel met untimely Funerals)

(a) *Diomedes* was of a City call'd *Argos*, which *Homer* calls, *Argos*. *Horat.* *Apulum dicit equis*. *Argos*. In *Apulia* he built another City, and call'd it by the same name, which corruptly afterwards was call'd *Agrippa*, which again corruptly made *Arpa*. *Strabo*, lib. 6.

(b) *Arpa*, a City of *Apulia*, now call'd *St. Angelo*. See *Strabo*, lib. 6. towards the end.

(c) *Servius* thinks this Star is *Aries*, which is in the power of *Minerva*; then we must suppose he was shipwreckt in the Spring. *Silius*, c. 17. thinks it was *Arcturus*. *Turnebus*, l. 21. 10. is of opinion, that *Sidas Minerva* is a Tempest rais'd by her, *Sidas* being taken in that sense. She was angry for the force was done to *Cassandra* by *Ajax*, son of *Oileus*, in her Temple.

(d) A Mountain in the *Encheiridion* called *Phrygia*, about which the *Grecians* suffer'd Shipwreck. He calls it *ongyphall*, because *Nausicaa*, the Father of *Palamedes*, revenging his Son's death, when he saw the *Grecians* labouring, got up that Mountain, and holding forth a Light, gave notice of a Port, whereby the *Grecians* deceiv'd, split among the Rocks.

(e) King of the *Cretenses*, who being in a Tempest, vow'd at his return to sacrifice what he first should meet with: having met his Son, and sacrificed him, or (as others say) attended it, he was by his Subjects for his Cruelty depos'd.

(f) A City of *Ætolia*. *Horace* calls it *mountainous*, from the Countrey; part whereof was such, attributed to *Pleuron*, part plain, to *Calydon*.

(g) *Servius* saith, that the Poet hath alter'd the truth of the story, which *Partholagus* denies, because *Lycophron* affirms that *Diomedes* beheld the Calamity of his Friends. See the Metamorphosis of them in *Ovid*, l. 14. These Birds, in Greek, *ispodni*, in Latin *Ardea*. *Hermes*.

(h) *Mars* and *Venus*, *Iliad*. V. Here he mentions only *Venus*, that he may shew what he suffers by her hatred, against whose "notwithstanding (*Aeneas*) he is call'd out again to fight.

Through the wide World such Persecutions felt,  
Would unrelenting *Priam's* Bosome melt.  
*Euboick* Rocks, ' *Minerva's* woful Star,  
And cruel *Caphareus*, witness are,  
How we from *Troy* were driven from Coast to Coast;  
To *Proteus* Pillars, *Menelaus* tost;  
And *Ithacus*, *Aetnean Cyclops* view'd.  
Why should I mention *Pyrrhus* Realms subdu'd?  
Or how his Crown ' *Idomeneus* lost?  
Or *Locrian's* planting on the *Libyan* Coast?  
The famous *Grecian* General, by the hands  
Of his false Wife, was murder'd as he lands.  
O're conquer'd *Asia* an Adulterer reigns.  
That e're my *Calydonia's* fruitful Plains,  
My Countrey, or dear Wife, I should enjoy,  
The Gods oppose, revenging ruin'd *Troy*,  
Still haunting us with dreadful & Prodigies.  
On wings my People lately scal'd the Skies,  
And div'd like Birds, strange Punishments they found,  
Whose doleful notes made Woods and Rocks resound.  
This was but just with me, that unapal'd,  
With Mortal Arms a *Deity* assail'd,  
And *Venus* hand impurpled with a Wound.  
To me such Wars, do not to me propound:  
Since *Troy* is fall'n, no more 'gainst *Troy* I'll fight,  
Nor to remember former Woes delight.  
What you present us, to *Aeneas* bear,  
We grappled once, and often chang'd a Spear.  
Experience trust; how bravely hee'd advance,  
With what a Whirl-wind he would fend his Lance.  
Two such Commanders more, had *Phrygia* shewn,  
The Conquering *Trojans* had to *Grecia* gone,  
And of inconstant Fortune we complain'd.  
What e're at that long Leaguer us detain'd,

Hector



*Si tantum pectore rupto  
Concipis & si adeo dolata regis cor est.  
Aule, atq; adversum fulens ser pectus in hostem  
Saliet, ut Turno contingat Regis Coniunx*



*Vae anime viles, inhumata iustitiae turba  
Sternamur Campis, Etiam tu, si qua tibi vis  
Si patri quid Martis habes, illum aspice  
Qui vocat.  
Talibus exarfit dictis violentia Turni;*  
Euseb. L. ii.

Iohanni Bramstone Armigero.

Tabula merito votiva. 399

*Hector*, and he, our Victory with-held,  
 Whil'ft tedious Years ten lingering Periods fill'd;  
 Brave Leaders both, and both for Valour crown'd;  
 But this for Piety the more renown'd.

Make Peace by any means, and not excite,  
 With Arms, a People, that in Arms delight.  
 And now your Royal Majesty hath heard,  
 What he concerning this great War declar'd.

Their Speech scarce ended, a loud Murmure rose  
 Of Votes divided; As when Rocks oppose  
 A rapid Stream, imprison'd Waters rore,  
 Angry Waves thundring on th'adjacent Shore.  
 When all were quiet, once more Silence made,  
 The Gods invoking first, *Latinus* said;

This weighty Business long before I mov'd  
 To settle, and my Lords 'thad better prov'd,  
 Than now in such an Exigence to call  
 A Council, when the Foe furrounds our Wall.  
 We undertake a War against all odds,  
 With an undaunted Offspring of the Gods,  
 Whom no War tires, People that never will  
 Give o're, though Vanquish'd, but be fighting still.  
 Your swelling hopes from great *Tydid* fall,  
 Your hope lies now at home, and that's but small;  
 Affairs like a disorder'd ruine lies,  
 All's in your Hands, or else before your Eyes:  
 None I accuse; what Force we could, we brought,  
 And with the Power of our whole Kingdom fought;  
 But now how we this troublesome Affair  
 May best compose, I briefly shall declare.

I have some antient Forrest-lands, which lye  
 Near *Tyber* west,<sup>k</sup> bordering on *Sicanie*,  
 Which old *Auruncians* and *Rutilians* plow;  
 The worst is Pasture, and their best they fow.

(j) The Antients, before they spake any thing in Senate, or before the People, us'd to pray; of which, *Turneb.* l. 14. c. 13. & l. 27. c. 12. And *Servius* observes, that they began no Speech without invocation of the Deities, as are all the Orations of *Cato* and *Gracchus*; whence *Cicero* scoffingly, *Si quis ex vetere aliquis Orator, Jovem ego Opt. Max.*

(k) Where *Rome* stands now. The *Siculi* inhabited there before. For he describes the Field between *Lavinium* and *Tyber*, of 700 Acres; which that *Æneas* receiv'd from the *Latins*, *Cato* is our Author.

Let all that tract of Mountains crown'd with Pine,  
*Trojans* enjoy, and we with them conjoyn,  
 And those associated Countreys call ;  
 There let them build their promis'd Cities Wall :  
 But if their resolution stand to take  
 Some other Kingdome, and our Realm forsake,  
 Let's twenty Ships, or more, for them provide ;  
 All our Materials near the River side ;  
 Let us their Burthen and their Number know,  
 Ship-wrights and Tackle both we shall bestow.  
 But first, let some Commissioners be chose,  
 Impowr'd, with these Concessions, to compose  
 A settled Peace, and Olive-branches wear ;  
 Let them rich Presents, Gold and Ivory bear ;  
 The Nations honour, ' Gown and Chair be sent ;  
 Consult and help, in this great exigent.  
 Then the same *Drances*, vext with *Turnus* state,  
 With squint-ey'd Envy spurr'd, and bitter Hate,  
 Rich, and most Eloquent, but cold in War,  
 Yet in Debates, a most grave Counsellor ;  
 In stirring of Sedition, excellent,  
 Who from his Mother sprung of high descent,  
 But in obscurity his Father's name,  
 Rose, and with violent words stirs up the flame.  
 And please your Majesty, this point of State  
 On Consultation needs no long Debate ;  
 What our success will be, there's none so weak,  
 That clearly not presages, durst they speak.  
 Let him not threaten, and make Voting free,  
 By whose Contrivements, and cross Counsell, we  
 (My Mind I'll utter, though my Life it cost)  
 In Field so many brave Commanders lost ;  
 And we behold this City, once renown'd,  
 Ore-whelm'd in Tears, in her own Sorrow drown'd,

Whil'st

Whil'st he attempts the *Trojan* Camp, and storms,  
 Himself retiring, Heaven with fond Alarms.  
 To those so large Immunities, which thou  
 Would'st graciously the *Trojan* Prince allow,  
 One more in special Favour on him show'r,  
 (Let no Man's Rage thy Reason over-power)  
 And to a worthy Match thy Daughter give,  
 That we in Everlasting Peace may live.  
 But if such Terrour have our Souls possess'd,  
 With all Humility, let us request  
 Him, to restore the King his former Right,  
 And free this Kingdome from injurious Might.  
 Why to apparent Dangers would'st thou bring  
 So oft this wretched State, thou Source and Spring  
 Of all our Woes ? No safety is in War :  
 Therefore we sue thou would'st for Peace declare,  
 And th' onely Pledge of that Eternal League ;  
 VVhom thou conceiv'st thy Foe, I, *Turnus*, beg ;  
 Pity thy Countrey, qualifie this heat,  
 And, since thou art defeated, Rage defeat.  
 VVe too much Blood-shed see, o're spacious Plains,  
 Too long that Tyrant, Desolation, reigns.  
 But, if thy Valour, or desire of Fame,  
 Or if the Royal Dower thy Soul inflame,  
 In single fight that from thy Foe obtain.  
 That *Turnus* may the Princess Royal gain,  
 VVe\* inconsiderable Souls must lie,  
 Slaughter'd, unpitied, wanting Obsequie.  
 But if that thou so wondrous Valiant art,  
 Nor of thy Royal Ancestors fall'st short,  
 Behold who dares thee forth !  
 Chast at this Speech, as if his heart had broke,  
 Fetching a Sigh, thus furious *Turnus* spoke ;

Still

(1) As yet the Roman Emperors had no Diadems, as other Kings had : But *Virgil* here alludes to the Custom of the Romans, who us'd to send those Honourary Gifts to their Associate Princes. See *Brisson. Formul. 2. p. 234.*

(m) *Turnus*, l. 23. c. 14. is of opinion, that this of *Drances* is wonderfully suitable to *Cicero*, and doubts not but he was meant here by our Author.

(n) Though the Issue is not enobled by the Mothers side, yet the Nobility they have from their Father is made more splendid by such an Accession. And we see among the Poets many commended for their Gentility by the Mother. So *Ulysses* in *Ovid*, and *Marcellus* in *Strabo*, l. 4. *Syl. Stemmata materno felix, virtute paterna.* See *Tinagell. de Nobilitate, c. 19.*

(o) The Ancients were most superstitiously careful of a decent Burial ; and this proceeded from their opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, which (as far as the Body is capable of it) is delicious that its Companion, and inn, should enjoy the like Felicity as it felt. Hence come we to be affected in this life with the sense of what Injuries the Body may suffer after death. This made the *Egyptians* so fearful of the loss of Sepulture, and so cautious to provide for it ; the want thereof, even to Inhumane Natures, seeming the greatest Misery that can befall Humanity : Wherefore *Misenius*, who fear'd not Death, is said to fear this ; and *Turnus*, who would not beg for Life, crav'd yet, that *Æneas* would permit him an Honourable Sepulture. See *Salmasius. in Pancerius.*

Still thy pernicious Eloquence abounds,  
 When War calls, Drances, and the Trumpet sounds;  
 First thou appear'st of all the summon'd Lords;  
 But Parliaments must not be fed with words,  
 Which thou hast store, whilst Walls keep out the Foe,  
 E're Streams of Blood our Trenches overflow.  
 Then may'st thou in swollen Language me at large,  
 Of Cowardize, unworthy Drances, charge,  
 When thy right hand Ausonian Fields shall die,  
 And leave so many slaughter'd heaps as I.  
 Thy resolution, if thou hast any, shew;  
 Nor needs remote enquiry for the Foe,  
 About our Walls their Regiments appear,  
 Ready to block us up; What staves thee here?  
 In huffing Speeches lies thy Valour still,  
 And in the Art of Flying, all thy skill?  
 Was I repuls'd, base Man? turn'd I my Face?  
 Dares any lay on me so high disgrace,  
 That saw how Trojan Blood swollen Tyber cloy'd,  
 And Root and Branch Evander's Stock destroy'd,  
 When from the Field dis-arm'd Arcadians ran?  
 Pander and Bitias found me no such Man,  
 When I, with Walls and Arms incircled round,  
 A thousand Souls sent to the Stygian Sound.  
 No safety is in VVar! Prognosticate  
 This to the Trojan, and thy own Estate:  
 Then with vain Terrours give us false Alarms,  
 Heightning twice-vanquish'd Trojans, force in Arms,  
 But ours, as inconsiderable flight.  
 The Phrygians now, the conquering Grecians fright,  
 Achilles People quake, Titydes shuns,  
 Nor Ausidus in th' Adriatick runs;  
 Or else this Master-piece of wickedness,  
 Counterfeits Terror, when but Truth we press,

(\*) A River of *Apulia*, emptying  
 it self into the Adriatick Sea.

Us scandalizing by pretended Fear:  
 Nor shalt thou lose that Soul of thine (forbear  
 To tremble thus) by this hand; let it rest,  
 And coldly still inform that narrow Breast.  
 Now Sir, to thee, and thy Commands, great Prince;  
 If in our Arms thou hold'st no Confidence,  
 Seem we so much deserted, so forlorn,  
 By one Defeat, nor Fortune will return:  
 Let us for Peace, our Arms laid down, intreat.  
 But oh, if any ancient Valour yet  
 Remain'd, he seems the Noblest, and most blest,  
 Before all others, who did Life detest,  
 Rather than see such things as these brought forth,  
 Quarter he scorn'd, and dying, bit the Earth.  
 Still we have Treasure, Armies yet untry'd,  
 Which will by all Ausonia be supply'd:  
 Neither the Trojans blood-less Victory boast,  
 This Iron Tempest them as many cost;  
 Why then at first so poorly lose we Ground,  
 And tremble ere we hear the Trumpet sound?  
 The various works of Time, and many Dayes,  
 Often Affairs from worse to better raise;  
 Fortune reviewing those she tumbled down,  
 Sporting restores again unto the Crown.  
 Will the Ætolians send no Aid at all?  
 Messapus will, and rich Tolumnius shall,  
 And many Princes; nor less Glory boasts  
 Those march from Latium, and Laurentine Coasts.  
 Camilla, of the Royal Volscian Line,  
 Leads Squadrons, which in glorious Armour shine.  
 If me the Trojan to the Field demand,  
 And I alone the Common Good withstand;  
 So far from us not Victory took her flight,  
 I should refuse for such a Prize to fight.

(\*) The wounded use to bite their  
 Arms, or the Earth, least Groans  
 Should tellife Grief, and betray their  
 Honour. So Lucan of Pompey.

— *simul ne quas offendere voces  
 Fellet, & æternum sœcu contempere sa-  
 man.*

The Scholiast of *Horace* thinks they  
 do it in indignation. See *Scalig. l. 3.*  
 1 *Pœt.* perhaps out of a desire of re-  
 taining life: Hence the Proverb,  
*Mordicus tace.*

(\*) In imitation of the Greek  
 word, *ἀποσπένδω*, an Epithite of  
*Fortune* and *Mars*. So *Turnebur. l.*  
 14. 13.

(f) He alludes to the Ceremony of devoting: of which, *Livy*, lib. 8. about the beginning, where *P. Decius*, in behalf of the Army, devotes himself, *Dis manibus*. See the forms in *Brissani*, l. 1.

I'll meet him, had he great *Achilles* Charms,  
And, wrought above high proof, *Vulcanian* Arms.  
To thee, best King, / this Life I *Turnus* now,  
Second to none of my great Fathers, vow :  
Doth me *Aeneas* call? Oh may he still,  
Rather than worthy *Drances*, by the will  
Of the incens'd Court of Gods, should dye,  
Or, rais'd by Prowess, proudly scale the Skye.

Whil'st these hard Questions thus debated were  
With differing Votes, the *Trojan* Prince drew near ;  
A speedy Messenger the Tidings brought,  
Which Court and City with strange Terrour fraught,  
That all the *Trojans* march'd from *Tyber's* Banks,  
And the whole Fields were fill'd with *Tyrrhen* Ranks.  
All are distracted, but the Vulgar rag'd,  
Whom no small Provocations engag'd.  
Arm, arm, they cry, the Youth are mad for Arms,  
Old Men mourn silently, whil'st loud Alarms,  
VVith factious Tumults mixt, ascend the Skie ;  
Like Sea-fowl, which through spacious Forrests fly,  
Or murmur'ing Swans, that sound their fanning Wings,  
Near *Poe's* delightful Streams, or ecchoing Springs.

On this occasion, Sirs, then *Turnus* sayes,  
Call Councils ; do, and Peace, thus sitting, praise,  
VVhil'st they the Town invade. Nor more he spoke,  
But straight the Hall and lofty Court forfook.

(g) Bid the *Manipuli*, i. e. the  
Befign-bearers, be armed : these  
were for the most part thirty in an  
old Legion.

Volusus, 'Draw forth now thy *Volscean* Force,  
And dear *Messapus*, let thy *Rutil* Horse,  
Joyn'd with thy Brothers, march to th' open Plain.  
Let some make good the Gates, and Tow'rs maintain :  
Those in my Conduct, forth with me shall go.

Straight to the VValls the Towns whole Forces flow.  
The King his Council, and Design, forfook,  
And vext with stirs, for better times did look,  
Blaming himself, that he did not declare  
The *Trojan* Prince his Son, and make his Heir.

Some trench the Gates; these *Pallisado* round;  
For War, loud Trumpets bloody signals found.  
Women and Children to the Walls are sent;  
All must assit in this great exigent.

When, bearing Gifts, the sad Queen, with a Train  
Of Matrons, went to *Pallas* \*lofty fane;  
Next her, the Virgin, fair *Lavinia*, goes,  
Those eyes dejected had procur'd such woes.  
The Matrons enter, and the Quire perfume,  
And with sad Voyces from high Portals come.

*Pallas*, arm'd Virgin, Patroness of War,  
O break thy self the *Phrygian* Pirates Spear;  
Most warlike Maid, tumble him to the Ground,  
And near our Gates give him his deadly Wound.

Whil'st *Turnus* for the Battel arms in hast,  
And, rough with brazen scales, straight on he brac'd  
*Rutilian* Arms, and Golden Cuihes ty'de,  
His head unarm'd, a Sword girds to his side,  
Shining in Gold; then quits the lofty Towers,  
And in his hope the Enemy devours.

So when a Horse flies out in broken reigns,  
And Stables left, enjoys the open Plains;  
Either through Meads he seeks a stud of Mares,  
Or to accusom'd watering repairs;  
Wanton, his head erected, loud he neighs,  
His mane upon his neck and shoulder plays.

*Camilla* meets him with her *Volscean* force,  
And bravely in the Gates \*leaps from her Horse:  
Then all the Squadrons imitate the Maid,  
And quit their Steeds. Bold *Turnus*, then she said,  
If any confidence of the Valiant be,  
To charge the Foe, I dare; and promise thee,  
Alone the *Tyrrhen* Horsemen to defie;  
Grant that I first may charge the Enemy;

Q q q

Let

(a) *Homer*, in the sixth of his *Iliad*, after *Glauco* and *Diamede* had changed Arms, brings in *Hektor*, who was to go against his Enemies desiring his Mother, accompanied with Matrons, to dedicate, for his fiery, unto *Minerva*, the fairest *Peplus* that she had among her choice rarities. This our Poet intimates, making the Queen and *Latine* Matrons offer Presents to *Minerva* for Victory.

(\*) To the honour of *Turnus*. For there were four things among the *Romans* which were expressions of respect; to alight from the Horse, to go out of the way, to uncover the head, and to arise.



illa juvenis, acrisque incensa dolore,  
Tradit Equum. Comitis, patribusq; assistit armis.  
Ense pectus nudo, puerique interrita parma.  
At livens vixisti dolo talus, avolat ictu.  
Haud, non, conversos rursus avertit habenas,  
Quadrupesque citant ferrata calce fatigat.

Ralpho Freeman de Aspenden in Com.

409



Vane Latus, frustraque animis elate superbo.  
Nequaquam patris tentasti lubricis artem,  
Nec fatus te incolumen salaci perferret Apoll.  
Hec fatur Virgo, & periculis ignea plantis  
Tremula equitum curia, puerique laboribus, avolat  
Congreditur, pectusque intus a sanguine haurit.

Harle Arm. Tabula meritis votiva.

Let your Force guard the Walls. Then *Turnus* said,  
Fixing his Eye upon the valiant Maid;

Bold Virgin, glory of *Aufonia*,  
These great Obligements how shall I repay?  
But now, since all the danger of the War  
Thy Soul contemns, with me the honour share.

*Aeneas* (as Fame tells, and Scouts inform)  
Sends through the Plains Light-horse to give th' alarm,  
Whil'ft from the Rocks and Mountains he comes down,  
With the Main Body, to assault the Town.  
An ambush in the Woods I have design'd,  
And in the Pass, the Hedges strongly lin'd:  
*Messapus* shall, and *Tyburn*, march with thee,  
And to thy care shall the whole Conduct be.  
*Messapus*, and the other Leaders, so  
Encouraged, straight march against the Foe.

There is a winding Vale, for feats of war,  
And ambush, fit ; the dark sides sheltered are  
With a thick Wood, where leads a narrow path,  
Through a strait pass, and dangerous entrance hath.  
Above the Valley, in the Mountains heights,  
Lay unfrequented Plains, and safe Retreats ;  
If on the right or left thou would'st come on,  
Or guard the top, and huge stones tumble down.  
This place bold *Turnus*, knowing well the way,  
Possess'd, and in the Woods in Ambush lay.

Mean while *Diana* from superiour seats  
Swift / *Opis* calls, one of her Virgin-mates,  
And sacred Train, and thus her Grief declares ;

The Maid *Camilla* goes to cruel wars,  
And with our Arms she girds her self in vain;  
More dear to us than any of our Train;  
Nor new acquaintance takes me with her love,  
Which doth the mind with sudden sweetness move.

<sup>z</sup> *Metabus* drove from's Realm by force and hate,  
When he *Privernus* left, his Antient Seat,

## Scaping

Scaping through fierce Alarms of cruel War,  
With him the Infant then Companion bear,  
And from her Mother's name, the change but small,  
*Casmilla*, did the Child *Camilla* call;  
Her in his lap, he seeks the highest parts  
Of desert Woods, oppress'd with cruel Darts,  
Which from each side came from the *Volsian* Ranks.  
Whom *Amasenus* hindred, whose high Banks,  
A smoking Shower had swell'd above the brim;  
He careful of his charge, prepar'd to swim,  
Delay'd with her dear love, all means revolves,  
And suddenly at last on this resolves.  
The Warriour then in his strong hand did bear,  
Of solid Oke, a rough unpolish'd Spear;  
His Daughter swadling up in Cork-tree rinds,  
Fast to the middle of his Javelin binds;  
Then poising it in his large hand, thus pray'd;

Great *Queen* of Forests, blest *Latonian* Maid,  
To thee, the Father doth this "Servant vow,  
Bearing thy Arms through Skyes, a Suppliant now  
To *scape* the Foe ; Goddeſs, receive thy own,  
Which to th' inconstant winds is left alone.  
Thus having ſaid, with mighty ſtrength he flung  
The ſounding Spear, the ſwelling Billows rung,  
And poor *Camilla* the wing'd Javelin bore,  
O're the ſwift Stream, ſafe to the other Shore.  
But *Metabus*, as th' Enemy drew near,  
Swam o're the River, pulling with the Spear  
*Diana's* tender Votreſs from the Shore.

Nor dwelt he in wall'd Towns, or Cities more,  
Displeas'd with Vulgar Rage, and Popular Strife,  
But in high Mountains liv'd a Shepherds life;  
His Daughter in dark Caves and Groves he bred,  
And there with wild Mares milk the Infant fed,

(a) Whence she was call'd *Camilla*, though he said before, that she was nam'd so by her Mother. But that Poetically. For all the Minuters of sacred things were call'd *Camilli*, and *Camilla*. Even *Mercury* himself, because he is the Minister of the Gods, by the *Hetrusci* is styl'd *Camillus*.

(y) *Opis* was one of *Diana's* company, though *Macrob. lib. 2.* will have her to be *Diana* under that name; so call'd, *Ἰσὶς ἐστὶν τῆς Ὀπίδος, quod parturitibus opitulatur*, saies the Scholiast of *Callimachus*, in *Hymn.* τῆς Ἀρτέμιδος. but *Apollodorus*, *l. 1. Biblioth.* tells us, that she was one of her Nymphs, whom *Oryon* attempted to have ravish'd, and was for that slain by *Diana*.

(2) *Virgil* inserts in his Poem many ancient Italian names, that so he might still preserve their perishing Memory. Upon this ground he makes *Metabum* the Father of *Camilla*, who is said to have been the Founder of *Metapontum*, which (as *Stephanus* testifies) was likewise call'd *Metabum*. See *Turneb.* l. 22. c. 3.

Q q q 2

## Draining

Draining betwixt her pretty Lips the Teat.  
 Soon as to Ground her tender feet she set,  
 He loads her hands with a sharp Spear, and ty'de  
 A Bow and Quiver to the Virgins side ;  
 For Golden Hair, for a long Courtly Gown,  
 A Tigers Spoys hung flowing from her crown.  
 From her soft hand now childish Darts she flings,  
 And skilful, round her head whirls smooth-thong'd slings,  
 Kils a fair Swan, or a Strymonian Crane.

Her, many *Tyrrhen* Matrons with'd in vain,  
 To wed their Sons: but to <sup>b</sup> *Diana* she  
 For ever vow'd unstain'd Virginity,  
 And the eternal love of Arms did swear.  
 Would she were not engag'd in such a War,  
 Nor did 'gainst *Trojans* Hostile Acts maintain,  
 But fill'd the number of my beauteous Train.  
 Yet now, since she draws nigh a cruel end,  
 Glide from high Heaven, and to *Ausonia* bend,  
 Where a sad Fight begins, with signs of woe.  
 Take thou this vengeful Arrow, and this Bow :  
 Whoever with a wound shall violate  
 Her sacred Person, give with this his Fate ;  
 Let him be *Trojan*, or *Italian*, he  
 In Blood shall be accountable to me.  
 Her Corps unspoyl'd, wrapt in a Cloud, I'll bear,  
 And with her Royal Ancestours interr.

This said, through Skyes swift *Opis* thundred loud,  
 Born with a Whirl-wind, in a duskie Cloud.

Mean while the *Trojans* to the Walls drew nigh,  
*Etrurian* Chiefs, and the whole Chivalrie  
 In order were drawn up ; through all the Plains  
 Proud Horses neigh, and strive with curbing reigns,  
 Here, there they turn ; dreadful are th' Iron Fields  
 With spears, the champaign shines with glittering shields:

*Messapus*,

*Messapus*, *Coras*, and his Brother brings  
 ' Swift *Latins*, and the Maid <sup>d</sup> *Camilla's* wings  
 Appear against them, and far off the Bands  
 Shake their proud Javelins, raising high their hands,  
 With threatening points: th' advance of men at Arms,  
 And neighing Steeds, make dreadful the Alarms.  
 And now march'd up in distance of their Lance,  
 They make a stand, then with a shout advance,  
 Spurring their Steeds ; at once from all sides pow'r  
 Darts thick as Hail, ' Heaven darkned with the show'r  
 And now *Tyrrhenus*, and *Aconteus*, first  
 Each other charg'd, and their huge Javelins burst  
 With a loud crack ; full Breast to Breast they met ;  
 As Lightning bold *Aconteus* fell from his Seat,  
 Or Stone, which from some thundering Engine flies  
 And leaves his life behind him in the Skyes.  
 The Bands are broke, and flying *Latins* cast  
 Their Shields behind them, and to th' City hast.  
*Trojans* pursue, *Astus* follows hot.  
 Now drawing nigh the Gates, the *Latins* shout,  
 And turn their ready Horse : then through the Plains  
 The *Trojans* fly, and slack their curbing reigns.

As when the Sea mov'd with <sup>f</sup> alternate tides,  
 Hafts to the Shore ; o're Rocks now proudly rides  
 A fomie Wave, the swelling Billow beats  
 'Gainst highest Banks, then swift again retreats ;  
 Loose stones with him in much disorder sweeps,  
 And Shores forsaking, sinks into the Deeps.

Twice *Tuscans* drive the *Rutiles* from the Fields,  
 And twice they save their flying backs with Shields ;  
 But the third time they charg'd with all their might,  
 Break through and through, and man to man they fight.  
 Then dying Groans, then in a Crimfon Sea,  
 Helms, Shields, and Slaughter'd Men commixed be,

And

(c) In reference to the Roman Militia, for *Romulus's* Horsemen were call'd *Celeres*.

(d) *Ala* was proper to the Horse, as *Corvus* to the Foot. They were call'd *Alæ*, because they cover'd the Foot as wings.

(e) He alludes to the faying of *Læon*, nam'd *Dianææ*, who, when the Enemy said, the Sun would not be seen for the multitude of Arrows, answer'd, Then we will fight in the shade.

(f) Referring perhaps to *Enripus*, Upon this description of a Storm, *Scal.* l. 5. c. 3. saith, *Hæc divina esse, & æstus marini tem. exactam descriptionem ita facere oculis, ut in hisce versibus plus videretur illius motus, quam ipse in mari.*

(g) The Antients (saith *Tornæb.* l. 25. c. 7.) when they were to fight, gave sometimes the liberty to every man of choosing his Fellow to fight by his side. This was done by the *Hætrusci*, *Liv. lib. 9.* and the *Sannites*, *lib. 10.*

(b) *Diana* being yet very young, obtauld of her Father *Jupiter*, that she might (*nequidam dixerunt quodammodo* *Calpurn.* Hymn. 3.) keep her Virginity for ever; and withal, that some other young Maids (*kindras & dæmones*, but nine years old, not yet capable of the Zone which Virgins wore before *Idarriage*) might keep her company; which is the Original of this Order.

And over all were half-dead Horses rowl'd,  
And a most cruel Fight thou might'st behold.  
Orsilocus cast at Remulus Horse a Spear,  
(Who durst not meet) and fix'd beneath his Ear;  
The Horse then rag'd, vex'd with the grievous wound,  
And rising, laid his Rider on the Ground.  
Great-soul'd Iola, Catillus o'rethrow,

And huge in Arms and size, <sup>b</sup>Herminius flew;  
His head and shoulders naked, Golden Hair  
He wore for Arms, nor so did danger fear:  
Through his broad shoulders the swift Javelin flew,  
And in his Body did it self imbrew.  
The Fields wax red. Such Funerals they bequeath,  
Seeking by wounds an honourable death.

But 'midst these slaughters th'Amazon delights,  
Quiver'd Camilla, one Breast fear'd for Fights;  
Now thick she Javelins casts, and now she takes  
In her strong hand a mighty Battel-axe.  
Her Golden Bow, Diana's Arms resound,  
Hanging behind; if flying, she gave ground  
At any time, as much she gall'd the Foe,  
With deadly Shafts from her reversed Bow.  
Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia, were  
Her chosen Guard, who Brazen Axes bear,  
Italian Maids; the bold Camilla these  
Chose to attend on her, in War or Peace.

So arm'd, the Thracian Amazons came on,  
Warring about the Streams of <sup>k</sup>Thermodon;  
Such guard <sup>l</sup>Hyppolite, or with Martial Pride,  
About bold Penthesilea's Chariot rid:  
Then Female shotts resound through all the Fields,  
And Virgin Troops triumph with Crescent Shields.  
Whom first or last didst thou o'rethrow, bold Maid?  
How many dead on th'Earth by thee were laid?

Eumenius,

Eumenius, Clytus Off-spring, first she slew,  
And his bare bosom with a Spear thrust through;  
Casting a stream of Blood, the purple ground,  
Dying, he bites, and turns upon his wound.  
Then Liris, Pagasus on his Horse being slain,  
As stooping down to recollect his reign;  
The other, whil't he stretch'd his hand to aid,  
Tumbles with him, slain by the valiant Maid.  
Amastus next, was by her Lance o'rethrown,  
Tereas, Harpalycus, Chronis, Demophoon.  
As many Javelins as the Virgin threw,  
So many valiant Phrygians she slew.

Ornitus in strange Arms far off she spy'd,  
The Hunter rode on an <sup>m</sup>Fapygian Steed;  
O're his huge shoulders a Bull-hide was cast,  
And gaping with huge jaws upon his Crest,  
With Silver Teeth, a Wolf's head he did bear,  
His hand being arm'd with a rough knotty Spear.  
Amidst the Battel, he a Squadron led,  
And wheeling, taller shews by all the head;  
Him (and 'twas ease whil't he turn'd) she laid  
Dead on the ground, and like a Foe thus said;

Think'st thou wild Beasts thou hunt'st? I shall inform  
Thy judgement better from a Womans arm;  
Nor to thy Father's Ghost less honour bear,  
Than to have suffer'd by Camilla's Spear.  
Next, at Orsilocus and Butes flies,  
Two valiant Trojans, of a Giant-size:  
But daring Butes felt her deadly point,  
Betwixt his Cask and Corflet, where a joint  
Of his bright Mail way to his neck did yield,  
His left arm hanging with a heavy Shield.  
Mean while, Orsilocus she with flight did flout,  
And wheeling in a mighty ring about,

The

(b) One of the Companions of Cæsar (according to Servius) who withstood the Forces of Porcena upon the Sublucian Bridge. Others refer to Herminius, Captain of the Saxons, or Chervetus, who at the River Luppia slew Quintilius Varus, and three Roman Legions.

(c) So the old Germans fought, and the Gauls too, as Pellyius informs us.

(m) Apulia was so call'd. Agel. l. 2. 22.

(n) Sparus is properly a Rustick weapon, crooked in manner of a Shepherds crook.

(k) A River of Pontus, which Xenophon (in expedition Cyri Majoris) describes to be 60 Paces broad. Plutarch, in Theseus, affirms, that it was call'd Hamon; and Regius, in Ovid, Met. 2. writes, that by Metrodorus it was call'd draxus at this day Formon.

(l) Queen of the Amazons, from whom Hercules took a Belt. Her Daughter Antiope was ravish'd by Theseus; whence Hyppolitus.

(c) *Pomponius* thinks to allude unto *Pythagoras*, namely, in the vicissitude of the Elements in generation and circular motion, *Aristotle* often affirms, that the parts of a Circle, and the Elements, are first and last, in respect to the other parts and Elements.

(p) Because the greater part of *Liguria* is seated upon the *Apennines*. The *Ligurians* are all deceitful, *Isidore* *Cato*, *l. 2. Orig.*

(q) *Idem* *locus* *equus* *Deus*, the Romans promis'd to themselves against *Arminius* and his Germans, *Tacit. l. Annal. 1.* the difference of Valour or Strength not being discernable from the disadvantage of place, — *Majoris*, *maius* *speciatim* in *Equis*. *Sat. Theb. 6.*

(r) *Sacer* *alio*. *Servius* thinks the Poet respected the Greek word *ἱερός*, which they derive from *ἵος* *ἄγιος* or else his consecration to *Mars*, as the Eagles to *Jupiter*; or *sacer*, as exorable to Birds.

The °Follower pursu'd; then up the heavens  
Her ponderous Battel-axe, which falling, cleaves  
His Cask and Skull, and whilst he begs for grace,  
A gaping wound with warm brains wash'd his face.

At this strange fight much troubled and dismay'd,  
° *Apennine* *Aunus* warlike Off-spring staid;  
Who whilst pleas'd Fate and Destiny gave leave,  
Was not the worst *Lygurian* to deceive;  
He, when to shun the Fight no way was seen,  
Not knowing how to escape the following Queen,  
Try'd what his Art could do, and thus began;  
What Fame is't that a Woman charge a Man,  
And worst him, better mounted? dar'st thou fight  
With me? on foot? if so, then quickly light,  
And know to whom vain-glory grants the Fame.

Straight the bold Maid, whom anger did inflame  
Gives to the next her Horse, and in the Field  
Stands with a naked Sword, and Silver Shield.  
But the Young Man, thinking his Plot had took,  
Swift as the winds, the place and her forsook,  
And turning with loose reins his Courser rides,  
Digging his bloody rowels in his sides.  
Fool, though thy Breast scarce can thy Pride contain,  
Thou try'st thy cheating Countreys arts in vain;  
Tricks shall not thee to thy false Father bear.  
The Queen these said, on foot cuts yielding Air,  
His Horse out-stripping; straight his reigns she seiz'd,  
And with an Enemy's blood her rage appeas'd.

As easie from a Rock a ° Falcon flies  
After a Pigeon soaring through the Skyes,  
Then trussing up, whilst she in Death complains,  
Feathers commix'd with purple drops it rains.

Whilst the great Father both of Men and Gods,  
Regardless view'd not from his high abodes,  
But *Tarchon* did in cruel Fight engage,  
And instigated with no little rage.

'Mongst

'Mongst slaughtes he, and slaughtering Squadrons rides,  
And by their names his Souldiers cheers, and chides.  
What staggers you, O *Tyrrhens*? alwayes base?  
O never sensible of your disgrace?  
VWhence comes this Terroure? Shall a Woman beat  
Our straggling Troops, and our whole Force defeat?  
Why Swords? why useles Spears? not half so slow,  
To *Venus*, and Nocturnal Fights, you go;  
Or when for *Bacchus* Sports loud Trumpets sound,  
Or Boards with Banquets, and full Goblets crown'd.  
This is your Care, and when the Priest approves  
Inwards, and Offerings call to sacred Groves.

This said, he 'mongst the thickest spurrs his Horse,  
And from his ° Steed puls *Venus* by force,  
And grasping desperately the troubled Foe,  
Laid him a-thwart upon his Saddle-bow.  
At this, a thundring shout to Heaven they raise,  
And all the *Latin* Squadrons turning, gaze:  
But furious *Tarchon* flies through all Alarms,  
Bearing before him both a Man and Arms:  
Then from his Javelin breaks the cruel point,  
Seeking, to give the deadly blow, a joint:  
But struggling under, he, with armed hands,  
Preserves his throat, & strength with strength withstands.

So with a Serpent a swift Eagle flies,  
Wreath'd in her feet, and tallons, through the Skies;  
The wounded Snake winding, himself defends,  
Brisking his scales, a hissing tongue extends;  
She with her beak and pounces tears, and eats,  
And the soft Air with spreading pinions beats:  
Triumphing so, bold *Tarchon* did convey,  
From the *Tyrburtine* Troops, the woful prey;  
Their Chief's example, and success, enlarg'd  
The *Tuscan* Courage, that again they charg'd;

Rrr

When

(D) He means *the canis*, a Dance proper to *Bacchus*; of which *Enripides*, in *Cyclope*, and *Lucian*, and *Apollonius*.

(E) *aryctus*, *aryctus* *tibia*: but *Scaliger* affirms, that the *aryctus* differ'd not in shape from the *adans*, or plain Pipe, save onely that it was sounded obliquely from the side, not from the end.

When subtil *Arms*, one condemn'd by Fate,  
Did with much cunning on *Camilla* wait,  
And to dispatch her, safest means he try'd.  
Where e're the Virgin through the Troops did ride,  
Thither by stealth a speedy course he makes,  
And now attempts on this, now that way takes,  
Here, there he pries, round searching every where,  
Then cruel, shakes at her his deadly Spear.

*Chlorens*, *Cybele's* Priest, did now by chance,  
Shining far off, in *Phrygian Arms* advance,  
And rid a foming Steed, whom skins infold,  
Plume-wife commix'd, with brazen Scales, and Gold;  
In \* *Tyrian Purple* bravely he did shew,  
And *Cretan Shafts* sent from a *Lycian Bow*,  
Which golden, hung at's back; gilded his crest,  
His swoln train rustled, and his scarlet Vest,  
With burnish'd gold drawn in a knot, he ties,  
Costly his Coat, rich Cuishes on his Thighs.  
The Queen, that she the Temple might adorn  
With *Trojan Arms*, or would her self have worn.

The golden spoyl, this man of all the Foes  
She singles out, t' encounter him she goes,  
And careless, through whole Squadrons made her way,

Inflam'd with female love and mind of prey.  
Taking th' occasion, *Arms* threw his Spear,  
And to the Powers above, thus made his Prayer;

O *Phœbus*, thou the greatest of the Gods,  
VVho sway'st *Soracte*, t' whom we burn ' whole loads  
Of blazing Pine, where, by Devotion led,  
We pass through Fire, and on hot Embers tread;  
Almighty Father, grant, I with this Spear,  
May the large score of our Dishonour clear,  
Nor I at Spoys, nor Virgins Trophies, aim,  
Other achievements shall preserve my Name:

(\*) *Peregrina ferrugine clarus*.  
*Æschyl.* Agam.

*Εἶν δὲ δακρυὰ (sic δὲ τὸ καλῶνθῆναι)*  
*Τρίφυρα ποικίλῃ σπορί, ὡς τὴν ἀργύρεον,*  
*Καὶ δὲ ἀργυροῦσιν, εἰρησὺν βασι-*

*καὶ δὲ ἀργυροῦσιν*. *fuliginem recentis-*  
*simam*; for Purple hath a blackish  
gloss. *Plin.* cap. 98. lib. 8. speaking of  
the native Purple of *Tarentine Wool*,  
*Tarentum habet Ovum sua puliginis*.  
*Theodor. Marc.* reads *ferruginis*,  
which agrees with our Author here:  
But perh'ps *Pliny's* word was *fuliginis*,  
in the sense of *Æschylus*, *καὶ δὲ*.  
Where we may observe *obiter*, that  
what *Pliny* affirms to be Natural, *Horace*  
speaks of as done by Art. *Epod.* 2. 1.

*Lana Tarentina violas imitata ve-*  
*reno.*

(γ) Of the same Rite, *Silius*,  
*lib.* 5.

— *Patrio cui ritus in arce*  
*Cum pius arcicinus accensus gaudet*  
*acerbis*.  
*Extra ter innocens late portare per ignes*.  
*Sic in Apollinea semper vestigia prona*.  
*Inviolata geris, vittorque voporis id*  
*est, sacer semper, & inviolatus sacer-*  
*dos manens* ad aras.  
*Dona serenato (i.e. placato) referas so-*  
*lemnia Phœbo, &c.*

*Pinus arbor* is by some interpreted  
simply Fire, as *Sophocles* (observ'd by  
*Hesiodus*) *ἄνδρας ἵκοντο*. *Amigon*.  
*Pliny* likewise mentions, *lib.* 7. cap. 2.  
the Family of the *Hirpi*, who yearly  
at a Sacrifice on the Mountain *Soracte*,  
walked through a great burning Pile  
of VVood. And because *Hirpi*, in  
the Language of the *Sannæ*, signifies  
a Wolf, *Virgil* is conceiv'd to com-  
pare *Arms* to a VVolf: But *Verro*  
saith, that those Priests of the *Hirpi*  
us'd to anoint their Feet with a Pre-  
servative against Fire.

But that I may this Murtherefs confound,  
So home return in safety un-renown'd.

*Apollo* heard, and partly grants his prayer,  
The other part flies with the fleeting Air;  
He yields by him *Camilla* should be slain,  
But not to see his Native Land again,  
That, the swift winds did carry from his ear.  
Then through the Clouds refounds the flying Spear;  
The Squadrons look about, and all begin  
To cast their eyes upon the *Volsian Queen*:  
But she the mur'm'ring Spear did not regard,  
Nor soft Air rent, with the swift Javelin, heard,  
Till in her naked Breast the Weapon stood,  
And thirsty, drinks a draught of Virgin-blood.  
Trembling with fear, her Ladies all rush in,  
To keep supported up the falling Queen.  
But *Arms* frighted, did not now forbear  
Basely to fly, his Joy commix'd with Fear;  
Nor longer now would trust unto his Lance,  
Nor durst against the Virgins Spear advance.

And as a Wolf, when he some Shepherd kills,

Or mighty Steer, flies to the lofty Hills,  
Before that hostile Weapons him distress,  
And conscious of so bold a wickedness,  
Cowering, betwixt his Legs his Tail he casts,  
And struck with Terrou, to the Forrest hafts:  
So from their eyes affrighted *Arms* bends,  
Hasting his flight, and mingles with his Friends.  
To pull the Javelin out, she dying, try'd,  
But fast the Steel sticks in her wounded side.

Pale, she sinks down, and cold Death seals her Eyes,  
And from her Cheeks her rosie colour flies;  
Breathing her last, to \* *Acca* then she spake,  
One most she lov'd, who always did partake

(\*) *Virgil* advicely makes *Acca*  
Companion of *Camilla*; for *Acca*  
*Laurentia* was consecrated by *Roman*  
Superstition; and we read *Acca's*  
name in other Poets, as *Swetius* (of  
whom *Macrobi.* l. 2. c. 14. *Satur.*)  
in this verse, *Admisse tu Acca be-*  
*lifficia, hanc nunc parvam, Parium Per-*  
*fica.* *Turneb.* l. 2. c. 1.

Her cares and Counsels, the most trusty Maid  
 Attended her, and thus she groaning said;  
 Sister, I once had strength; but now I fall  
 By a sad wound, and darkness covers all.  
 To *Turnus* hast, and these my last words speak,  
 That he fall on, and drive the *Trojans* back.  
 Farewell. Thus saying, no more her reigns she guides,  
 But to the Earth, though most unwilling, slides,  
 Her Arms forsaking; coldness by degrees,  
 Benumbs her locomotive faculties;  
 In Death's arrest her Head and Bodies lies,  
 And to the Shades her Soul disdainingly flies.  
 Shouts Storm those Spears which Golden Planets gild,  
 Afresh the Fight begins, *Camilla* kill'd,  
 And a hot charge with all the *Trojan* Force,  
 The *Tyrrhen* Captains, and th' *Arcadian* Horse.  
 But *Opis*, sent by *Trivia*, undisarm'd,  
 The Battel on a rising Hill surway'd:  
 Amongst the raging Souldiers shouts and cries,  
 As she *Camilla*'s wofull Fortune spies,  
 With a deep groan her grief expressing, said;  
 Virgin too much, ah too much thou hast paid,  
 Because the *Trojans* boldly thou assail'd!  
*Diana*'s service little thee avail'd,  
 Or to have born thy Quiver at thy back:  
 Nor will thy Princess thee disgrac'd forsake;  
 Nor shall the World hear this alone, nor shall  
 Fame say that thou didst unrevenged fall;  
 Who e're that sacred Corps depriv'd of breath,  
 Shall without mercy suffer present death.

A stately Tomb, for King *Dercennus* made,  
 Stood near a Summit, with an Oken shade;

Hither

Hither the beauteous Goddess swiftly flies,  
 And *Arms* from the Sepulcher espies.  
 As with vain Fancy swelling him she saw,  
 Why, said she, do'st thou shun us? hither draw,  
 Come, and *Camilla*'s Legacy receive;  
*Diana*'s Shafts shall thee of life bereave.  
 The *Thracian* from her Golden Quiver drew  
 An Arrow, and enraged, bends her Bow;  
 And so much strength to draw the Tree she set,  
 Until the crooked ends together met;  
 To th' iron head her left hand she did bring,  
 Her right unto her bosom brought the string.  
*Arms* at once did hear the Air resound,  
 And in his Breast the feather'd Weapon found.  
 He, now expiring, as he groaning sends  
 His last breath forth, neglected by his Friends,  
 In Dust of Foreign Lands forsaken lies,  
 And winged *Opis* mounts unto the Skies.  
*Camilla* slain, in flight her Squadrons led,  
*Rutilians* next, then fierce *Atinas* fled;  
 Ensigns they quit, and Safety seek at large,  
 Till their own Cities Wall th' amazed charge;  
 Nor any could the *Trojan* Force withstand,  
 By Arms or Strength, Death bearing in their hand;  
 Their Bows un-bent, hung at their weary backs,  
 And Iron-hoof'd Horses shake the rotten tracks.  
 Then black and troubled Clouds of Dust appear,  
 Darkning the Sun, and to the Walls drew near;  
 Beating their Breasts, the Matrons female cries  
 Send from the Towers, and Clamours scale the Skies.  
 Who first through open Gates did entrance make,  
 The Foe with them commixed, in did break:

Nor

(b) Why *Opis* is here call'd a *Thracian*, may be collected from *Servius* *Daniels* (though the same be in many places faulty) who writes, That there were several Nymphs who came from the *Hyperboreans* to *Latona*, for the educating of *Diana*, amongst whom (happily) *Opis* was one. *Si quis melius conjetet, ex Servio, audiam, scith La Cerda.*

(c) *La Cerda* thinks our Author here alludes to a piece of *Roman* History, when the *Volsians* defeated by *Coriolanus*, and running to *Coridi*, were by the *Romans* pursu'd, and cut in pieces at the City Gates. See *Plutarch* in *Coridian*.

(a) Some write him *Dercennius*, some *Dercennius*, others *Stercennius*, suppos'd to be a King of the *Aurignians*. But we have not any light to clear the Obscurity of the History.

Nor could the Wretches woful death avoid,  
 But are at home just at their Doors destroy'd,  
 And under their own Battlements their Fates  
 Receive by Seel, when others shut the Gates,  
 And durst not open to receive within  
 Their calling Friends; sad slaughters now begin  
 Of those the Pass kept, and maintain'd the Fight.  
 Some shut out, in their weeping Parents sight,  
 Into the Trench are tumbled headlong down;  
 Others with loose reins desperately ride on,  
 And tilt against the Gates and malsie Bars.  
 The Matrons, in such danger of the Wars,  
 Mov'd with *Camilla*, and their Countryes love,  
 Logs, Blocks and Stones do tumble from above,  
 And these instead of better Weapons use;  
 To save their Country, 'Death they not refuse.

(d) Of this affection of the Women of *Laurentum*, See *l. 13. 19.* and *Æneid. l. 9.*

*Turnus* mean while sad news heard in the Groves,  
 And him with mighty sorrow *Acca* moves;  
*Volsicians* were scatter'd, and *Camilla* slain,  
 Favour'd by *Mars*, they did the Battel gain,  
 Who now pursue, and drove them to the Gates,  
 For so had *Jove* decreed, and cruel Fates.  
 He from the Hills then rose, with Fury struck,  
 And the rough Groves, and dangerous Pass forsook.

Scarce out of fight, into the Plains he drew,  
 When Prince *Æneas* marching he might view  
 Down to the open Champaign, and at last  
 The danger of the Hill and Forrest past.  
 So to the Walls both swiftly marching go,  
 Nor much the distance betwixt Foe and Foe.  
 At once *Æneas* saw the smoking Fields  
 In Clouds of Dust, and the *Laurentian* Shields,

And

And *Turnus* him, marching with all his Force,  
 And heard the neighing of his panting Horse.  
 Straight they had Battel joyn'd, and shed much Blood,  
 But that bright *Phæbus* in 'th' *Iberian* Flood  
 Dipp'd his tir'd Steeds, Night vanquishing the Day.  
 Intrench'd before the Town both Armies lay.

(e) Alluding to the Fable of the *Spaniards*, who affirm'd that the Sun us'd to set in their Sea with a very great hissing, as a hot Iron drench'd in the Water; of which, *Delvius*, in *Senece Tragedy*, who cites for his Authority *Cluemerus*, lib. 2. and *Pojidonius in Strabo*, lib. 1. to which likewise alludes *Anthonius Epist. ad Paulinum*.

*Scribæbaque freta Titan infensis Iberis.*

This opinion arising from the double ignorance of the Antients; the first conceiving the Sun to be a Mass of Iron red hot; the other apprehending the Sun to be every day quench'd in the Western Sea, and the next day to be kindled again in the Eastern Ocean; of which see *Lucretius*, l. 5. *ibidemque Lambinum*.





Ingentem quercum decussit undique ramis  
Constitit tumulo, surgentiaq; induit Armas  
Moxenti Ducis exuvias, ibi magne trophaeum  
Bellipotens: aptat veneris sanguine cristas,  
Telique trunat viri, & his sac thesauri pretium.

Honoratissimo GEORGIO BERKELEY



Perfissumque locis, clypeoque ex ore sustinet  
Subigit, atque enses collo suspendit choram.  
Moxenti res effusa, viri, tantum omnis abesta,  
Quod superest: hac sunt spolia, & de Regis super  
Primitiis, manibusque meo Moxentis hic est.

Tabula merito votiva. 387



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**URNUS resolv'd by Fight to end the Wars,  
Straight challengeth Æneas; he prepares  
To meet. The Time and Place appointed, both,  
To observe Articles, take a solemn Oath,  
Juturna sent th' Agreement to disturb.  
Nor could the Trojan Prince his Army curb.  
Æneas hurt: Turnus encourag'd, then  
Enters the Fight, and slaughters many Men.  
Venus her Off-spring cures. Inrag'd he goes  
To seek bold Turnus, amongst thickest Foes:  
But missing him, attempts the Town to gain.  
Amata's woful death, and Turnus slain.



When Turnus saw the valiant Latins  
tir'd  
With bad success, his Promise now re-  
quir'd,  
Himself now look'd upon, he rages  
more,

And Courage takes. As on the *Libyan Shore*

SSS

A

(a) Such is the nature of Lions, that unless hurt, they cannot be angry. *Turneb.*

A wounded Lion, by the Hunters chac'd,  
Bold makes a stand, and \*chargeth them at last;  
Roaring aloud, his curled Main he shakes,  
And with a bloody Mouth the Javelin breaks:  
Such Rage as this inflames bold *Turnus* Breast,  
Who to the King his Trouble thus exprest.

There shall be no delay in *Turnus* Sword:  
Will the perfidious *Trojans* keep their word,  
And stand to their Engagement, I will fight;  
Perform, great King, for Leagues the sacred rite.  
Either this *Asian* Fugitive by me

(b) Upbraidingly spoken; that posture not only denoting rest, and quiet, but a supine, and lazy negligence. *Vittor. l. 26. s. 20.*

Shall perish, (let the *Latins* <sup>b</sup> sit and see)  
And I this Common Mischief shall destroy,  
Or he victorious over me, enjoy  
The fair *Lavinia* for his Royal Bride.  
To whom the King, undiscompos'd, reply'd;

Most noble Prince, so much as the account  
Of thy great Virtues others do surmount,  
So much it me behoveth to beware,  
And weigh all chances with especial care.  
Paternal Realms, and Cities, thou dost hold,  
Purchas'd by Valour, \* I have Love and Gold.

(c) Thereby intimating the little necessity there was for his alliance with *Turnus*, since either Prince had sufficient of his own, without seeking any Foreign Accession. So *Turneb. l. 22. s. 14.*

In *Latium* other Virgins may be found,  
Both for their Beauty and high Birth renown'd.  
Freely to speak, though harshly, grant me leave,  
That better thou thy self may'st undeceive;  
That no *Italian* Prince my Daughter should  
Enjoy, both Men and Oracles foretold.  
Vanquish'd with thy Affection, and thy Kin,  
And the persuasions of my woful Queen,  
All Bonds I broke, the promis'd Bride detain'd,  
And was to take up impious Arms constrain'd;  
Since when, thou seest what Fortunes follow me,  
And in these Wars what thy own Sufferings be;

Worsted

Worsted in two great Fights this Town, the prop,  
And now of *Italie* the onely hope,  
We hardly keep, with Blood yet *Tyber* boyls,  
And \*Bones make white the Fields in mighty Piles.  
How is our mind with various counsels tost?

(d) So *Tachus* of the *Varian* Defeat, *Attilio Campi Albentia Ossis*, ut *sugerant*, ut *refluerant*, *disiecta vel aggerata*. *Annal. lib. 1.*

What weakness changeth it? were *Turnus* lost,  
I should make Peace; why, rather than all strife,  
Remove not I, and yet preserve thy Life?  
What will thy own *Rutilians* think? what may  
The other Princes of *Ansonia* say?

If (Heaven forbid it) I should ruine thee,  
Seeking our Daughter and Affinity:  
View \*Wars events, and thy old Father spare,  
Who now at home for thee lyes plung'd in care.  
But no persuasions *Turnus* wrath asswag'd,  
Such Medicines make him worse, and more inrag'd.

(e) *Fortuna belli semper ancipiti in loco est*, saies the Tragedian (in *The-baid*;) and the Historian likewise, *Nusquam minus quam in bello Eventus respiciendi*. *Liv. l. 25.*

Soon as his Pasion granted, he reply'd;  
Thy care for me, for my sake lay aside,  
Oh let me suffer Death to purchase Fame.  
And we our brandish'd Spear not idly aim;  
Nor this hand weakly doth a Javelin shake,  
And Blood will issue from the Wound we make:  
Then shall his absent Goddess Mother fail  
In Mists to hide him, and a Womans Veil.

But the Queen weeping, with Wars chance dismay'd,  
O'rewhelm'd with Grief, thus did her Son dissuade;  
Dear *Turnus*, by these Tears, if any love  
Of sad *Amata* thy kind Bosome move,  
(Thou my sole comfort, and my ages prop,  
Who art our glory, and our Kingdoms hope,  
On whom our falling house doth onely rest)  
O combat not the *Dardan*, I request;  
Whatever chance attends thee in that Fight,  
I must bear part, and shall this hated light

S f f 2

Forfake

Forsake at once, nor Captive will I see  
That Fugitive my Son-in-law to be.  
*Lavinia* mark'd her Mothers' words and tears,  
Whil'st Blushes warm'd her Cheeks; whose Dy appears  
Like new-born flame, and o're clear Beauty flows;  
So *Indian* Ivorie, stain'd with Crimson, shews,  
Or Lillies amongst Province-roses plac'd,  
So sweet a colour the bright Virgin grac'd;  
When mov'd with love, *Turnus* beheld the Maid,  
And more incens'd, thus to *Amata* said;

Not me, dear Mother, prosecute with tears,  
Nor with such Omens daunt, who now prepares  
For strife of cruel *Mars*; & the Fatal Hour  
Of Death to stay, is not in *Turnus* power.

*Idmon* our Herald, go, this Message bear,  
Not pleasing to the *Phrygian* Princes ear.  
Soon as the blushing Chariot of the Morn,  
With Roses shall Daies Infant-brows adorn,

Let him not draw his *Trojans* to the Field,  
Let both the Armies to Cessation yield;  
With our own Blood this War we shall decide,  
There let him strive to gain the Royal Bride.

This said, he went to see his Horse; their plight,  
And fiery Metal him did much delight,  
Which *Orithya* gave *Pilumnus*, who exceed  
The Snow in whiteness, and the Wind in speed.  
The Grooms attend; they clap their necks; and reign  
Their well-born heads, and comb the flowing main.  
Next, on he try'd a suit of Armour, which  
Was bright with Gold, with *Orichalcus* rich;  
Then puts his Sword on, and his Target brac'd,  
And fits his Crest, with bloody Feathers grac'd.  
*Vulcan* the Sword for Royal *Damius* made,  
And hot, in *Stygian* waters cool'd the Blade,

Then

Then to a stately Hall he did advance,  
Where 'gainst a Pillar stood a mighty Lance,  
*Aruncian Actor's* spoyl, which down he took,  
And strongly brandishing the Spear, thus spoke,  
O never failing, when I made my Prayer,  
The time draws nigh; thou once wert *Actor's* Spear,  
And now art mine; O grant I may o'rethrow  
Th'effeminate *Phrygian*, and this hand the Foe  
Dispoyl of Arms, with Dust his Tresses soyl,  
Curl'd with hot Irons, and moist with Myrrhe and Oyl.

Thus mov'd with rage, through all his Face did rise  
Sparkles of flame, Fire shines in his bright eyes.  
As when a Bull roars dreadfully for fight,  
And doth his Fury with his Horns excite  
Charging a Tree, out-braves the Wind with blows,  
And Sand preludium to the Combat strows.

So bold *Æneas*, earnest to engage,  
Trusting Maternal Arms, whets his own rage,  
Glad thus to finish War; and shews his Friends,  
And Son, to comfort them, what Fate intends.  
Then he commands some to the King should bear  
Th'accepted Challenge, and should Peace declare.

Soon as the rising Dawn the Mountains height  
Had sprinkled with the seeds of new-born Light;  
When *Phæbus* Steeds rose from the Eastern Sea,  
And from their puffing Nostrils blew the Day,  
The *Trojans* and *Rutulians* Lifts prepare,  
Which near the Walls of the great City were;  
Hearths in the midst, and to their Common Gods  
Altars they rear, and crown with grassie sods;  
Some cloath'd in Linnen, Water bring, and Fire,  
And dress their temples with a Vervain tire.

*Ausonian* Squadrons, and the piled Troop,  
March from the Town, and *Trojans* all drew up,  
And *Tyrrhen* Squadrons haft with various Arms,  
Standing imbattel'd, ready for Alarms.

Before

(f) Vocem *Lacrymis*, i. e. *mea cum Lacrymis*. See *La Cerva*. For *Lavinia* wept not, but her Mother *Amata*.

(g) This is one of the twelve indissoluble places, (sith *Servius*) which yet *Turnus*, l. 23. c. 14. explicates thus: *It is not free for me, whether I will or no; I cannot refuse to fight, that, if I must fall and die, I cannot defer it. And so they use to speak who are obliquely whil'd away into danger, for they deny that they can avoid it.*

(h) Daughter of *Erithon*, Wife of *Boreas*. The Critics reprehend *Virgil* for this Fiction, who is as stoutly defended by *Turnus*, l. 23. c. 14.

(i) *Horace* (sith *Servius*) gives it for a Rule, *Non quodcumque velis, poscat sibi fabula credi*—whence some Critics presume to blame *Virgil* for obtruding an incongruous Fable upon his Reader in this place, as supposing it very improbable for *Orythia*, an *Athensian*, and carried by *Boreas* into *Thrace*, to present *Horles* to *Pilumnus*, an *Italian*: But our Author is defended by *Turnus* and *Germanus*. Nor is it unusual for Princes, though at distance, to contract Amity by Presents, as may be easily made good by the Testimonies both of Poets and Historians.

(k) Among the Antients *Orichalcus* was esteem'd the noblest of Metals; first found out (as *Servius* from *Lactantius*) by the accidental firing of Woods, whose heat made the Earth to sweat out Metals, the name deriv'd from *Orion* & *Chalkos*, it being no other than Mountain-Bronze, and not, as some write it, *Amichalcus*, supposing it (but fallily) a Composition of Gold and Brass; it is long time lost; the Earth (as *Pliny* saies) being spent, and barren. Of its value among the Romans, *Plautus* gives us a tale (in *Milit. &c.*) *Ego sibi mors Orichalcus comparari*. See *Salmuth*, in *Panciroli*. de rebus dixerat.

(l) In derision, either in regard of his affinity with *Paris*, or reflecting upon the nature of the *Phrygians*, as being commonly beautiful and delicate, as *Eustathius* assures upon the first verse of *Homer's Iliad*, (c.)

(m) *Turnus*, l. 23. c. 14. thinks those were Common Gods whose Images they were about to set upon the Graspie Altars, that by the intervention and religion of them the Peace might equally be confirm'd on both sides; by the *Trojans* and *Latinis*.

(n) The Romans laid a Turf upon the Altar; and Grass is consecrated to *Mars*.

(o) The *Fœderales* and *Pater-patras*, by whom Peace and War were confirm'd, never wore Linnen; and therefore *Hyginus* reads it, *Lino*, which is a Garment that hath *purpuream linoam*, i. e. a winding purple at the bottom, wherewith they were cover'd from the navel to the feet. But Linnen was judiciously apply'd to those Leagues which were not to be firm. So *Æneas* building a City in *Thrace*, which he was soon after to leave; contrary to Custom sacrifices a Bull to *Neptun*. So *Lavinia* calls the Senate to a Private-house, when his Counsels were not firm.

(p) Arm'd with Piles. *Varro* mentions two sorts; *Quadratum* march'd with Carriages amongst them, that they might fit down any where; *Pilatum*, which march'd without Carriages, but close, that they might get through difficult wayes with more ease.

Before the valiant Regiments the bold  
 Leaders in Scarlet shine, adorn'd with Gold;  
*Mnestheus* and stout *Asylus* there took place,  
 And *Messapus*, well-mounted, *Neptune's* race.  
 The Signal heard, all clear th'appointed Fields,  
 On Earth they fix their Spears, and rest their Shields.  
 Feeble Old Men, and fearful Women, haſt  
 With the un-armed Vulgar, where, well plac'd,  
 The Fight they might behold; on Tow'rs some get,  
 On Houſes tops, or elſe on Bulwarks ſit.

(g) For *Alba*, from which the *Alban* Mountain took its name, was built by *Ascanius*.

When *Juno* from high *Alban* (then no name  
 The Mountain had, nor Glory got by Fame)  
 Did the whole Army of the *Latins* view,  
 The *Trojans*, and the Royal City too;  
 When thus Heav'n's Queen to *Turnus* Siſter ſaid,  
 A Goddeſs whom the murmuring Floods obey'd;  
 This honour, *Jove*, the Ruler of the Skye,  
 Conſerr'd on her for loſt Virginity.

(r) *Juturna*, a Fountain in Italy near the River *Numicus*, call'd ſo a *Jovis*, from whence water was carry'd to Rome for all ſacrifices.

Nymph, Glory of the Floods, thou know'ſt thou art  
 More dear to me, more near unto my heart,  
 Than any *Latin* Dame by great *Jove* led  
 Me to ſupplant from his ingrateful Bed;  
 And willingly in Heaven thy place I ſign'd;  
 Left me thou blaſt'ſt, thy ſad condition find.

Whiſt Fortune pleas'd, and Fate to *Latium* gave  
 Succeſs, I *Turnus* and thy Walls did ſave;  
 Now cruel Fates attend the Youth, and I  
 Behold this day and woful chance draw nigh;  
 Nor I this Peace, nor Combatants will view:  
 If ought thou dar'ſt, now for a Brother do;  
 Perhaps ſome better Fortune may ariſe.

(f) The Poets ſeign, that even the friendly Deities depart from thoſe are about to dye. So *Uliſſes*, *Apollo*, *Hector*, and *Amphicram*, in *Statius*.

Scarce ſaid, when Tears pour from *Juturna's* Eyes,  
 Beating her ſnowy Breſt: Then *Juno* ſaid,  
 This is no time to weep, thy Brother aid,  
 And ſave, if now thou can'ſt, raiſe War again,  
 And break the Peace, I'll the bold act maintain.

Adviſing

Adviſing thus, ſhe left her much diſtreſt,  
 And deep the wounding ſorrow pierc'd her Breſt.

Mean while both Kings draw forth in ſolemn ſtate,  
*Latium* in a gallant Chariot ſate;  
 Twelve Golden Rayes impal'd his ſhining Brows,  
 Which glory him bright *Phæbus* Off-ſpring ſhews;  
 Drawn with white Horſes, *Turnus* next appears,  
 Brandiſhing ſtrongly two broad-pointed Spears;  
*Æneas* ſhone, whoſe Race Rome's Tow'rs muſt build,  
 In Heavenly Arms, and a Celeſtial Shield;  
 And next *Ascanius* from the Camp march'd up,  
 Of Rome's Imperial Walls the ſecond hope.

The Prieſt in white did fleecy Sheep deſign,  
 And the fat Off-ſpring of the brifled Swine,  
 And Cattel to the flaming Altars brought:  
 They to the riſing Sun, their hands well fraught  
 With ſalt Corn, turn their Eyes; Beaſts for Divine  
 Uſes they take, and on their Foreheads ſign,  
 And with full Bowls and Offerings th'Altars lade:  
 Then with a drawn Sword Prince *Æneas* pray'd;

O Sun, and thou this Earth, oh hear my Prayers,  
 For which I have endur'd ſo many cares;  
 Almighty *Jove*, and thou great *Juno*, which,  
 That now thou may'ſt more favour, I beſeech;  
 And thou renowned *Mars*, whoſe powerful Star  
 Rules various chances in deſtroying War;  
 Springs, Floods, I call, and Powers in th'Air recide,  
 And Gods, which mounted on blue Billows glide:  
 If *Turnus* fortune ſhall the Victory get,  
 We ſhall return to King *Evander's* Seat;  
 Nor my *Ascanius*, nor the *Trojan* Bands  
 Bear Arms againſt you, nor invade theſe Lands.  
 But if my Valour to me Conqueſt give,  
 (Which may the Gods confirm, and I believe!)

(r) According to the Form of the Antient Crowns, which were worn with pointed Rayes in the ſimilitude of Horns, of which, ſee *Pierius* in *Hieroglyph.* l. 7. c. 18. & 19.

(u) A Sheep not yet thorn, call'd *Atilanus* by the Poniſſifier. The Antients ſacrific'd of old and decaying Beaſts, for things which they would have ſoon ended; and in things which they deſir'd might be increas'd and confirm'd, of thoſe that were young and growing. A Sheep here is deſign'd in imitation of the *Greeks*.

(e) All their Luſtrations, Expiations, Prayers, and the like holy Ceremonies, were done with their faces turn'd to the riſing Sun.

(f) *Ovidius*, *Homer*, i. c. *Barley* ſprinkled with Salt, as *Callimachus* expounds it, i. e. i. diſprov'd by *La Cerda*. See *Æneid*. 2. Their Victims and Knives were ſprinkled with Meal and Salt.

(z) They cut off the hairs from the foreheads, of which, *Æneid*. 6. Or he hints at the faſhion of drawing a crooked Knife from the forehead to the tail before the ſacrifice.

I'll

I'll not inforce th' *Italians* to obey  
The *Trojans*, nor aspire these Kingdoms sway;  
Th' unconquer'd Nations their consent shall give,  
With equal Laws in lasting Peace to live.

(a) As *Pontifex*; of which, *Scal.* l. 3. 11. The Julian Family had the Priesthood from Julius to Virgil's time.

'Gods, rites, I'll add; *Latins* still shall sway,  
And let the Crown keep the Militia.

The *Trojans* shall for me a City frame,  
And fair *Lavinia* give the Cities name.

*Aeneas* said, then thus *Latinus* prays,  
And looking up, to Heaven his hands did raise.

By the same <sup>b</sup> Earth, and Sea, and Stars, I vow,

The <sup>c</sup> Sun, and Moon, and <sup>d</sup> *Janus* double brow,  
And by the Adamantine Gates of Hell,

And dismal Mansions, where sad Spirits dwell:  
Great *Jove*, hear this, and Peace with <sup>e</sup> Thunder seal,

<sup>f</sup> Altars and Fires, I to your Powers appeal;  
Nor time nor chance this Covenant shall dissolve,  
Nor will I be enforc'd from my resolve.

First shall the Earth be with a Deluge drown'd,  
Or Heaven shall sink into the *Stygian* Sound;

Just as this <sup>g</sup> Scepter (one in's hand he bore)

Never shall sprout with verdant Branches more,  
Which from its Mother Earth no Sap receives,

To th' Axe long since bequeathing Boughs and Leaves;

Which once a <sup>h</sup> Plant, now Gold and Art adorn,

And thus by Princes of the *Latins* born.

Thus they confirm the Leagues in open view  
Of all the Chiefs, and sacred Cattel flew;

Then from the Beasts alive hot Entrails pull,  
And load the Altars with huge Chargers full.

But now no equal match they did appear;  
New thoughts *Rutilian* souls surprize with fear;  
And more, when him they not so chearful saw  
With heavy pace towards the Altar draw,

And

And casts down looks, who whil'st Heav'n's aid he seeks,  
Had lost the Manly Colour in his Cheeks.

This observation as *furturna* view'd  
To spread, and seize the giddy Multitude,  
*Camerta's* form she takes, whose Grandfire won,  
And Father's valour, honour for the Son,  
And he himself most valiant; in she goes  
And with much cunning various rumours sows.

*Rutilians*, blush you not at what you do?  
Will you expose one Man for all of you?

Doth not our strength and number like appear?  
Th' *Arcadians* and the *Trojans* all are here,  
And fierce *Hetrurians*, which 'gainst *Turnus* rage,  
Were two for one at least, should we engage.  
He to the Gods shall go, with Honour crown'd,  
A willing Offering, through the World renown'd;  
We to proud Lords, our Countrey lost, must yield,  
Who now sit idly sporting in the Field.

These words the Souldiers bosoms more inflame,  
And spreading murmur through the Army came;  
*Latins*, *Laurentians*, who did late suppose  
An end of War, and rest from former VVoes,  
Fresh thoughts excite to Arms; Peace, now they hate,  
Extremely pining *Turnus* woful state.

A more prevailing Plot she did devise,  
She sent an Omen from the lofty *Shies*,  
Then which could nothing more their Souls inrage,  
Or sooner make th' *Italians* to engage.  
For *Jove's* Bird flying through Heav'n's Chrystal Arch,  
Charg'd a whole Troop of Sea-fowl in their march;  
Then stooping down, from swelling Billows bears  
A Silver Swan trufs'd up in griping Sears.  
Th' *Italians* Courage take, for the whole flight  
VVith loud Cryes face the Foe (a wondrous sight!)

T t t

VVings

(k) Denoting the uncertainty and fallacy of the Omen; as *Servius* observes, *Ubiunque firmum inducit Augurium dat et firmissimum sedem; In hoc autem augurio liberatum Cygnus in aquam cecidisse dicit, aquam autem instabilem & infirmam non dubium est.*

(l) The ground of dissolving the League. Whence *Germanus* thinks it credible, that the Custom for the *Fœdus* (in denouncing *VVar*) to dart his Spear into the Enemies Countries, had its Original.

Wings hide the Skyes, their plumed ranks enlarg'd,  
The Enemy in a full Body charg'd;  
O'repow'r'd, his Prey he drops into the Flood,  
And routed, shelters in a gloomy Cloud.

The Omen the *Rutilians* salute,  
And Arms prepar'd with a prodigious shout;  
And first the Augure, bold *Tolumnius*, said;  
For this with Vows so often I have pray'd;  
You Gods, I take your sign; me, me afford  
The Conduct, and decide it with the Sword,  
You whom this Stranger did with *VVar* invade,  
Like harmless Fowl, and waste our Countrey laid,  
Shall with set Sail inforce to leave our Banks;  
Unanimously close up your Files and Ranks,  
And by engaging, save your King engag'd:  
Then at the Foe his 'Spear he cast inrag'd;  
The well-aim'd Javelin sounding cuts the Skies;  
At once huge shouts, at once the Squadrons rise,  
Desire of Tumult now inflames their Blood:  
But the sent Spear, where nine bold Brethren stood,  
Which to *Arcadian Gylippus* came,  
By his first Lady, a chaste *Tyrrhen* Dame;  
One of those Youths, where his rich Belt did sit  
Close to his side, just where the Button knit,  
As in bright Arms the comely Person stands,  
Transpire'd his ribs, and stretch'd him on the Sands.  
But the fierce Brethren, stirr'd with cruel rage,  
With Swords and Javelins desperately engage,  
There entertain'd by a *Laurentian* Band;  
*Trojans* and *Agyllians* them withstand,  
And the *Arcadians*, bold in painted Arms;  
One Soul both sides to fight it out informs;  
Altars are spoyl'd, a Javelin-tempest pours,  
And the whole Skye grows dark with Iron showers;

Some

Some get their Chariots, or swift Horses mount,  
And with drawn Swords march boldly to the Front.

*Messapus*, hot to break the Peace, beat down  
*Anestes*, honour'd with a Royal Crown;  
One of the Altars, which did stand behind,  
He with his head and shoulders first did find;  
When fierce *Messapus* following with his Spear,  
Him, craving Quarter, "slew, and said, "Lye there;  
To the great Gods a better Sacrifice;  
Th' *Italians* spoil his Body as he dies.  
*Chorineus* from the Altar snatch'd a Brand,  
And bold *Ebusus* raising up his hand,  
Dash'd on the Face, and set his Beard on fire,  
Which burning smelt; he, as he did retire,  
With his left hand pursuing of his blow,  
Did seize the hair of his amazed Foe;

And wrestling with him, brought him to the Ground,  
Then with his stiff sword gave the deadly Wound.  
*Podalirius*, Shepherd *Alfius* charging through  
Arm'd Squadrons bravely, fiercely did pursue  
With his good Sword, and him he overtakes;  
But his Deaths wound bequeath'd him with an Axe,  
And clove him to the Chin; a Crimson Flood  
Dims his bright Arms, and dews in sprinkled Blood;  
A hard and Iron sleep closeth his sight,  
And seal'd his Eyes up in Eternal Night.

But Prince *Æneas* naked hands extends,  
His head yet bare, and calls aloud his Friends;  
Where rush you thus? What sudden rage is this?  
O stay your wrath! the Peace concluded is,  
All are agreed; 'tis I must end this War:  
Let me then fight, and lay aside your fear;  
This hand a lasting League shall make, and find  
*Turnus* the sacrifice of Peace design'd.

T t t ?

Whilſt

(m) With a push of his Spear, not darning it out of his hand.

(n) *Hoc habet*, i. e. he is struck with a deadly wound, so *Servius*. Thus it must be, *Scal.* l. 4. 16. 'Tis well, *Domas*. *Habet* is a word proper to wounded Gladiators, or infusing Advantages, or applauding People; *Lisp.* l. 2. c. 21. *Saturnal.*

*Prudentius.* *Hoc habet* exclamatur *Ærix regina* —

*Seneca.* *Agamem.* *Habet*, *perastus est.*

(o) That he might be known. So *Julius Cæsar* in the *Pharsalian* Battle, with naked hand and head cry'd out. *Parcite Civesque.* See *Scal.* l. 3. c. 11. *Perr.*

(f) He that did it was scorn'd by  
*Turnus*; for that he was wounded  
 by a Man, we learn from *Jupiter* af-  
 terwards, *Mortalis' deus*, &c.

Whil'ft these he said, behold, with mighty found,  
 A winged Arrow gave the King a wound;  
 By what Hand'fshot, or Whirlwind sent,<sup>f</sup> unknown;  
 What God, or Chance, did *Rutiles* so renown.  
 The Glory of the Famous Deed was lost,  
 Nor any of *Aeneas* Wound could boast.

But *Turnus*, when he saw *Aeneas* turn,  
 His Captains troubled, straight with hope did burn;  
 Calls for his Steeds, then Arms, and from the Plains  
 Leaps in his Chariot, and straight takes his Reigns,  
 And many valiant Souldiers overthrows,  
 And o're them dying, with his Horses goes;  
 Or with his Chariot-wheels whole Squadrons tears,  
 And at them flying, casts their taken Spears.

(g) A River of *Thrace*, so call'd  
 from *Hecuba* the Son of *Hemus* and  
*Rhodope*.

So near cold <sup>g</sup> *Hebrus* bloody *Mars* proceeds,  
 Whil'ft his Shield rattles, to his fiery Steeds  
 Giving the Reigns, then Winds they fly more fleet,  
 And furthest *Thrace* groans with their thundring Feet;  
 With him pale Fear, and cruel Anger rode,  
 And Treachery accompanies the God:  
 Fierce *Turnus* to his Horse drives through the Plain,  
 Smoking with sweat, insulting o're the slain;  
 From their swift heels a sanguine dew he spreads,  
 And Sand, with streams of Blood commixed, treads.  
 And now he *Sthenelus*, *Thamyris*, *Polus*, slew;  
 These hand to hand, him a far off o'rethrew:  
*Glaucus* and *Lades*, both in *Lycia* born,  
 Whom *Imbraeus* their Father did adorn  
 With Arms of equal proof, either to fight,  
 Or mounted, to outstrip the Winds in flight.  
 In th'other Wing, *Ennedes* fierce came on,  
 With new Supplies, old *Dolon's* warlike Son;  
 His Grandfires name, and Fathers strength he had,  
 Who in times past, when he a Spy was made,  
 To view the *Grecian* Camp, bold, for his hire,  
 Achilles Horse and Chariot did require.

(h) He obtain'd not *Achilles* Horse.  
 So *Adipirare ad consulatum*, *Stal.* l.4.  
 16. *Diomedes* flew *Dolon*, who had  
 the confidence to demand the Horses  
 of *Achilles*, which he that flew him  
 demanded not.

For



et levo pressit pede talia fatus.  
Ex animi, rapientis mania pinguis bilit.  
Impresbunt nefas: una sub nocte jugali  
Celsa manus funehum fide, thalamiq. crecuti:  
Dño RODULPHO HARE Equiti et Baronetto



Que: bonus Eurpion multo calaverat auro:  
Que nunc Turnus quat polio, gaudetq. potius.  
Æscia mei: hominum fide, fortisq. futura.  
Et servare modum rebus sublata secundi.  
Tabula merito votiva 373

For this, *Tydid* gave him other Pay,  
Nor bore he e're *Pelides* Steeds away.

As *Turnus* him through open Champain spy'd,  
Through yielding Air he made his Javelin glide;  
Then from his Chariot lights, his Steeds did check,  
And, leaping on him, trod upon his neck;  
VVrests his Sword from him, and the shining Blade  
Discolouring in his throat, thus fiercely said;

*Trojan*, behold that Land thou striv'st to gain,  
And stretch'd out thus, measure th' *Hesperian Plain*.  
To those dare fight with us, we alwayes yield  
Rewards like these, and thus they Cities build.

Next *Butes* with his Spear he overthrew,  
Bold *Cloris*, *Sybaris*, and *Dares* flew,  
*Thersflocus*, *Thymetes* next did speed,  
As he was tumbling from his warlike Steed.  
As when *Edonian Boreas*, from the Hills  
Thundring aloud, *Ægean* Billows swels,  
Mountains to Shore before loud Tempests fly,  
And muster'd \* Clouds are routed through the Skye:  
So *Turnus* fares; which way so e're he goes,  
Squadrons retreat, and Flight preserves his Foes;  
Rage drives him on; the Air, such speed he makes,  
His waving Plumes against his Chariot shakes.

But *Phægeus* not his furious charge dismaid,  
He stopp'd his Chariot, and swift Horses staid,  
Seizing their foamy Reigns; but whilst he hung,  
Drawn by their Mains, *Turnus* his Javelin flung,  
Which pierc'd quite through his quilted Mail, and found  
Passage to taste his Body with a Wound:  
But with his Shield against the Foe he made,  
And of his trusty Sword imploring aid;  
When hurried with the Wheel, and flying Axe,  
At last he tumbled down, whom *Turnus* takes

(f) With thy Body, not with  
Pearches or Poles. For it was the  
Custom of Emperours, when they  
were Victors, to give their Lands to  
their Souldiers.

(i) *Edon* was a Mountain of *Thra-*  
*cia*.  
(u) A dangerous Sea for the ma-  
ny Rocks.

(\*) Whence *Boreas* is still'd, *Ægean*  
Billows, and *Thracian* Moun-  
tains, for its strat  
blast wherewith Clouds are disper'd.

Berwixt his Helm and Gorge cuts off his Head,  
Leaving upon the Sand his Body dead.

Whil'st such dire slaughter conquering *Turnus* made,  
*Mnestheus*, *Achates*, and his Son, convey'd  
*Aeneas* bleeding to the Camp; a Lance  
Eas'd his alternate step, as they advance.  
To draw the broken Arrow he essays,  
Struggling with pain, and tries the easiest wayes;  
They lance the Wound, and where it lay conceal'd,  
Cut deep, that they again might take the Field.

\* *Lapis*, *Phœbus* Minion, now was there,  
To whom the God did such Affection bear,  
That his own gifts on him he did bestow,  
His Prophesying Spirit, Harp, and Bow.  
That he might long deferr the Fatal Hour  
Of his old Father, he the use and power  
Of Simples learnt, and to himself imparts,  
By study, knowledge of despis'd Arts.

*Aeneas* chafing, lean'd upon a Spear,  
VVith sad *Iulus*, and great concourse there,  
Nor is he mov'd nor troubled at their tears.

Then old *Lapis* many things prepares,  
His Vest girt back in the *Paonian* guise,  
And *Phœbus* powerful herbs in vain applies;  
Vainly he labours to draw forth the Steel,  
Tries with his Probe, and doth with Pincers feel;  
No way will hit, no aid *Apollo* yields;  
And horror more and more rag'd in the Fields;  
Dust clouds all Heaven, the Horse draw near the Wall,  
Dangerous it grows, Shafts' midst the Camp do fall;  
The cries of valiant Souldiers scale the Skye,  
And those that in the bloody Bartel dye.

Here *Venus* troubled at her Son's deep wound,  
Brought \* *Dittany*, in *Cretan* *Ida* found;

(x) So *Turnus*, l. 23, 14, not *Lapis*; a fit name for a Physician, from *lapis* to cure.

(y) *Mulus arvis*, Medicine; Call'd mule, as some think, because it was first despisable, and prescri'd by Servants. *Servius* will have it to be mule, in respect of Mule; others, in relation to feeling the Pulse; others, because it is the exercise of the hand, whence Chirurgery. *Petrarch*, *Senil*, 3. 7. fith, He respected the nature of the Art, (not any undervaluing of it) which consists in practice, not words.

(z) *Discoideis*, 3. 32. attests, that *Dittanis* hath neither seed nor flower, and *Cep*. 34. that there is another kind brought out of *Crete*, which *Bredius* thinks to be meant by *Virgil*; others, as *Erythraus*, say, that *Virgil* in painting this Flower imitated *Theophrastus*.

The stalk hath sprouting leaves, and on the crown  
A purple Flower, not to \* wild Goats unknown,  
When winged Arrows in their Backs are fix'd;  
Veil'd with a Cloud, this beauteous *Venus* mix'd,  
With purest Water, in a Bowl, and strews  
The healing moysture of *Ambrosian* dew,  
And with it sweetest *Panax* did compound,  
With which th'old man, not knowing, bath'd the wound:

Then from his body straight all anguish fled,  
And now the wound no more, though mighty, bled;  
The Steel now uncompell'd, follows the hand,  
And strength returns unto its old command.  
Bring Arms; Why stay you? first *Lapis* cries,  
Inflaming Courage 'gainst the Enemies;  
This is no work of Man, nor did this Art  
My Master *Phœbus* unto me impart;  
Nor have I drawn the Steel, which deep did lurk,  
A greater God sends thee to greater work.

Then for the Fight *Aeneas* earnest, ties  
His Golden Cuihes to his Manly Thighs,  
Hating delays, brandish'd his Spear; this done,  
Buckles his Shield, and elaps his Corset on,  
And then his Son embracing, thus array'd,  
He through his Beaver, sweetly \* kissing, said;  
'Valour, true Honour, learn (my Boy) from me,  
Fortune from others; this right hand shall be  
In War thy Shield, and shall with Realms endow;  
To riper years attain'd, remember thou  
Thy Friends example; let thy Father's fame,  
And, Uncle *Hector*, to brave Acts inflame.

Thus having said, bravely the Field he takes,  
And in his hand a mighty Javelin shakes.  
*Anteus* and *Mnestheus* Bodies now unite,  
All leave the Camp, and hasten to the Fight:

(2) Of this Medicine of wild Goats, see *Valer. Max.* l. 1. c. 8. *Arist. Hist. Anim.* l. 9. c. 6. *Cic.* 2. de *Nat. Dier.* It is reported that wild Goats in *Creet*, when they are bit with Arrows, seek an Herb call'd *Dittany*, which when they have tasted, the Arrows fall out of their Bodies.

(b) *Erythraus* saith, *discoidea* is a certain Flower. And it is the Food of the Gods; whence *Martial*, l. 11. ep. 58.

*Panacea* *Ambrosia* sater est, & *Nereus* vivit.

(c) An herb of a strong smell, and so reckon'd by *Lucretius*, (among others) *lib*. 4.

*Ambrosia* *Expirant* *acrem* *Panacea*, *Ambrosia* *tetra*, *Abronicque* *graves*, & *tristis* *Comanora*.

*Discoidea* affirms, that it was likewise call'd *Hyaculum*. The *Libies* make *Jessen* and *Panacea* the Daughters of *Asclepius*. The first so call'd, *αἰσθητὶς ἰατρῆς*, a medicine; the other, *αἰσθητὶς ἰατρῆς*, & *αἰσθητὶς* a curandis omne genus *Morbis*.

(d) On the Head (not the Cheeks or Lips) says *La Cerda*, as being more proper, and becoming Martial Men. Such a Kiss *Philip* of *Alexandria* is said to have given his Son *Alexander* after he had courageously back'd and manag'd the untam'd *Bucephalus*, *τὸν ἀγέδαιον ἵππον*; he kill his head (says *Plutarch*, in *Alexander*.)

(e) Not unlike to this is that speech of *Coriolanus* to his Children before his Banishment, recorded by *Dionys. Hall.* 8. who pray'd, that the Gods would give them, when they came to Mens estate, more fortune than their Father, not less Virtue or Valour. So *Alex* (in *Antonia* the Tragedian) wishes to his Son *Euryalus*—*Virtute sit par, disper fortuna, patri*.

(f) *Cressa*, Mother of *Alexandria*, was Sister to *Hector*.

Then darkning Clouds of Dust obscure the Field,  
And beating Feet make shaken Earth to yield.

*Turnus* beheld them, as the Troops did draw  
Forth from the Works, and the *Ausonians* saw;  
Straight through their Bodies runs cold trembling fear;  
But before all, his Sister first did hear;  
She knows the horrid sound, and frightened, fled.  
He his black Squadron o're the Champain led.  
As when a mighty storm flies to the Shore,  
Through the deep Sea, suspected long before  
By skilful Swains, who fear it will annoy  
Their Plants, their standing Corn, and all destroy,  
Winds fly before, and bring the sound to Land:  
So charg'd *Aeneas* with his *Trojan* Band.  
And close together they in Bodies drew.

*Tymbræus*, stout *Osiris* overthrew,  
*Mnestheus*, *Archeius*, and *Achæus* sped  
Bold *Epulon*, *Gyas* left *Ufens* dead;  
*Tolumnius*, the Augurer, he slew,  
Vvho 'gainst the *Trojans* first his Javelin threw.  
<sup>b</sup> Clamour scales Heaven; now *Rutilians* yield,  
And fly with dusty shoulders from the Field.

*Aeneas* scorns to fight with any here,  
Who charge on Foot, or Horse, or cast a Spear;  
He *Turnus* seeks alone through dusty mists,  
And onely him demands unto the Lists.  
*Juturna* that *Virago* struck with fear,  
Tumbles *Metiscus*, *Turnus* Charioteer,  
Out of his seat, and snatch'd from him the Reign,  
And leaves forsaken, fall'n upon the Plains;  
Acting his part, she guides the foaming Bits,  
In Voice, Arms, Shape, like to *Metiscus* sits.

As a black Swallow flies through spacious Courts  
Of some rich Lord, and in vast Halls resorts,

Food

(b) *ἀνὰ νώτους ὑψάτω*, Clamour is the Daughter of War. This shouting of Souldiers before, or in time of Battel, was by the *Latins* call'd *Barrinus*; by the *Greeks*, *ἀνὰ νώτους*, which answers to the *French* *crier l'alarme*. The reason of this shouting in the Charge, *Cæsar* gives; *Nec vainis did they of old injoyn, that they should sound to the Charge, and raise a long cry, since they conceiv'd by that means to terrifie their Enemies, and encourage their own.* And *Cato Porcius* (in *Plat.*) says of himself, that he did use in fight to cry loudly, to strike boldly, but never to retire basely: *Prætic d* likewise by the *Jews*, as appears, *Joſue 8. & Kings, i. c. 17.* as at this day by most Nations, and commended as useful by *Vegetius*, *Lippus de Militia Rom. lib. 4.* *Scipio Amirate, Discors.* *ſupra Tacit. l. 14. c. 5.*

(c) *Nigra Hirundo* (*Oves Scaliger, l. 37. Poet. c. 27.*) *ad differentiam Ripariarum quæ species est Hirundinis non nigra, neque aditus alius.*

Food seeking for her Young, Porches she rounds,  
And now about the Chryſtal Fountains sounds:  
Thus mounted, through the Foe *Juturna* makes,  
And all her thundring Chariot overtakes;  
Now here she shews her Brother, and now there,  
Nor lets him fight, but far from thence doth bear.  
No less *Aeneas*, this way, that way goes,  
And *Turnus* calls aloud through scatter'd Foes;  
Oft as he saw him, spurs his Horses sides;  
As oft *Juturna* thence her Chariot guides:  
What shall she do? in vain, thoughts, thoughts controul,  
And various cares distract her troubled Soul.

*Aeneas*, as he many Plots prepares,  
At him *Messapus* (for he had two Spears)  
Cast one of them, and sent with mighty force;  
*Aeneas* guards himself, and stops his course,  
Bending his Knee; through's Crest the Javelin comes,  
And from his Cask quite sweeps away his Plumes.  
Then for the treachery, his rage grew hot;  
When he perceiv'd his flying Chariot,  
*Jove*, and the Altars, he to witness calls,  
Of broken Leagues, then on the slaughter falls;  
No difference makes, with all he doth engage,  
And gives full Reigns to his late curbed rage.

What God can tell those slaughters? who in Verse,  
The Funerals of the Captains can rehearse,  
Which fell by *Turnus* on th' *Ausonian* Plain?  
Or count those numbers by *Aeneas* slain?  
Could *Jove* be pleas'd to see such Wars as these,  
'Twixt Nations that must joyn in lasting Peace?

*Aeneas*, *Sacro* slew, (this Fight first staid  
The flying *Trojans*) nor he long delay'd:  
Through's Breast, where Fate did easiest way afford,  
'Mongst his short Ribs, he sheaths his naked Sword.

V u u

*Turnus,*

(c) *Aeneas* here guards not himself (by bending his Knee, and couching under his Buckler) as a fearful, but a skilful Souldier, that Posture being injoyn'd the *Romans* by the Rules of their Militia. So *Veget. l. 2. c. 16.* *Salvus quoque & illius sacre pariter assueſcant, insurgere tripudians in Clisum, rursusque subire.* And *Gabriel*, that famous *Athenian* General, commanded his Men in the shock to couch under their Bucklers, himself teaching them the Posture, by bending his Knee, ordering his Shield, and charging his Lance. See *Æmil. Prob. in ejus vit. & Diador. Stend. 15.*

*Turnus*, *Amycus* fall'n from's Courser, met  
 On foot, on's Brother next *Diores* set ;  
 To this advancing, Death he did afford  
 With his long Spear, that slaughters with his Sword ;  
 Their Heads cut off, he to his Chariot bore,  
 And hung them up, bloody with purple gore.  
 He *Talo*, *Tanais*, and *Cetbegus*, slew,  
 Three at one charge, and stern *Onytes* too,  
 Of th' *Echion* name, whom Dame *Peridia* bore,  
 Brothers from *Lycia* sent, and *Phœbus* Shore ;  
 And young *Menætes*, who in vain deny'd  
 To go to Wars : near fishy *Lerna's* side  
 He had his *Craft*, and House, Wealth was unknown,  
 Whose Father *cill'd* a Countrey not his own.

As Fires are kindled in contrary waies,  
 Amongst dry Woods, and sprigs of crackling Baies ;  
 Or when with rapid course from Mountains steep  
 Sound foamie Streams, and hurry to the Deep,  
 And both alike make Devastations large :  
 So stout *Aeneas*, and bold *Turnus* charge ;  
 Their rage now boyls, and Breasts unconquer'd bleed ;  
 With their whole strength, to slaughter they proceed.

*Muranus* here (boasting the antient name  
 Of Grandfires, who from *Latin* Princes came)  
 He with a Stone o'rethrew, and on the Plains  
 Measur'd his length ; whom fall'n, and lost his Reigns,  
 The Wheels ran o're ; thick blows swift heels afford,  
 From Horses now unmindful of their Lord.

*Turnus* meets *Ilus* mainly raging now,  
 And casts his Javelin at his Golden Brow ;  
 Quite through the Helm it fixed in his Brain.  
 Nor could thy Valour thee Protection gain,  
 Bold *Grecian Cretens*, from fierce *Turnus* odds ;  
 Nor from *Aeneas* charge, could his own Gods

(1) A Periphrasis for the *Theban* glory, from which *Echion* Companion of *Cadmus*, who was with him at the building of *Thebes*.

(2) For the Temple of *Apollu*, with the old Oracle, which was at *Delphi* in *Lycia*, where he is said to be born ; whence he is call'd, *Delphyus*, *Iliad*. 4.

(3) He was a Fisherman. *Lerna* was a Lake of *Achaia*.

(4) Was a Husbandman, or Farmer, such an one as *Servius* faith is pointed at, *Æneid* 11. *Aranci Rusticis*, *servant*.

(5) The *Latin* Kings were commonly call'd *Muranus*, perhaps from the ungent of *Myrthe*, with which at their Inauguration they were anointed ; or as affected by those Princes in honour of *Muranus* one of their Kings, as the *Silvii* among the *Albani*, the *Ptolemies* of *Egypt*, the *Cæcypide* among the *Athenians*, the *Aspacide* of the *Parthians*, and the *Aniachi* of the *Syrians*.

*Cupentus* save ; his Breast to th' Sword must yield,  
 Nor to the Wretch avail'd his Brazen Shield.

Thence *Æolus*, *Laurentian* Fields saw dead,  
 And the large Champain thy broad Shoulders spread,  
 Whom not the *Argive* Squadrons could destroy,  
 Nor stern *Achilles*, who subverted *Troy* ;  
 Here Death thou metst, from high *Lyneffus* come ;  
 Yet low *Laurentum* did thy Bones intomb.  
*Latins* and *Trojans* now are all engag'd ;  
*Mnestheus*, *Sereftus*, and *Messapus*, rag'd.

Well mounted, on bravely *Afyllas* brings  
 Up *Tuscan* Bands, and the *Arcadian* Wings ;  
 They Battel joyn, and strive with all their might ;  
 No Reserve left, there was a cruel Fight.

*Aeneas* beauteous Mother from the Pole,  
 Here with new light illuminates his Soul ;  
 Straight to the *City* he should march, that for  
 The sudden slaughter might distract the Foe.  
 As *Turnus* through the Army he pursu'd,  
 Round still surveying, he the City view'd,  
 Safe from all Trouble, with calm Quiet blest,  
 A shape of greater Acts inflames his Breast.

Who plac'd on *rising* ground, *Sergeftus*, stout  
*Mnestheus*, *Sereftus* calls, where round about  
 The *Trojans* flock, nor resting Shields nor Spears,  
 Thus from the Summit he himself declares ;

Obeys, since *Jove* commands ; nor yet despise,  
 More for the suddenness, the Enterprize ;  
 That cursed City, Cause of all this War,  
 Unless they straight confess they Subjects are ;  
 And due Obedience yield, I will destroy,  
 And Tow'rs that courted Heaven, Earth shall enjoy ;  
 Must I stay here till *Turnus* please to fight ?  
 And worsted, once more do a Souldier right ?

(6) In the *Sabine* Language, a Priest. *Horatius's* Priests were *Cupenti*.

(7) *Lyneffus*, a Town of *Phrygia*, upon the taking whereof, *Achilles*, by the common consent of the *Grecians*, got his *Briseis*. *Sence*. in *Troad*.

— clade subvertis off pari  
*Infestis celsa parvis* *Lyneffus* ingens,  
*Captique Tellus* *nihilis* *Briseide*.

(8) Not unfairly may be further referred (if at least it be not here alluded to) that Counsel of *Scipio Africanus*, to carry the War with *Annibal* to the Gates of *Carthage*, that what was the Occasion, might be the End of the War.

(9) Alluding to the Custome of the *Roman* Generals, who from the top of their Trenches, a Hillock of Turfs, or some advantage of Ground, us'd to speak to the Army ; whither were brought the Eagles, and Ensigns, and planted round. Of which, *Lippus*, in *Adili Rom. l. 4. dist. 9.* and *Strabo*, in *Geog. l. 3. c. 9.* where the Manner is further illustrated by *Scalpius*, and the Coins of *Gellius* and *Adrian*.

This, of these Wars, this is the Spring and Source,  
 Seek Peace with Flames, and Leagues with Fire inforce.  
 This said, they chearfully in order fall,  
 And in a Body draw up to the Wall;  
 Wild-fire they throw, and \* Scaling-Ladders set:  
 Some charge the Gates, killing the first they met;  
 Others, their Tow'rs with show'rs of Shafts assail;  
 And Heav'n's clear Front with Clouds of Arrows veil.  
*Aeneas*, 'mongst the foremost, nigh the Walls,  
*Latinus* blames, and Heav'n to witness calls,  
 Necessity enforc'd him take up Arms;  
 Twice they broke Peace, and first stir'd up Alarms.  
 Factions amongst th' amazed rout begin;  
 Open the Gates, some cry, and let them in,  
 And to the Walls with King *Latinus* bend;  
 Others resolve their Bulwarks to defend.  
 As when a Swain finds in a vaulted Rock,  
 A swarm of Bees, filling the Cave with Smoke,  
 They fly disturb'd about their waxen seat,  
 And with a general noise their anger whet;  
 Smoke scales their roofs, within sad murmurs rise,  
 And pitchy fumes advance unto the Skyes.

When a dire chance their judgements did confound,  
 And the whole City in deep sorrow drown'd.  
 As the Queen saw that near the *Trojans* came,  
 And lofty Turrets blaz'd with darted Flame,  
 No *Turnus* nigh, the Bulwarks to maintain,  
 Straight she suppos'd the Prince in Battel slain;  
 Swouning with sorrow, I'me the cause, she cries,  
 I, I the spring of all these Miseries.  
 Thus raving, she her bitter Grief exprest,  
 And high despairing, rends her \* Royal Vest,  
 'Knots on a beam knitting for Death accurst.  
 Soon as the Ladies heard her suffering, first,

Her Daughter, fair *Lavinia*, skreeching, tare  
 Her Rosie Cheeks, and rends her Golden Hair:  
 Then through the Palace, Sorrow posting round,  
 The lofty Roofs with loud Complaints rebound.  
 Thence the sad news through all the City went;  
 Their Courage fails, the King his \* Garments rent  
 At his Wives fate, and ruin'd Town, struck dead,  
 Throwing foul Dust upon his Silver Head;  
 Himself condemning, that he did refuse,  
 And for his Son not Prince *Aeneas* choose.

Mean while, bold *Turnus*, with erected Reigns,  
 Follows some Stragglers to far distant Plains,  
 And weary, by degrees now slower rides,  
 And less, and lesser, in swift Horses prides.  
 To whom, through yielding air, strange terrors brought,  
 With doleful Cryes, and mixed Clamour, fraught  
 His listning Ear, and the confused noyse  
 Of a sad Citie's lamentable voyce.  
 Ah me! what direful Chance disturbs our Walls!  
 From every part increasing Clamour calls.  
 To whom, his Sister to his Charioteer  
*Metiscus* chang'd, and did his Chariot guide,  
 Reigning his Horses, thus to him reply'd;  
 Let us, O *Turnus*, here the *Trojans* charge,  
 Where Vic'try opens first a Passage large;  
 Enough there be that will defend the Walls;  
*Aeneas* thundring on *Italians* falls;  
 Let us for slaughter flying *Trojans* chace,  
 Nor thou in Strength nor Valour shalt give place.  
 Then *Turnus* said—  
 Sister, long since I knew thee, when by Charms  
 Thou brok'st the Peace, and took'st thy self up Arms;  
 Now thy Design is vain; who from the Skye  
 Sent thee to suffer so much Miserie?

(2.) An expression of immoderate Sorrow, and usual in mourning for the Dead. Thus the Wife and Mother of *Coriolanus* at his going to Banishment; *Augustus* himself at the news of *Larus* his death and defeat, as *Xiphias* witnesses.

(u) The Invention of these is referred to *Capaneus*, as *Foggius* tells us, l. 4. c. 21. These, saies he, who mount the Scaling-Ladders, are often in danger, as may be imagin'd in *Capaneus*, to whom the Invention of these Engines is attributed, who was slain by the *Thebans* with so much violence, that he is said to have been kill'd by a Thunder-bolt. The several forms of these, *Ligi*, exhibits, in *Attila*. R. m. and *Strench*. in *Veset*.

(x) *La Corda* takes it to be meant of the Ornament of her Head, for that was properly call'd *Amictus*; and *Varro* divides Vests into *indutum* & *amictum*; and the *Romans* us'd one for the covering of the Body, the other for the veiling of the Head. See *Turneb.* l. 5. advers. c. 7. He conceives likewise (not improbably) that her Purple Vest more particularly denotes her Diadem: his Opinion being strengthen'd by a like Historical Example; for *Plutarch*, in *Lucull*, reports of the Wife of *Mithridates*, that the taking from her Head her Diadem, fix'd it to her Neck, and then hung her self in it; and *Anigone*, in *Sophocles*, is said to hang her self, *Reverend* *Wells* 18, in her *Miser*.

(y) i. e. Hang'd her self, *Scal.* l. 4. 16. & l. 13. where he examines this feminine affection *Propert.* l. 2.

— in collo jam mihi indus erat, *Servius* thinks this *informe letum* was most infamous, because he that was hang'd was cast away without Burial by the Pontifical Laws.

(2) 'Tis a preface of Death, to hear that which is not spoken, or to hear ones self call'd by the Dead, or to see that which is not before one. So *Æneid.* 4.

*Hinc exaudiri geminus & verba vocantis*  
*Ulla Viri.*

Can'st thou to see thy Brother's cruel Death?  
What Safety else can Fortune now bequeath?  
These Eyes beheld gallant *Murranus* fall,  
By a deep wound, who dying, me did <sup>2</sup> call;  
(A dearer Friend I have not left alive;)  
Unhappy *Ufens*, rather then survive  
To see our shame, dy'd bravely on the Spot,  
Whose Arms and Corps the cruel *Trojans* got.  
Here till they take the City shall I stand?  
Nor *Drances* Speech confute with this right hand?  
What? shall I turn my back? and may that be?  
And shall this Earth a flying *Turnus* see?  
Is Death so bad a thing? You Powers below,  
Oh send me aid, since Heaven declares my Foe!  
To you this Soul, spotless unto my end,  
Worthy our Predecessours, shall descend.

Scarce said, when *Sages*, on a foamie Steed,  
Behold, came riding through the Foe with speed,  
An Arrow in his face; great hast he made,  
And thus to *Turnus*, help imploring, said;  
Pity thy Friends, our last hopes lye in thee;  
Thundring in Arms, thou may'st *Æneas* see,  
Threatning destruction to th' *Italian* Towers,  
Whose roofs now Firebrands storm with blazing show'rs,  
Thee we expect; the King doubts to declare  
For Peace or War, or which to make his Heir.  
Besides, the Queen thy faithful Friend, is dead  
By her own hand, and Light abhorring, fled;  
The Gates are onely by *Messapus* mann'd,  
And stout *Atinas*; round thick Squadrons stand;  
An Iron Crop, glisters with Swords and Shields,  
Whil'st thou driv'st here in these forsaken Fields.

*Turnus*, amaz'd with various objects, stood  
Silent, and blushing shame inflames his Blood;

Madness

Madness with Grief, sweet Love with bitter Rage,  
And loss of prizeless Honour mix'd, engage.  
Soon as his cloudy thoughts themselves unshade,  
With burning Eyes the City he survey'd,  
And the great Town did from his Seat behold;  
When he might see amongst the Bulwarks, rowl'd,  
And the dry Timber, up a mighty flame  
With Smoke towards Heaven, to a Tower it came,  
Wrought with huge Beams, which he himself had made,  
And with <sup>6</sup> strong Bridges lofty Arches laid.  
Fate calls now, Sister, there is no delay,  
What God and hard Chance wils, we must obey;  
I'll meet *Æneas*, Death's worst form I'll face,  
Nor longer shalt thou see my great disgrace;  
Grant e're the Fight I may to Fury yield.  
Then from his Chariot leaps into the Field;  
Through Arms, through Foes, from his sad Sister flies,  
Breaking away quite through the Enemies.

As a huge Rock, wash'd from a Mountain's crown  
With Rain, or by rough Tempests tumbled down,  
Or loos'd by aged Time's decaying force,  
Rowls in a not-to-be-resist'd course,  
Bounding from Earth with violence it goes,  
And Trees, and Men, and Cattel, overthrows:  
So *Turnus* to the City Walls breaks through  
The broken Bands, where Slaughter did imbrow  
The spacious Plain, where Javelins cloud the Skyes,  
And his hand <sup>c</sup> waving, thus aloud he cries;

Hold you *Rutilians*, valiant *Latins* stay,  
To me belongs the Fortune of this Day;  
My Sword shall purchase Peace. They all desist,  
And Ranks retiring, made an ample List.

But Prince *Æneas* hearing *Turnus* call,  
Forsakes high Towers, and leaves the lofty Wall,

(b) These Towers by the *Latins* were call'd *Turres Ambulatorie*, to which in some sort answer our rowling Trenches. *Hirtius de bello Alexandr.* gives us the manner how they were us'd: *Ambulatorie: videtur tabulorum confixerant, subijci quo eis rotis, funibus jumentisque obijctis directis plures, in quocumque visum erat partem movebant.* The Inventor of them is reported to be one *Diader*. See *Steph.* in *Veget.* l. 4. These *La Cerdas* believes were altogether unknown in the Heroick times, and conceives the Poet reflects herein upon the Cullome and Practice of his own.

(c) Our Author in this Poem often tacitly alludes by these feign'd to the real Stories of his Nation; and in this particular *La Cerdas* conceives he hints at that of *Manlius Torquatus* his Combat with the *Gallick* General, who, when both Armies were fighting, made signs with his hand that they should cease, at which there was a pause. The resemblance is clear: for as the *Gall* there wav'd his hand for a Cessation from Fight, that he alone might encounter *Manlius*, and was overcome; so *Turnus* here.

Breaks

(d) <sup>1</sup> *Aeneas*, a Mountain and Promontory of *Thessaly*, so call'd from *Aethon* a Giant, *Apollon*, l. 1. Of its height, *Plin.* l. a. c. 12.  
 (e) *Eryx*, a Mountain of *Sicily*, so call'd from *Eryx* the Son of *Bates* and *Venus*; slain in a Conflict with *Hercules*, and buried there; at this day call'd *Monte di Trapani*.

Breaks off Delays, quits all Designs, and shews  
 Himself in Arms that thunder as he goes.  
 Like lofty <sup>d</sup> *Athos*, or tall <sup>e</sup> *Eryx* crown'd  
 With Oakes, whose tempest-shaken Boughs resound:  
 So antient *Apeninus* Shoulders rise,  
 Cloath'd in a Snowie Mantle, to the Skyes.

*Rutilians*, *Trojans*, and th' *Italians*, all  
 Who did maintain, and those who storm'd the Wall,  
 Fix'd there their Eyes, and from the Fight withdraw.  
*Latinus* was amazed, when he saw  
 Such mighty Men, born in far distant Land,  
 Resolv'd to try it out, now hand to hand.

They, when the Lift was clear, swiftly advance,  
 And at just distance each exchang'd his Lance,  
 And rushing on, their brazen Shields resound;  
 Earth trampled; groans with traversing their Ground.  
 Then with their Swords they furiously lay on,  
 Fortune and Valour are conjoyn'd in one.

(f) A Wood of the *Brutii* of that name to this day. See *Ortelius's Theatre*. *Geograph.* *Taburnus* is a Mountain of *Campania*.

So when from <sup>f</sup> *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we  
 Two Buls engag'd in bloody Battel see;  
 Their frighted Owners fly; silent with fear,  
 The Cattel stand, the Heifers doubtful are  
 Who shall command, whom must the Herd obey;  
 They gore each other in the dreadful Fray,  
 Till Streams of Blood their necks and shoulders drown'd,  
 And echoing Woods the Bellowers cryes resound:  
 So charg'd *Aeneas*, and the *Daunian* King,  
 So vaulted Skyes with clashing Targets ring.  
*Jove* holds the Ballances with <sup>g</sup> equal Beam,  
 And puts their several Fates in each of them;  
 To whom his Valour should grant fair Success,  
 And which the weight of heavy Death oppres.

(g) This Fiction of *Jupiter's* weighing the Fates of Men in Scales, is owing to *Homer*, *Iliad*. 22. whence our Author borrow'd it. Suppos'd by *Scaliger* to spring from the Superstitious Theologie of the *Egyptians*.

Here *Turnus* did his Arm and Sword advance,  
 Then makes a blow, expecting no mischance;

At which the *Trojans* shout, the *Latins* fear,  
 Both Parties big with expectation were:  
 But the perfidious Sword breaks with the blow,  
 And leaves him to the mercy of his Foe.  
 No way but flight; swifter than Winds he flies,  
 When a <sup>h</sup> strange Hilt, and dis-arm'd hand, he spies.

(h) As not being his own, but *Meisencus's*, snatch'd in half, as follows.

They say, when he did mount, his Horses joyn'd  
 For the first Fight, his own being left behind,  
 His Charioteer *Meisencus* Sword he takes,  
 And that serv'd long, whil'st *Trojans* turn'd their backs;  
 But after it incounter'd Arms were made  
 By *Vulcan's* greatest Art, the Mortal Blade,  
 Like brittle Ice, in striking, leaves his hand,  
 The pieces shining on the yellow Sand.  
 Therefore amaz'd he flies through th' open Plain,  
 Turns here, now there, Wheels, counter-wheels again.  
 Each side the *Trojans* with a Guard furround,  
 There, him a Fen, there, in tall Bulwarks bound.  
 Nor flow'r *Aeneas* did pursue, though he  
 Sometimes complain'd on his wounded Knee,  
 And at the heels so swiftly follows him.  
 As when a Deer, inclos'd within some Stream,  
 Or when a feather'd <sup>i</sup> Terror him surrounds,  
 The Huntsmen near, with a full Cry of Hounds;  
 A thousand wayes he tries to make escapes,  
 Amaz'd with Nets and Banks. Fierce *Umbes* gapes,  
 And like one seizing, now his Teeth doth grind:  
 But for a Morfel mock'd with empty Wind.  
 Then Clamours rise, the Banks, and Lakes reply,  
 And Heaven's great Arches thunder with the Cry.

(i) Of this *Formido* which *Huntsmen* us'd, being a Line hung with Feathers, to scare the Deer into the opposite Toyls, see the Notes upon the third Book of the *Georgicks*.

At one he flies, at once *Rutilians* blames,  
 Calls for his Sword, and calls them by their names.  
*Aeneas* threatens Death to any one  
 Dares venture in, and to destroy the Town.

Five times they run the ample Circle round,  
As many times re-measuring back the Ground ;  
For no mean Prize they strove, or sporting strife,  
But they for Blood contend, and *Turnus* life.

Sacred to *Faunus*, here an <sup>k</sup> Olive stood,  
On which those scap'd the danger of the Flood,  
To the *Laurentian* God perform their Vows,  
And promis'd <sup>l</sup> Garments hung on holy Boughs.  
That a fair Champain might for Champions be,  
The <sup>m</sup> heedless *Trojans* cut the sacred Tree.

Here stuck *Aeneas* Spear so strongly cast,  
And in the knotty stump stood fixed fast.  
The *Dardan* pulls, that he with this the Foe  
Might overtake, himself now being too slow.

Then frighted *Turnus* prays, O *Faunus* hear,  
And pity, and dear Earth detain the Spear ;  
If alwayes I your <sup>n</sup> Honours did maintain,  
Which *Trojans* now with bloody War prophane.  
Nor he the God vainly implor'd for aid ;  
For whilst *Aeneas* struggling, was delaid  
In the soft stump, nor could the root constrain,  
*Iuturna*, in *Metiscus* form, again  
Runs in, and helps her Brother to his Sword.

*Venus* with fury at the bold Nymph stir'd,  
Comes, and delivers from the Root his Lance.  
*Encourag'd* thus, they bravely both advance,  
This his Sword trusting, that his mighty Spear,  
And for the panting strifes of *Mars* prepare.

Mean while Heav'n's mighty King to *Juno* said,  
As through a Cloud the Combat they survey'd ;  
What now shall be the end ? where will it rest ?  
Thou know'st, my dearest Spouse, and hast confest ;  
*Aeneas* canoniz'd, must take his place  
Amongst the Gods, and Heavenly Mansions grace.

What

What hopes detain thee ? Wherefore stay'st thou there ;  
In the cold middle region of the Air ?  
Must a frail Mortal Wound a Deity ?  
What signifies *Iuturna* without thee ?  
Or the Sword brought to vanquish'd *Turnus* aid ?  
Come, leave this business off, let me persuade,  
Nor let Heart-eating care thy spirits spend,  
And me so oft with bitter words offend.  
Time was when thou by Sea and Land could'st vex  
The *Trojans*, and in cruel War perplex ;  
Destroy their State, turn Marriages to woe :  
But now, said *Jove*, thou must no <sup>o</sup> further go.

When thus to him with a submissive look,  
The Queen of Goddesses, *Saturnia*, spoke ;

Because thy pleasure I did understand,  
I quitted *Turnus*, and th' *Ausonian* Land.  
Thou should'st not see me un-attended fit,  
Suffering what never any suffer'd yet :  
But arm'd with Thunder, in the Van-guard view,  
Charging the routed *Trojans* through and through.  
I must confess, I pitying, did persuade  
VVoful *Iuturna* to her Brother's aid ;  
And greater things I for his Life would do,  
But not to shoot a Shaft, or Javelin throw.  
This truth I swear by dreadful *Stygian* Floods,  
The onely Sacrament which ties the Gods,  
And from the Battel, weary now, withdraw.  
One boon I crave, not yet by any Law  
Of Fate disputed ; O to that incline,  
For *Latium*, for the Majesty of thine ;  
When Peace their happy Marriage shall proclaim,  
Let not th' old *Latins* change their <sup>p</sup> antient name ;  
Call them not *Trojans*, Oh I thee beseech,  
Nor alter former Habits, nor their Speech :

(o) The solemn Expression of *Jove* dissenting, or interdicting, and that according to the Rules of the Celestial Parliament, as recorded by *Enripid.* in *Hippol.*

— *Διὸς δὲ ἐπεὶ νόμος*  
— *Ὀυδὲν δυνάμεν βλάσαι ἀνθρώπους*  
— *Ἐν τοῖς θεοῖς, ἀνὰ ἀνθρώπους δὲ*

— *This Law the Gods fulfill,*  
— *That none oppose another's will,*  
— *But we be all consenting still.*

And therefore *Jove* here forbids all Altercation.

(p) *Ἀντιγενεας*. Yet *Livy* saith, that *Latium* was not inhabited till the time of *Aeneas* by the *Latins*, but the *Aborigines*, who being afterwards joyned with the *Trojans*, were call'd by one name, *Latins*.

Let *Latium* stand, let *Alban* Princes sway  
From age to age, and *Italy* obey  
The *Roman* Stock : *Troy's* buried now in Flame,  
In *Troy's* destruction bury thou the name.

The King of Men and Gods thus saying, smil'd ;  
Thou art *Jove's* Sister, *Saturn's* second Child ;  
Why lest thou in thy Soul such Passion reign,  
Nor rage dischargest, taken up in vain ?  
Alls thine, and thee I'll study how to serve ;  
Their Fashions, Speech, and Name, they shall reserve.  
The *Trojans*, mix'd with such a Body, shall  
Forget at last their own Original :

But I'll bring in their sacred Rites, and make  
Them both, grown *Latins*, both one Language speak.  
Thou shalt a mix'd *Ansonian* Offspring see,  
Beyond both Men and Gods in Piety ;  
Nor any Nation more, in War or Peace,  
Shall honour thee. These words did *Juno* please ;  
Her mind she chang'd, thus satisfy'd, and flies  
From the cold Cloud, and leaves the troubled Skyes.

This done, his next Design Heav'n's Father laid,  
To draw *Juturna* from her Brother's aid.

There are two Hags, the *Diræ* stil'd, brought forth,  
By everlasting Night, at one sad birth,  
To Hell's *Megara*, who with Serpents joyn'd,  
Guirded their Waists, and Wings with Tempest lin'd :  
These at the Throne of angry *Jove* appear,  
Suspicious Mortals madding with their fear.

When dreadful Death and Sickness he intends,  
Or horrid War on wicked Cities sends ;

*Jove* one of these dispatches, and injoyns

To thwart *Juturna* with ill-boding signs.

She to the Earth, wrapt in a Whirlwind, flies,  
Swift as a *Parthian* Arrow through the Skyes ;

With

With Poyson arm'd, with such a direful sound,  
Bearing through th' Air th' immedicable wound,  
*Cydonian* Shafts divide the gloomy shade ;  
So swift towards Earth, Nights horrid Daughter made.

After the Furie saw both Armies, straight  
Transform'd into a little Bird, that late,  
To vent her sorrow, in sad Darkness comes  
To ruin'd Seats, or solitary Tombs,  
She chang'd at *Turnus* face, charg'd, and retreats,  
And with resounding Wings his Target beats.  
His Limbs grow cold, surpriz'd with sudden fear,  
Amaz'd he stood, and upright stands his Hair.

But afar off, as near the *Diræ* drew,  
Her sounding Wings woful *Juturna* knew,  
Tearing her Hair, her panting Breasts she storms,  
And with her Nails her Heavenly Face deforms.

How can thy Sister, *Turnus*, aid thee now ?  
Or what remains for wretched me to do ?  
How shall I save thy Life ? which way engage  
This horrid Monster, swoln with hellish rage ?  
I fly ; fright me no more : I know your Stings,  
And Deaths march beaten on your thundring Wings,  
Nor me great *Jove's* severe Commands deceive,  
And this for my Virginity I have.

Why did he me Immortal make ? and why  
Bereav'd me of the happiness to dye,  
My Miseries intolerable end,  
And with poor *Turnus* to the Shades descend ?  
But I Immortal am, yet wanting thee,  
Heav'n's Joies, dear Brother, shall my Torments be.  
That Earth would gape, and swallow me to Hell !  
VWhere I a Goddess might with Furies dwell !  
Thus mourning, on she puts her Sea-green Hood,  
And dives into the Bosome of the Flood,

*Æneas*

(g) And this is one of the twelve obscure places, which yet *Servius* thinks may be illustrated thus ; that *Jupiter* should say, *Thou art the Sister of Jupiter, and the Daughter of Saturn, wherefore no wonder that thou keepst so much wrath in thy bosom.*

(r) *Sophocles* makes the Furies Daughters of the Earth and Night, They rise hiddenly ; and the anger of the Gods is intolerable.

(f) The first peculiar to *Tisiphone*, the second to *Megera*, the third to *Alecto*, though many times they were indifferently us'd in the Execution of Celestial Vengeance ; but properly their Employments are thus distinguished by *La Cerda*.

(p) An Owl, as *Servius* conjectures, and *La Cerda* confirms.

(a) Alluding to the *Stymphalia*, *Ænerea* qua dabatur pro Virginitate delibata. Germ.

*Aeneas* standing, a huge Javelin shook,  
 And thus from his incensed Bosome spoke ;  
 What stayes thee, *Turnus*? sure it is not flight  
 Must end our Quarrel, but a cruel Fight.  
 Transform thy self into all shapes, and try  
 What e're thou canst by \* strength or art apply ;  
 Wing'd to the highest Constellations glide,  
 Or in the Adamantine Center hide.

(x) Which in Greek is *σφαιρον* *σφαίρα*.  
 He alludes to the Metamorphosis of *Proteus*.

But he, shaking his Head, Proud Man, replies ;  
 Not me thy threatening Language terrifies ;  
*Jove* is my Foe, and me the Gods dismay.  
 Thus saying, a huge and mighty Stone, which lay  
 A limit for the neighbouring Ground, he saw,  
 Deciding all litigious sutes in Law :  
 Scarce twelve stout Men this from the Earth could raise,  
 Such as *Old Nature* brings forth now adayes.

(y) *Homer* now and then complains, that Men are born less ; therefore he saith, that *Diomedes* did easily cast a huge Stone, which two Men of his time could scarce lift; which *Virgil* here imituted. But *La Croix* thinks this is rather to be refer'd to the Strength, than stature of Men, as being in the Heroick times much more active and strong than in the succeeding Ages. Yet that there were Giants in former times in strength and stature much above the Men of late times, Histories seem generally to persuade. Of this opinion is *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 16. *Varro*, in *Gellius*. l. 3. c. 10. Nor want there frequent Testimonies of Scripture, nor the Convincing Arguments of the Bones and Reliques of the late discover'd *Americans*. Perhaps Nature being now in her decline, as *Lactantius* long since believ'd.

*Janque adeo fracta est ætas, effataque tellus.  
 Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit  
 Secula, dedisque ferarum ingenia Corpora parva.*

This in his trembling Hand the Heroe lifts,  
 And raising high from Ground, he nimbly shifts ;  
 Not knowing how he ran, nor motion,  
 Nor raising, nor delivery of the Stone,  
 Nor how he faulter'd on his failing Knees,  
 Whil't his cold Blood did in his Bosome freeze,  
 Through the wide *Vacuum* the Rock tumbling came,  
 Not the full length, short of th'intended aim.

As when Sleep seals our Eyes in silent Night,  
 We seem in vain to endeavour speedy flight ;  
 But fainting in the middle, down we fall,  
 Striving to cry for help, but cannot call ;  
 Our wonted Strength our Bodies not afford,  
 Nor our Voyce able to pronounce one word :  
 So *Turnus*, whatfoe're his Valour tries,  
 Happy Success the cruel Hag denies ;  
 His Resolution, various Thoughts subdu'd,  
 When he the City and *Rutilians* view'd ;

Trembling



viciſſi, at viſtum tendere palmas  
 Ausonii videre. tua eſt Lavinia conjux:  
 Ulterius ne tende oſiſſis

Tunc hinc ſponte indute meorum  
 Ergo mihi Pallas? lae to vulnere Pallas

EDUARDO  
 Tabula



Immolatæ ponam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.  
 Hoc diſcis ſeruum ad verſus ſub rectore condit  
 Ferridus, at illi ſolenniter frigore membra.  
 Utque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

BYSSHE Armis  
 merito votiva

Trembling with fear that he muſt ſtand the Lance,  
 Not knowing how t' avoid it, or t' advance  
 Againſt his Foe ; nor ſaw he any where,  
 His Chariot, nor the beauteous Charioteer.  
 Aiming, *Æneas* high with's Body roſe,  
 And at the Prince his fatal Javelin throws ;  
 Stones ſhot from Batteries ſound not half ſo loud,  
 Nor diſcharg'd Lightning from a broken Cloud ;  
 The dreadful Spear bearing deſtruction flew,  
 And, like a horrid Whirlwind, did quite through  
 His ſeven-fold Shield, and high-proof'd Cuiſhes fly,  
 Fixing the point in mighty *Turnus* Thigh.  
 The gallant Prince now wounded, ſinks upon  
 His maimed Knee ; the ſtout *Rutilians* groan,  
 Which, echoing Hills and Mountains answer round,  
 And voicing Groves reply the dolefull ſound.

He Suppliant then, did Hands and Eyes advance,  
 And ſaid, I have deſerv'd it, uſe thy chance :  
 But haſt thou ſenſe of a ſad Parents woe ?  
 (And ſuch thy Father was) then pity ſhew  
 To aged *Dawnus* ; or if rather thou  
 Would'ſt be reveng'd, my Corps to Friends allow.  
 Thou haſt o'recome, and the *Auſonian* Bands  
 Behold me vanquiſh'd, with extended Hands  
 Thus begging Life of thee ; *Lavinia* take,  
 And here an end of all diſſention make.  
 Dreadfull in Arms, awhile *Æneas* ſtaid  
 His ready hand, and him all o're ſurvey'd,  
 And at this Language did begin to melt ;  
 When on his Shoulder that unhappy Belt,  
 With Golden Studs moſt glorious, he beheld,  
 Which *Pallas* had, when him fierce *Turnus* kill'd,  
 Who wore the Hoſtile Badge ; with greedy Eyes  
 Obſerving this, inrag'd, he thus replies :

(c) *Bulla* was fiſt a token of Vi-  
 ctory, afterwards it was uſ'd for No-  
 blemen's Children : but *La Cerdas* takes  
 it here to mean no more than Golden  
 Studs, with which the Belts of the An-  
 tients were adorn'd, as ſometimes with  
 Gems, and (leſs frequently) with  
 painting, which *Apollonius* calls *Babyl-  
 nian*.

Think't

Think'st thou to pardon thee I'll condescend,  
In Spoils adorned of my dearest Friend?

Thus *Pallas* thee, *Pallas* an Offering makes,  
And for thy Cruelty just Vengeance takes.

Thus saying, he with Indignation stir'd,  
Sheath'd in his Bosome to the Hilt his Sword.

His Limbs grow cold, with a deep groan he dies,  
And to the Shades his Soul <sup>a</sup>inraged flies.

(a) Whether because *Thyrsus* was young, and unripe for Death? Or because he was vanquish'd by a Stranger? Or troubled to lose at once both his Life and Mistress?

F I N I S.

